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ex quo redditor, praeficiuntur  
Collegio S. Petri Antibrigae;

Quae sequuntur,  
suo singula temporis,  
notui non, libetis  
utique  
mandari.

Joseph Beaumont

Matthaeo, Elinski Episcopo, Collegii S.  
Petri, Patrono et Visitatori. Ad quoniam  
juris devotio, hac vice spectabas.  
et antientia Patris D. Elizabethae  
Magistri. Custodem Collegii praefici-  
am. [Ego Josephus Beaumont, mon-  
achum praefectus sum, Condiem in  
edibus Elinskiis.

Eodem die, idem R. Pater  
ad Collegii Socios in plenissimis  
conventibus, sigillo suo manu, munitis.  
Dedit, ut me Praefectum admitterent,  
nomine meo ut par erat gererent.

Aprilis igitur 24. a Collegio So-  
ciorum [combibantibus] huc meo, ab ip-  
so Scholasticis, a D. Francisco Be-  
adante, [praefectus Dni Episcopi Mar-  
dato, me non Institutionis Instru-  
mento, praefectis etiam quae hac in parte  
statuta jubent,] admittor ad Magistri  
munus.

Ne autem tam in aestu-  
anis sedibus me ipsi familiamque me-  
am in hac Bithynia incipio,  
quam iusta publici facta sunt  
ultimo Decreti meo Dni Hulseo,  
de ipsi suppellex eius postea per Dni,  
Joannem Hulseum, Equitem, officium  
Iustitiam et Testamenti Curatorem, statu-  
eretur. Scilicet, sublebantur iusta  
illa Martii 1663. in SB. Martii. Ego, Magis

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THE  
COMPLETE POEMS  
OF

Dr. Joseph Beaumont

(1615-1699)

*FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED AND EDITED:  
WITH MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION, NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,  
GLOSSARIAL INDEX, AND PORTRAIT, &c.*

BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D., F.S.A.

ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.



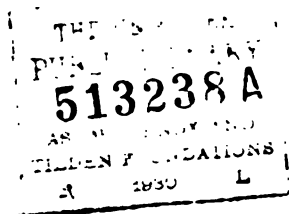
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## CANTO XII.

### *The Banquet.*

#### The ARGUMENT.

*To seal his Dear Remembrance safe and sure  
Upon the hearts of his selected Sheep,  
Love institutes his Parting Feast, so pure  
And richly-sweet, that Psyche rap'd by deep  
Desire at his Description, sues to be  
A sharer in that Board's Felicity.*

#### I.

**B**UT ah ! how large a Name is *Treason*, which  
Doth in another fatal chanel run,  
And from the Universe's Cradle reach  
Down to its funeral Pile : no Ocean  
E'r stretch'd its dangerous Arms so wide, or more  
Wrack'd Mortals flung upon its helpless shore.

#### 2.

Inbred *Selftreason*'s this unnatural Feind  
Whose bus'ness 'tis to undermine her Home ;  
Who musters up intestine Storms to rend  
Her too too loving Dame's unhappy Womb ;  
Who on her Darlings joys her Spight to pour  
And whom she pampers most do's most devour.

#### 3.

Her title's *Luxury* ; a rampant Weed  
Which grew at first in an unlikely place ;  
Who would suspect that such a cursed Seed  
Should *Paradise*'s blessed Beds disgrace ?  
Yet, as the *Serpent* there presum'd to ly,  
So did this full as venomous *Prodigy*.

#### 4.

Too prying *Eve* first found her at the *Tree*  
Of *Knowledge*, and observ'd her clambring up  
With licorish zeal the dangerous Rarity  
Of that fair-fac'd forbidden *Fruit* to crop ;  
Fool as she was, she help'd her climb the bough  
Not knowing that her self she headlong threw.

#### 5.

She knew not that her own wild Teeth would now  
Tear and devour her Innocence's Bliss ;

She knew not that this flattering *Elf* would draw  
Her to a forfeit of all *Paradise*,  
And having dress'd it in the beautilous coat  
Of that gay *Apple*, thrust *Death* down her throat.

#### 6.

Yet She to *Adam* needs would her commend ;  
Nor could unkindly-courteous He resist  
The hugging of his Spouse's seeming Friend,  
Though Death and Hell it levell'd at his breast :  
And now all *Eden*'s lawful Banquet is  
Too scant his wanton palate to suffice.

#### 7.

No ; he must taste of that which never was  
Design'd thus to be ravish'd : But the sour  
Revengeful *Fruit* would brook no wrong, for as  
She stuck between his teeth, with all the power  
Of stupefaction them on edge she set,  
Proving his fretful Torment, not his Meat.

#### 8.

Nor could he chuse but leave his wretched *Heirs*  
Th' Inheritance of this enchanting Pain,  
Which down through all his Generations stayers  
Fail'd not its propagated Bane to drain :  
This hankering licorish Itch found way to run  
Hot through the veins of his remotest Son.

#### 9.

Which *Fervor* wax'd betimes so furious that  
The *youthful World* on fire with Lust it set ;  
A fire which glow'd with Hell's rebellious heat ;  
A fire which downward burnt, and being knit  
In league with other flaming Sins, grew stout,  
And found the *Deluge* work to quench it out.

#### 10.

*Earth*'s face this having washed clean and white,  
On *Heav'n* she smiled with wel-pleasing grace ;  
And *God* vouchsafed *Humane Appetite*  
A full Commission over all the Race  
Of Beasts, of Fishes, and of Birds, to see  
How *Man* himself would bridle being Free.

## 11.

For *generous Spirits* then will most abstain  
 When *Lords* they are of their own Liberty ;  
 When *Virtue* is intrusted with the Rein,  
 And room's allowed for *Self-victory* ;  
 When *Moderation's* Discipline may prove  
 No Task of Duty, but a Strein of Love.

## 12.

Man's Appetite to every thing was free,  
 Except the *Blood*, where *Life* hath chose to swim :  
*Blood's* tincture 's that in which stern *Cruelty*  
*Dyes* her bold Guilt : a tincture fit for grim  
 And salvage *Tigres* ; not for *Man*, who is,  
 Or should, Professor be of *Tenderness*.

## 13.

(Besides, whilst *Men* refrain their Lips from this  
 Red Draught, their cheap Acknowledgement they make  
 Of their most due Allegiance unto His  
 Kind Majesty who pleased is to take  
 (As little sure as they themselves could wish,)  
 No homage but the *Blood* for all the flesh.)

## 14.

Indeed good *Noah*, who both Worlds had seen,  
 And was in holy Worth above them both,  
 By watchful Temperance kept himself as clean  
 As now the Earth was wash'd ; and, that no Sloth  
 Might tempt and steal him into *Luxury*,  
 Buckled his bones to *painful Husbandry*.

## 15.

Then, that the Sweat his Vinyard cost him, might  
 In kind requited be, into his Glass  
 The Grapes he shed : whose Look, though brisk and  
 bright,  
 Might well have been his Monitor : alas,  
 Its *ruby Dye* had he but understood  
 He would have shunn'd this Liquor too as *Blood*.

## 16.

Yet when it smil'd and sparkled in his face,  
 And mov'd with generous fervor in the cup,  
 The unsuspicious Saint invited was  
 With equal cheerfulness to drink it up.  
*Vntried Pleasures* by their dainty skin  
 And sweet behaviour, *Approbation* win.

## 17.

The flattering *Liquor* as it downward went,  
 Knock'd at his heart, and easy entrance got ;  
 Where with his Spirits it did compliment,  
 And soft delicious fire amongst them shot :  
*Noah* rejoyc'd to feel his bosom glow,  
 And his old Age's Ice begin to thaw.

## 18.

This Bait drew down another : for, alas,  
 Good Man he little dream'd that *Treachery*

In his soul-cheering Cup infused was ;  
 Or that his Wine which sparkled, e'r would be  
 Destructive flame : But from tame *Embers* rise  
*Rampant Combustions* when we least surmise.

## 19.

By that Recruit the *Liquor* seconded,  
 Awak'd its vigor, and grew proudly bold ;  
 Impatient to sneak below, it spread  
 Through all the upper regions, and roll'd  
 About his brains, wherein there 'gan to swim  
 Such thickning clouds that *Reason's Sun* grew dim.

## 20.

And then, infected with the pois'nous Sweet,  
 He found no power left him to abstain :  
 No more to quench his Thirst, but that *new Heat*  
 Which burnt his veins, he takes his Bowl again ;  
 Which to the brim in heedless haste he fills,  
 Then part on th' earth and part in 's mouth he spills.

## 21.

But now he Drunk no more, the Wine *drunk Him*,  
 And swallow'd up both Man and Saint and all ;  
 (For thus, when in their own wild Draughts they swim,  
 Our witty Tongue doth Drinkers *Drunken* call ;)  
 Which change so thoroughly did his head confound  
 That Earth as well as Heav'n he thinks turns round.

## 22.

And this is all he thinks of Earth or Heav'n,  
 So shipwrack'd was his Soul in this red Sea ;  
 His Reason from its wonted helm was driven,  
 His Fancy overwhelm'd, his Memory  
 Away was washed, and the useless hulk  
 Was only left him of his Bodie's bulk.

## 23.

The *Wine* now sparkles in his eyes no less  
 Than in his Bowl before : He gapes and stares  
 On every thing, and yet he nothing sees ;  
 He trips and staggers, but no fall he fears,  
 Nor feels it when he falls ; for having let  
 His Bowl drop down, himself sunk after it.

## 24.

Thus he who in the universal *flood*  
 Trampled the fury of the proudest Waves,  
 And on the Ocean's back in triumph rode,  
 Below him seeing all the Nations' graves ;  
 Alas, was drowned in a silly Cup  
 Which he himself unwittingly drunk up.

## 25.

No *Ark* above this *Deluge* Man can bear  
 But *Temperance*, which here the *Saint* forgot ;  
 Who as he downward tumbled, took no care  
 Of keeping on his modest Mantle ; but  
 As destitute of Cloths, as Senses lay,  
 And did his double *Nakedness* display.

## 26.

But as the Traitor who has slain the King  
Speeds from the Court as soon 's the Mischief's done :  
So now the treacherous *Liquor* backward flung,  
And from the Murder it committed, ran :  
Besides, a rout of other Humors follow'd,  
And slaughter'd *Noah* in his Vomit wallow'd.

## 27.

Slaughter'd indeed ; and now a *Man* no more,  
For nothing was alive in him but *Beast* ;  
Which spake its kind by his right *swinish* Roar :  
'Till tir'd at length with yawning, and oppress'd  
With his most heavy self, he fell asleep,  
And in that nasty Rest his brains did steep.

## 28.

Thus *Luxury's* first part in *Eden* grew,  
The second set in *Noah's* Garden was ;  
By which kind *Heav'n* the warn'd World would shew  
That *Danger's* root can lurk in any place.  
Alas, the holiest Ground too often breeds  
As well as wholesom flowers, invenom'd Weeds.

## 29.

*God's* Bounty granted all Variety  
Of Meats to feast the sober *Appetite* ;  
And added brisk and cheerful *Wine*, to be  
The active soul of moderate *Delight* :  
Yet *Man* abusing his indulg'd Bliss,  
Deflour'd *Heav'n's* Grace by peevish Wantonness.

## 30.

He neither would by *Eve's* Examples, nor  
By *Noah's* be advis'd, whose Sanctity  
Rendred them more invulnerable far  
Than common Mortals' feeble breasts can be :  
He still would dive, and rake the most profound  
Bottom of *Pleasures*, though himself he drown'd.

## 31.

And from that bottom up he fetch'd at last  
*Improved fat and full-grown Luxury* ;  
Who ne'r appeared to those Ages past  
So hideously-compleat a Prodigy ;  
For she much cooler was and tamer then,  
And had not banish'd *Men* quite out of *Men*.

## 32.

But an unruly *Monster* now she grew  
Incurag'd by the Vinyard's rampant flame ;  
And round about the World in triumph flew,  
All which she wrack'd in her sweet-bitter stream :  
Stark raving she and roaring prov'd, and made  
All so, who practis'd her intemperate Trade.

## 33.

The laws of *God*, of *Man*, of *Nature* were  
Vain feeble bridles, whensoever she

Resolved in her furious career  
To let the Circle of her Healths run free :  
Oft has she brew'd with *Wine's* outrageous flood  
Friends', Brothers', Parents', Masters', Princes' blood.

## 34.

With fiery spurs oft has she pricked on  
The neighing fury of her ventry  
To Daughters', Sisters', Mothers' beds to run :  
Oft has she ventur'd by foul Blasphemy  
Upon the Virgin *Heav'n's* ; and boldly mad,  
Committed, as she could, a rape on *God*.

## 35.

Her Disposition 's suted with a shape  
As odd and shapeless ; for her parched Head  
Burns up all hopes of hair, and wastes the Sap  
By ill-bestow'd excess of moisture : Red  
With putrid fulness are her Eyes, and seem  
In her own overflowing *Wine* to swim.

## 36.

But provident 's her tumid Nose, for there  
The *Wine* is bottel'd up past running out ;  
Which Bottle's lether being thin and clear  
Speaks what it holds ; and studded round about  
With fervent Rubies, eminently shines  
Like grapes' large Bunches hung for Taverns' signs.

## 37.

Wroth fiery knots are marshalled upon  
Her forehead and her cheeks : had *Sicily*  
Her *Etna* lost, this sulphury Region  
Would shew it her in multiplicity ;  
For though these hills swell not so high as that,  
As great 's their horror, and their smell as hot.

## 38.

Her powting lips still dry and crannied are  
Though every day a thousand times too wet  
Alas her burning Breath which traffick'd there  
Makes them their supple commerce strait forget,  
And by the Poison of its fulsome stinks  
Taints all the aromattick Wines she drinks.

## 39.

But by her Paunch's prominent Storehouse, great  
With child she seems of Mountains, for in this  
What all the World can yield of Drink and Meat  
In one prodigious Heap congested is :  
Here *Solomon's* twelve *Oxen*, and with them  
His mighty *brassen* Sea it self might swim.

## 40.

This Sink is that where *Surfeit* being bred  
The fertile Parent of Diseases grows ;  
Which she distributing from foot to head,  
All undigested Pleasures turns to Woes.  
Thus though the Bees delicious Honey bring,  
They always end in an invenom'd Sting.

## 41.

Who knows not that *Luxuriant Mortals* eat  
 The fuel of their final fate, and wrest  
 The good intent of their abused Meat  
 Not *Nature* but her Maladies to feast?  
 Who knows not that in *Health's* deceitful Name  
 They drink those Sparks which kindle fever's flame?

## 42.

Themselves they diet thus with their own *Death*,  
 And to a *Weapon of Destruction* turn  
 The *Staff of Life*. In vain *Heav'n's Mercy* hath  
 So bounteous been: if Men perversely learn  
 Self-cruelty to find in it, and all  
 Its *Sweets* adulterate into deadly *Gall*:

## 43.

If *Bacchus* must be dubb'd a *God*, and have  
 His larger and more constant Sacrifice,  
 Than *He* who all their *Vines* to Mortals gave  
 Whilst they the Giver by the Gift despise:  
 If *Ceres* too a Goddess prove, and we  
 All sworn *Devotos of the Belly* be.

## 44.

Alas, and had not bold *Mortality*  
 Commission large enough before, to check  
 Our proudest Strength! Was all the Misery  
 Of *Famine*, *Plague*, and *War*, so faint and weak  
 That We, strange Volunteers, our help must lend  
 Of *Luxury*, to hasten on our *End*!

## 45.

'Twas time, high time, for *God* himself to come,  
 And with *Heav'n's Balsam* tame our desperate Wound;  
 Our Madness swell'd so wide, that now no room  
 For mortal Hand to give Relief was found.  
 'Twas time to come; and blessed be his Name,  
 For, knowing *Pity's* cue, in time he came.

## 46.

*Jesus* himself came down, and left the Feast  
 Of all Delights which he above enjoy'd;  
 Into the *Depth of Poverty* he cast  
 His noble Life; and taught us to avoid  
*Intemperance's* baits, which Riches lay  
 So fair and thick in Wantonness's way.

## 47.

Then by his practick Abstinence he shew'd  
 How eas'ly, fairly, and in open field  
 Pernitious *Luxury* might be subdu'd,  
 And healthful *Temperance* the scepter wield.  
 Forty long days and nights at once he spent  
 In Consecrating of his Servants' *Lent*.

## 48.

His *Doctrine* He to His *Example* join'd  
 When for His frequent *Text* He *Fasting* took,

Proving those wilful Eyes much more than blind  
 Which could discover in her solemn Look  
 No richer Beauty than what smileth in  
 The polish'd plumpness of a pamper'd skin.

## 49.

'Tis true She's *pale*; so is the *Lily* too,  
 So is her heav'nly daughter *Chastity*;  
 So is the *milk*, so is the Virgin *Snow*:  
 And yet when *Modesty* would dressed be  
 In graceful *Scarlat*, she can raise a flood  
 Of *Purple*, and shine fair in *blushing Blood*.

## 50.

With costly *Pride* she seeks not to be deep  
 Red in spruce Wines, strange Meats, and learned *Sauce*;  
 She's not ambitious a tongue to keep  
 More wise in Taste, than Speech; to hold a place  
 Among quaint Kitchen-criticks; and to gain  
 A more judicious Palate, than a Brain.

## 51.

She is contented to be lank and lean,  
 As one who counts it martial policy  
 To keep her Ammunition close within  
 Her less and therefore stronger Walls: for she  
 Laughs at those plump and burly Gallants, who  
 Can nothing but their swelling Out-works show.

## 52.

But though her most contracted Ramparts need  
 No numerous Garrison's incumbrance; yet  
 This sober *Mistress of all active Heed*  
 Her guard both day and night doth duly set,  
 Being of treacherous *Ease* and *Sleep* afraid,  
 By which *fat lazy Bulwarks* are betray'd.

## 53.

She knows what Ballast will her bulk suffice  
 To keep her steady in Life's dangerous Sea,  
 And lays in but enough: the Marchandize  
 Which fraughts her stowage, *precious virtues* be;  
 And provident She, *no bigger than her self*,  
 Securely sails by every Rock and Shelf.

## 54.

Her *Parts* and *Passions* all their duties know,  
 And she as little fears a storm within  
 As from without: her *flesh* delights to bow  
 To all commands; no *Officers* repine  
 What course so e'r she steers, but all conspire  
 To make their own still fail with her desire.

## 55.

And thus she safely at that Port arriveth  
 Which leads into the Continent of Bliss;  
 The Port in which her dying Life surviveth,  
 The blessed Key and Gate of *Paradise*:  
 For whose incomparably-dainty fare  
 With wise forecast she sav'd her stomach here.

50.

This difficult but advantageous *Grace*  
Was that which *Jesus* strove on *Earth* to sow ;  
But *Earth* so shamelessly-ingrateful was  
As to reject the noble *Seed* ; for though  
Some few ingenuous *Beds* did entertain it,  
The most with peevish stubbornness disdain it.

57.

Yea those who to the *King of Abstinence*  
Have sworn Allegiance, blush not to enroul  
Themselves the servants of *Intemperance* ;  
And their licentious and revelling *Bowl*  
More sacred and obligatory count  
Than all the streams of *Baptism's* Heav'nly fount.

58.

Else how comes that (O how unmanly) *Trade*  
Of daily turning *Swine*, to be profest  
With most applause, not where the *Pagan shade*  
Upon prevented Reason's eyes hath cast  
Blind Irreligion's Night ; but where the Rays  
Of most revealed Heav'n gild *Christian dayes* ?

59.

Else how can'st thou, degenerate *Britain*, which  
Barr'st out all other *Oceans* by thy shore,  
To let the *Sea of Drunkenness* with such  
Unruly fury in thy bowels roar !  
O that thy feeble *Sands* should stronger be  
Than in thy *Reason*, or thy *Piety* !

60.

How has this *Deluge* drown'd in *Sottishness*  
Thy once renowned *Sense of Bravery* ;  
Since in thy gallant *Sword's* and *Buckler's* place  
A cowardly Succession we see  
Of *Pots* and *Glasses*, and (O Valour's shame !)  
*Strong Drinker* turned into *Credit's* name.

61.

How come those *Bacchanial Wars* so dear  
In thy repute, who prid'st thy self that thou  
So well appointed art as not to fear  
Or *Dutch* or *Danish bowls* ; but knowest how  
Both foes and friends by *Grapes'* mad blood to shed,  
And, though not strike, yet surely *drink them dead*.

62.

How comes the Name of *Cynick*, or of *Clown*  
To blast their fame who never learn'd the Arts  
Of *roaring Revels* ! how is *Goodness* grown  
No more by *Virtue's Standard*, but by *Quarts*  
And *Pottles* to be measur'd ; whilst by *Good*  
*Fellows*, *Carousers* must be understood !

63.

How comes this *Mockery of Discipline*,  
To *drink in order* and observe the *Round* !

How comes *Devotement* to denote divine  
Solemnity, and sacred modes confound  
With swinish Rites ; whilst *Riot's Liturgy*  
Devoutly is perform'd with Cap and Knee !

64.

Why must it be in vain that *Nature's* care  
Hath tam'd thy Vines, and made them chaste and cool ?  
Why must thy thirsty Lust roam far and near,  
And from all foreign Climates fill thy bowl ?  
Such tedious voyages why dost thou take  
The whole World's Drunkenness thine own to make ?

65.

O how hast thou the sumptuous pains forgot  
Which mighty *Love* hath taken to requite  
The cost of *Virtuous Abstinence* ; and what  
For *Piety's* untainted appetite  
His Bounties hand prepar'd ; those dainties which  
Surmount all wishes' and all fancies' pitch.

66.

At that high *Banquet's* strange magnificence  
Heav'n stands amazed : nor could *Phylax* now  
Longer conceal his brave ecstasick sense  
Of its dear Sweets : for Heav'nly bosoms glow  
So hot when *Love's* Exploits their wonder wake,  
That through their lips their flaming hearts must break.

67.

The infamous *Traitor's* famous Story done :  
And *Psyche* having her short Supper eat ;  
Her ardent *Guardian* thus again begun :  
*My Dear*, this Evening season, and the Meat  
Thy *Spouse's* providence hath given thee,  
Are Items of his greater Feast to Me.

68.

He, *Abstinence's* noble Doctor, who  
Had taught his Servants not to clog their heart  
With corruptible viands ; being now  
Already *Sold*, and shortly hence to part,  
A *Banquet* made so great and rich, as may  
More than the whole World's Temperance repay.

69.

A *Banquet* not of gross and earthly cheer  
Where birds, or beasts, or fish might convives be,  
But of immortal Dainties, Spirits' Fare,  
Diet of Souls ; so pure, that only He  
The God in whom all Power and Sweetness live  
Could such celestial Entertainment give.

70.

The solemn Day now summoned the *Jews*  
Their memorable *Passover* to eat :  
Nor would thine inoffensive Lord refuse  
With due respect that *Feast* to celebrate,  
Whose typick Office, like the faithful *Shade*  
On Him the *Sun* so long attended had.



## 71.

With his *Disciples* down he sate ; and from  
The consecrated and unblemish'd *Lamb*  
Observ'd the Copy of himself, in whom  
No Critick's searching eye found room for blame :  
Yet could not *Innocence* secure his life  
More than the *Lamb* it saved from the knife.

## 72.

The *Lamb* divested of his fleece and skin  
The Fire's most hungry rage had naked fed,  
With its tormented patient flesh ; and in  
This Lesson he his Pangs aforehand read,  
How to his Cross the *Jewish fury* tost him,  
And how the flaming *Wrath of Heav'n* did rost him.

## 73.

The sad attendance of that *bitter Sauce*  
Which sourest Herbs about the Meat had thrown ;  
The smart resemblance of that *Anguish* was  
With which his Dish of deepest Wo was strown :  
The stinking *Weeds of humane Sins* exceed  
In bitterness, all Herbs that Earth can breed.

## 74.

The *Haste* which quickned on this *transient Feast*,  
Was not so winged, as the noble Speed  
With which He posted in desire to rest  
Upon the cruel Cross his tender head :  
A *woful resting place* was that, and yet  
To *Love* no Pillow seem'd so soft and sweet.

## 75.

The *Lamb* he eat ; and, though the *Lamb of God*,  
He meant himself as truly to be *eaten*.  
But that the strangeness of this mighty *Food*  
Might not appal his Guests ; his Love do's sweeten  
Its own Conveyance by that dear Invention  
Whose depth exceeds created Comprehension.

## 76.

For having finish'd this *Solemnity*  
And honorably brought it to its grave ;  
He ushers in that precious *Mystery*,  
Kept for his *final Favour*, which might leave  
His precious Memory imprinted deep  
In all the souls of his beloved *Sheep*.

## 77.

His combrous Mantle having laid aside,  
A Towel on he girds ; for humble He  
Would not the least impediment abide  
Of most officious Activity :  
A Bacin then he fills, and at his own  
Poor servants' feet the mighty *Lord* falls down.

## 78.

The conscience of his own eternal Worth,<sup>1</sup>  
His boundless Power, and native Sovereignty ;

<sup>1</sup> S. Jo. 13. 3.

The clear remembrance of his coming forth  
From *God's* bright arms, and that he was to be  
There re-inthroned, could not hold him up ;  
All this he knew, and yet *He down did stoop*.

## 79.

*Stoop* then proud *Mortals*, whosoe'r you be  
Who have no power alone to stand : O *stoop*  
Now you behold your *Sovereign* on his knee,  
Whose Hand of all your Beings is the Prop :  
*Stoop*, since you see Him to his Scholars bow,  
And of the *Highest* make himself so low.

## 80.

To stand on foolish *terms of Honor* now,  
Is but to found your glory on your shame :  
O, is't not more illustrious to bow  
With *Jesus*, than with *Lucifer* to aim  
Above your reach ! why, why will *Dust* forget  
The place originally due to it !

## 81.

But what 's *God's* bus'nes at his Vassals' feet ?  
Only to wash, and wipe them clean. O now  
*Stoop* lower still, lower and lower yet,  
For at the lowest you are not so low  
As *He*, the *Universe's Monarch* here  
Strangely become a *servile Minister*.

## 82.

When *Jesus* thus with Water purged had  
His Servants' feet, and cleans'd with Grace their hearts ;  
Shewing what Preparation must be made  
By all who hope to have their happy parts  
In his pure *Banquet* ; down he sits again,  
With *Miracles* his Guests to entertain.

## 83.

The Close of sumptuous Feasts is proud to be  
With choice and sovereign Delicacies crown'd,  
Which may the Convive's learned Luxury  
With deep and dainty Ravishment confound ;  
And *Jesus* would not let this Supper want  
That costly point of princely Complement.

## 84.

Indeed the Supper which They now had eat  
Its ready way into the Belly took ;  
Where in the kitchen of poor mortal Meat  
Committed 'twas to active *Heat* to cook :  
And *Heat's* best skill could only dress it fit  
To feed the *Body* which had fed on it.

## 85.

But *Christ's* adorable Design was now  
With such a second Course to grace the Board,  
As might to pined *Minds* relief allow,  
And nutriment to hungry *Hearts* afford ;  
Such Nutriment as sprightly strength might give  
To all his Guests eternally to live.

IVE'S MYSTERY.

Me it concerneth not, to verify  
What He proclaims : My duty's to afford  
Meek credit, and let Him alone to make  
Good, whatsoever He is pleas'd to speak.

94.

Good He can make it ; witness Heav'n and Earth,  
Yea, ev'n Themselves who thus his Words distrust :  
For from what fount flow'd this Creation forth,  
But his Almighty Lips? Needs therefore must  
His Words be real, or the World's vast Mass  
Must for a Dream and vain Delusion pass.

95.

Gross and unworthy Spirits sure they be,  
Who of their *Lord* such mean conceptions frame,  
That parting from his dearest Consorts, He  
No token of his Love bequeath'd to them  
But simple Bread and Wine : a likely thing,  
And suting well *Magnificence's King*.

96.

A likely thing, that when the lusty Blood  
Of Bulls and Goats can wash no Sins away,  
The Blood of Grapes should with a stronger Flood  
Quite overwhelm and drown the *World's Decay* :  
O no, such virtue in no *Blood* can dwell,  
But that which through the *Veins of God* did thrill.

97.

Ask me not then, How can the thing be done,  
What power of Sense or Reason can digest it?  
Fools, as you are, what *Demonstration*  
So evident as this, *My God profest it?*  
And if you prove it true, that *He can lye*,  
This *Wonder*, and *Him* too, I'll strait deny.

98.

But first demonstrate, how one *single Sound*  
Can to the Circle's brims its self impart,  
And on a thousand Ears at once rebound  
In its compleat totality : your Art  
Alas, is puzzell'd here : and every *Noise*  
Chides your distrust of your *Redeemer's Voice*.

99.

Speak out, fond *Infidelity*, speak out,  
And say, This *single Sound* is more than *One* :  
Or, if shame stops thy Mouth : why is thy Doubt  
So shameless as to make *Great Him* alone  
Who is th' *Eternal Word*, that power want,  
Which to each *fitting Voice* thy Faith doth grant.

100.

But what thanks were 't, if you could credit what  
To Sense and Reason's eye were written plain?  
*Heav'n's* much to them beholden, who will not  
Believe it higher is than they can strain ;  
Who jealous are of God, and will not be  
Induc'd to trust *Him* further than they see.

## 101.

And yet had you these modest Eyes of mine,  
You in this gloomy *Cloud* would see the *Sun*;  
That *Sun*, who in wise justice scorns to shine  
On those who with bold prying press upon  
His *secret Majesty*; which plainly I  
Because I make no anxious search, descry.

## 102.

This is the *Valorous Resolution*  
Of gallant *Faith*: the blessed Rule whereby  
All those through *Mysterie's* meanders run,  
Who are the *Scholars of Humility*.  
Yet must I tell thee, *Psyche*, *itching Pride*  
Will not hereafter thus be satisfy'd.

## 103.

A thousand waspish *Syllogisms* will  
Be buzzing from the mouths of those who build  
Their groundworks of Religion on the skill  
With which they proudly think their brains are fill'd;  
Till *Queries*, *Doubts*, *Distinctions*, *Niceties*  
Breed fretful *Schisms*, and pois'nous *Heresies*.

## 104.

Needs will they peep into the *Manner how*  
This hidden Miracle to pass was brought;  
And madly being not content to know  
What *Christ* thought fit to teach them, study out  
They know not what, and make this Banquet prove  
A *Sacrament of War* and not of *Love*.

## 105.

Some press too near, and spy what is not there,  
Some carelessly take what is there away:  
Some will admit no Miracle, for fear  
That Consequent be usher'd in, which they  
Resolve to stop; and that their Faith should be  
Forc'd to confess more than their eyes can see.

## 106.

Some first Conclude, and afterward Dispute,  
Loth to confess they did Define in haste:  
Some rest contented only to confute  
What others urge: nor can the mighty *Feast*  
Perswade their sceptick Stomachs to sit down,  
And by meek Faith make Angels' Cheer their own.

## 107.

Some sift *Existence*, *Substance*, *Accidents*,  
*Concomitance*, through *Logick's* busy sive:  
*Trans*, *Sub*, and *Con*, by strange experiments  
They bould so long, that they themselves deceive:  
For whilst to win the precious *Flower* they strain,  
The course and refuse *Bran* is all they gain.

## 108.

When *Aristotle's Laws* are urg'd to be  
The Umpiers in Religion, the Rent

Poor *Art* would fain sew up in Piety,  
Is mended but by further Detriment:  
For by th' unworthy clownish *Needle*, it  
Both multiply'd, and wider ope is set.

## 109.

O happy World, if all would once agree  
In that which *Jesus* did so plainly teach!  
If those *short Words* no more might tenter'd be  
By *long Disputes* beyond themselves to reach:  
If they to apprehend their sense, would strain  
Their faithful Heart, and not their doubtful Brain:

## 110.

If they their Notions and themselves would cease  
To rack and torture; and to make their great  
And burly Volumes swell with Witnesses  
Of their profound and learned *Want of Wit*:  
If for the *Manner* they would trust their *Lord*,  
And for the *Substance* take Him at his Word.

## 111.

For *Heav'n* its faithful wheel shall sooner turn  
And backward hale the *Sun* into the East;  
The *Polar Bear* in *Lybia's* furnace burn;  
And *Sirius's* mouth be sealed up with frost;  
Into the lofty Spheres dull *Tellus* leap  
And headlong tumble *Height* into the *Deep*:

## 112.

Than any Syllable which droppeth from  
The lips of *Jesus*, can be born away  
Upon the Wind's swift wings, and never come  
Back with its full Effect: however They  
Whom Wit befools, will be so mad in this  
Clear point, as to dispute away their Bliss.

## 113.

In vain it is to tell these *Wranglers*, how  
*Jesus* could graft cold Stones into the Stock  
Of *Abraham*, and make dead Pebles grow  
Fresh lively *Jews*: or that he did not mock  
His stomach by the Bread he daily eat,  
But to his Fleshe's substance turn'd his meat.

## 114.

In vain to tell them, how, into his Blood  
The Wine he drank was truly chang'd; for though  
Such speculations pois'd and understood  
With reverent heed, might help the soul to row  
In this deep Wonder's sea: yet *Wranglers* will,  
Because they will be so, be *Wranglers* still.

## 115.

But as the strictest siege of Thorns is laid  
To goodly Roses; whilst the vulgar flowers,  
Not worth the choking, never grow afraid  
Of armed neighbours, whose infestive powers  
Might plant their bane about them: so it fares  
With this rich *Bread* invaded by the Tares.

116.

What heart can of the monstrous *Gnosticks* think  
And not abhor their damned *Sacrifice*;<sup>1</sup>  
The matchless and the most blasphemous sink  
Of Earth's and Hell's profound Impieties!  
Thine ears were never frightened with so black  
A Sin, as they their grand Religion make.

117.

But I in reverence to thy Blush forbear  
That deep Abomination's Den to rake,  
Whose rank Sent reaks as high 's the highest sphere  
And in *God's* nostrils stinks: yet leave must take  
To tell thee thine own *Albion* will at last  
Contempn on this most glorious Banquet cast.

118.

For in the dregs of Time; when Wealth and Pride  
Have fatned British hearts fit to defy  
All sacred *Discipline*, and to the Tide  
Of furious *Licence*, and wild *Ataxy*  
Flung ope the gap; unhallow'd Hands will dare  
From holy *Priests* this reverend Work to tear.

119.

*Mechanick Zeal*, inspir'd by *Sottishness*,  
And by enthusiastick *Ordination*  
Of self-deluded Fancy *Cull'd* to dress  
*God's Feast* in *Man's reformed misshapen fashion*;  
Will purest *Purity* it self defile,  
And by Heav'n's gate find out a way to Hell.

120.

But happy Thou who shalt not live to see  
Thine eyes tormented with that cursed sight,  
Which acted shall and authorized be  
By equal Sons of everlasting Night.  
Come then let our Discourse return, and be  
Attendant on the *Board of Sanctity*.

121.

Thy *Lord's* great Banquet was the Consummation  
Of *Israel's* famous *Passover*; and did  
With mystick power antedate His *Passion*,  
And that long-long'd-for Word, 'Tis finished.  
Right noble was that *typick Passover*,  
But nobler this, because *substantial*, here.

122.

How much more precious is this *Lamb*; who though  
This Feast of Dainties to Himself be sour,  
Presents no sauce of *bitter herbs* to gnaw  
His Convive's taste; but with the plenal power  
Of Sweetness entertains their Palates, and  
Pozes their Wits their Bliss to understand.

123.

This is that more renown'd *Viaticum*  
The *Israel* of *God* to fortify

<sup>1</sup> Vid. *S. Epiphani. Hæres.* 26. 27.

When they from *Pharaoh's* iron Bondage, home  
Are hastning to their holy Liberty.

O *Psyche*, those dim Stories clearlyer are  
Reacted in the *Christian* hemisphere.

124.

*Sin, Sin*, that hateful Egypt is, where reigns  
A King more stern than *Pharaoh's* fiercest rage;  
The Tyrant *Belzebub*, who throws his chains  
About the World, its shoulders to engage  
Under a more unreasonable Law  
Than *making brick* whilst 'tis denied straw.

125.

But pious Souls are by this *Paschal Feast*  
With holy vigour so embrav'd, that they  
This servile yoke from off their necks can cast,  
And into Rest's free region snatch their way;  
Although their hard obstructed passage be  
Both through the dismal *Desert* and the *Sea*.

126.

This enigmatick Life of Misery,  
Can own both those repugnant Names: what are  
Its Storms, and Broils, and Tumults, but a *Sea*  
*Red* with Destruction? what 's a Theatre  
Lin'd thick with salvage and enraged Foes,  
If not a dreadful *Wilderness* of Woes?

127.

But through this wretched *Desert*, and this *Sea*,  
The virtue of this *Passover* will lead  
Believing Souls, till they securely be  
In blessed *Canaan* established;  
That *Canaan* whose Milk and Honey is  
The Sweetness of exuberant *Paradise*.

128.

That *Canaan* whose Inhabitants shall not  
Through nine and forty Orbs of Slavery  
Be forc'd to climb to one of Freedom, but  
Find every year a constant Jubile;  
In which, although they never sow or reap,  
They still an everlasting Feast shall keep.

129.

That *Canaan*, where no *Jebusites* shall run  
Thorns through the sides of its accomplish'd *Rest*;  
And whence no *Babylonish* Army can  
E'r hope the happy Colonies to thrust:  
A *Canaan* which alone makes good the grand  
And glorious Title of the *Holy Land*.

130.

This *Sacramental Bread*, and this alone,  
Is that supporting *Staff of Life*, with which  
The stoutly-faithful *Generation*  
Their gallant journey take to heav'n, and reach  
The top of their Desires more surely far  
Than by his *Staff* the Artist do's the Star.

## 131.

By *Bread*, and bread alone, Man now must live,  
This *Bread* which from *God's* mouth on purpose came ;  
*Christ's* potent *Institution* did derive  
This virtue to it ; and Himself to them  
Who pant for Life, proclaim'd the way to get  
That noble Prize was by this only *Meat*.

## 132.

All Delicacies moulded up in one  
Pure precious Composition flourish here :  
No *Sybarit's* Invention e'r upon  
Their Board's fat Altars sacrific'd such Cheer  
To their dear *Bellies*, though of all their Rout  
Of Gods, their *Paunches* they the highest thought.

## 133.

The *Syracusan* Tables never sweat  
Under such Dainties : *Alexandrian* Feasts  
Could never with such princely sprightly Meat  
Ravish the palates of their pamper'd guests :  
No *Asiatick*, nor no *Medick* fare,  
No Cates of *Marsel's* might with these compare.

## 134.

Great *Solomon's* profoundest Industry,  
Which through all Nature did his Pleasures hunt.  
Sifting and boulding every Suavity  
To find the fugitive Soul of true *Content*,  
Nought but unsavory *Vanity* could taste :  
All *solid* Pleasures here alone are plac'd.

## 135.

Here, in this sacred close Conspiracy  
Of most substantial Delights ; to which  
That high *Angelick* Cheer which studiously  
*Heav'n's* bounteous hand did every morning reach  
To His dear *Jacob's* pilgrim hungry *Seed*,  
Resigns its fame and seems course homely Bread.

## 136.

O Nest of fledg'd Joies ! O sacred Mine  
Of richest Sweetnesses ! O fertile Tree  
Of Life's own Life ! O mighty Magazine  
Of ever-nutritive Felicity !  
O *Bread of Wonders*, who thy praise can tell  
Which *God Himself* dost render Edible !

## 137.

Nor is the Dainties of the *Cup* less rich  
Than that which in the noble *Patin* lies :  
The *Wine of Love*, of *Life*, of *Spirits*, which  
By new unheard-of entheous properties  
So strangely human Hearts imbraves, that they  
In *Fear's* most frightful looks read no Dismay.

## 138.

*Heav'n's* prudent *Law* took wary order that  
No creature's Blood the lip of Man should stain :

And just and useful was the Caution ; that  
All pious mouths might be reserved clean  
In reverence to the *Blood* of this pure *Lamb*  
Design'd into believing Lips to stream.

## 139.

O blessed, bloody, peaceful *Wine* ! O how  
Divinely hast thou satisfaction made  
For those enflaming Poisons, sweets which flow  
In other Wines ! may *Noah* now be glad  
Of his *Invention*, since his foul Mishap  
Is clean wash'd out by this al-purging Grape.

## 140.

This *Wine* is that wherein dwells *Verity*,  
The *Verity* of *Heav'n* : for *Heav'n* in it  
All melted is : those boundless Joies which *We*  
Bath'd in at home, are here together met  
In strange epitomy, and smiling swim  
About the *Chalice's* soul-charming brim.

## 141.

To *Venus's* milk let shameless Luxury  
Turn other Wines, and to its swelling Cups  
As to the bottles of her bosom fly,  
Whence only furious Uncleaness drops ;  
This is a purer Juice than can be prest  
From *Chastity's* own most unspotted breast :

## 142.

Of this mild Doves may drink, and never fear  
That any Inflammation will intrench  
Upon their sober blood : white Virgins here  
Their shie and bashful hearts may safely drench :  
This *Liquor* breeds no flames but soft and cool,  
Which though they burn, cannot infect the soul.

## 143.

One Drop of this, though it can amply fill  
The most immeasurable Thirst's desire  
With more than any wish can covet ; still  
It raises that fulfilled Longing higher,  
And makes in vastest *Satisfaction's* tide  
The overflowing heart unsatisfy'd.

## 144.

Should *Greek*, *Canary*, or *Pannonian* *Wine*,  
Should *Spanish*, *French*, *Italian*, and the rest  
Which crown the chalices of Kings, combine  
In one Extraction, sumptuously drest  
With aromattick helps ; they would be all  
If parallell'd with this, but *costly* Gall.

## 145.

Proud *Cleopatra's* prodigaldest Bowl  
Where her luxuriant Jewel learn'd to swim,  
And its inestimable riches roll  
Melted and mixed with the gallant stream ;  
Compared with this *Cup*, was full as vile  
As any bottle filled at her *Nile*.

Salutes of Swords, and spend their final breath  
In wooing greatest Tortures to be greater :  
Oft have I seen them enter single fight  
Both with the *Peers*, and with the *Prince of Night*.

154.

For knowing well what strength they have within,  
By stiff tenacious Faith they hold it fast.  
How can those Champions ever fail to win,  
Who cap-a-pe, for Arms, with *Heav'n* are drest !  
Those Breasts must needs all Batteries defy,  
Where *God* Himself in garrison doth lie.

155.

But to augment the wonder, *Psyche*, this  
Great *Feast of Feasts* can never all be spent :  
When Millions it has fill'd, intirely 'tis  
The same it was, and knows no detriment.  
So though the World all drinks in Air, yet still  
The undiminish'd Region is full.

156.

And yet not so : for here each Soul doth eat  
The total Banquet, and yet leaves it whole :  
These antecedent Ages cannot cheat  
Those which lag on behind : whilst *Heav'n* shall roll,  
And Earth stand still, this ever-teeming *Board*  
The same Delights will unto All afford.

157.

No fount lives on such living Springs as dwell  
In this pure *Cup of Life*, to which though all  
Nations and Tongues flock in to drink, it still  
Maintains its equal *Plentitude* ; nor shall  
The busy *School*, with all its endless fry  
Of *Doubts* and *Queries* hope to draw it dry.

158.

Though all *Heav'n's* starry Tapers lighted be  
At *Phebus's* eyes, his Raies keep still intire :  
His Image shines in every Lake and Sea,  
Yet only One is his original fire ;  
Which doth its wondrous single self so wide  
In its compleat *Similitude* divide.

159.

Thus, but more really thus, this *feast*  
*Most absolutely One* is wholly spread  
Into the mouth and heart of every Guest ;  
And fails not there more *Heav'nly* beams to shed,  
Than when the Sun by his meridian Ray  
Triumphs upon the highest throne of *Day*.

160.

Thy most profoundly-gracious *Lord*, who far  
Above the reach of any *Want* did reign,  
Descended from His mighty *Glorie's* sphere ;  
And that His voyage might be sure to gain  
Him *Emptiness' fulness*, lowly He  
To prove the poorer, woul'd a *Borrower* be.

## 161.

For hither on this strange Adventure come,  
 He borrow'd of the World *Humanity*,  
 And in the Cabinet of *Mary's* Womb  
 Dress'd up Himself compleatly *Man*; yet He  
 Though by this Condescent new raies He set  
 In *Nature's* crown, still thought Himself in debt.

## 162.

And pay He would, right generous as He was,  
 All back again which He had borrow'd here;  
 He meant His Blood and Body on the Cross  
 To tender, and make full requital there  
 To His unwitting Creditors, and that  
 With Interest which Numbers cannot rate.

## 163.

And yet because His *Human Nature* He  
 So dearly loves, that He concludes to bear  
 It home in triumph, and eternally  
 Those narrow Robes of bondless *Mercy* wear;  
 E'r He His journey took, He plotted how  
 It might *Ascend* and yet *Remain below*.

## 164.

*Remain below*, to be *Restor'd*, and that  
 As oft as human Mouths would take it in:  
 And this th' Invention was, this *Wine* and *Meat*,  
 By which His mystick power to all His Kin  
 Repays His *Flesh* and *Blood*, that Man might eat  
 And drink, and with his *God Incorporate*.

## 165.

For, His excessive favour to complete  
 Beyond the stretch of any Parallel,  
 This noble *Pay* is so improved, that  
 His *Godhead's* vastness too concurs to swell  
 The royal *Feast*; since this can never be  
 Dissevered from His *Humanity*.

## 166.

O boundless little *All*! O *Banquet* which  
 Must feed *Astonishment* for evermore,  
 Whilst largest Souls their intellectual reach  
 Tenter in vain, and find it still too poor  
 To equal thy extent, ev'n when thine own  
 Fulness they have receiv'd and swallow'd down.

## 167.

O *Banquet*! fit for His magnificence  
 Whom might and goodness own for Sovereign.  
 By this dear Project, *Psyche*, *Mercy's Prince*  
 Collecteth in His more than golden Chain  
 His World unto Himself, and ties it close  
 That no Disunion may interpose.

## 168.

The glorious *Incarnation* began  
 To knit this knot; which now redoubled is:

There *God* vouchsaf'd to join Himself to *Man*,  
 Here *Man* has leave to make the juncture his,  
 And weave himself with his Redeemer. O  
 What *God* e'r stooped to his Creature so!

## 169.

By this sweet Combination Mortals grow  
 Forgetful of their Singularities,  
 Their thwarting Interests, their *I* and *Thou*,  
 Their *Mine* and *Thine*, their grounds of *Avarice*  
 Of Envy, of Ambition, and comply  
 In holy *Peace's* common Unity.

## 170.

This Cement's power doth mystically wed  
 The *Stones* which raise *Ecclesia's* Edifice;  
 This Ligature the *Members* to their *Head*  
 Symmetrically links; the *sheep* by this  
 Though spread through all Earth's pastures far and  
 near,  
 One perfect Total with their shepherd are.

## 171.

For as the active *Soul*, although she swim  
 Intirely one through all the Body; still  
 In every Member and in every Lim  
 In her *Totality* doth single dwell:  
 So by this *Sacramental Union*  
*Jesus* is *One* to *All*, and *All* to *One*.

## 172.

Believe it *Psyche*, though thy mortal Eye  
 Spies no such brave Attendance on this *Board*,  
 Yet thick those *Waiters* stand whose Dignity  
 Shines next the glories of their royal *Lord*:  
 No prince's Coronation Pomp was e'r  
 Aggrandiz'd by such servitors as here.

## 173.

Here Legions of the Heav'nly Army keep  
 The guard of Reverence; round this *Mercy-seat*  
 Not *two*, but thousand Gallant *Cherubs* peep  
 With ravishment on what you *drink* and *eat*;  
 Here stately *Principalities* attend,  
 Here *Thrones* bow down, and here *Dominions* bend.

## 174.

For when they perched were in their own sphere,  
 The glorious Ocean of eternal Sweets,  
 Their blessed eyes beheld no richer Cheer  
 Than *Mercy* on this noble *Table* sets:  
 Nor could that Troop which kept the avenue  
 To *Paradise* such precious Dainties shew.

## 175.

Pure is their sight, and sprightly can pass  
 Quite through that *Vail*, which on this *Banquet* lies;  
 A *Vail* which in profound compassion was  
 Thrown on the count'nance of these Mysteries;  
 Which dart more glories from their naked Face,  
 Than ever did great *Moses's* Temples grace.

JOVE'S MYSTERY.

Men will not blush to make this *Banquet* know  
That by its Out-side they will square, and fit  
Their wary *Faith*, which further must not venture  
Than blunt and feeble *Sense's* edge can enter.

184.

Rank Superstition 'tis presum'd, if they  
Esteem *God's Table* holier than their own ;  
If to this *Chalice* more respect they pay  
Than to those Cups which all the jolly Town  
Toss in the publick Inns, whene'r they keep  
Their free *Communion of Good-fellowship*.

185.

If they but bow the Head, or bend the Knee,  
Or let their humbled Bodies comment on  
Their lowly Minds ; if they but dare to be  
Professors of good Manners ; if they shun  
But that which Love and Gratitude abhors,  
They must be voted *flat Idolaters*.

186.

Nor *Jove*, nor *Juno*, nor the silliest He  
Or She of all that rabble, wildly made  
Gods by vain Man ; found such impiety  
In their mad Makers, as to be betray'd  
To slovenish Altars, and to clownish Rites,  
By *fained Zeal's* irreverent Deceits.

187.

On *Jesus* and his Noblest *Mystery*,  
Must *Rudeness* only be allow'd to wait ?  
*Zealous* and *pure* must this Religion be,  
Because most *gross* and *lazy* ? surely, great  
Is our Mistake in Heav'n, who alway there  
Our *lowliest Service* to our *God* prefer.

188.

Is this the Thanks for bridling in his flames  
Of most intolerable Majesty ;  
Which once unrein'd, by its immortal Streams  
Would them destroy, and all their slovenry !  
Alas, that *Love* should thus neglected be,  
And for no cause, but *Mighty Charity*.

189.

Are these the Tribe of *Saints*, who boast that they  
Possessed are of Faith's Monopoly ?  
Ah, dead and rotten Faith, which can display  
No fruit to prove the Root's vivacity !  
'Tis vain to dream a *faithful Soul* can dwell  
In any *Body* that is *Infidel*.

190.

But those brave Lovers, of whose generous Breasts,  
*Jesus* intire possession holds ; are so  
Inamor'd of this Soul-attracting *Feast*,  
That they with all the art of Reverence to  
Its Board approach, and make their meek desire  
After Angelick Compliments aspire.



## 191.

Their Hearts beat high with that illustrious Zeal,  
Which fires our Breasts, and fain would stoop as low  
As *Seraphs* do, whene'r this *Miracle*  
Of *Love* invites their reverent Knees to bow :  
Fain would their panting passionate Piety  
Be *infinite*, as is this *Mystery*.

## 192.

For *infinite* it is : and O that I  
Could that Infinitude before thee set !  
No Theme could raise with such exultance my  
Applauding Tongue : But Angels must submit  
To Ecstasies in such vast deeps as this,  
Where *Love* himself reigns in his own Abyss.

## 193.

Here *Phylax* ended ; and observed how  
The Bait would relish he so fairly cast  
To *Psyche's* Soul : which being captiv'd now  
By his Discourse's potent Charms, and fast  
Chain'd to the venerable *Table's* foot ;  
This yielding Answer gently forth she brought ;

## 194.

My *Soul's* sweet *Friend*, what equal thanks can I  
Pay for this Honey which thy tongue hath shed  
Upon my Ears and Heart ! May *He*, whom thy  
Sublime *Elogium* honor'd, crown thy Head  
With full Requital : as for simple Me,  
What can the Worm, poor *Psyche*, give to thee ?

## 195.

All she can give is but the Begger's Dole,  
Occasion of thy further favors : yet  
No earthly cates I crave : O no ! my Soul,  
In spite of Famine's power, dares forget  
All other food, if at this royal *Feast*  
Of *Heav'n* and *Love* I now may be a guest.

## 196.

And if I be not so, I am undone !  
Such hunger gnaws, such thirst do's burn my Heart,  
That by this *Banquet's* Comforts I alone  
Can rescu'd be from my impatient smart,  
And 'tis thy courteous fault, dear, *Phylax*, who  
With its Description me hast ravish'd so.

## 197.

The sickly, what but *Health* can satisfy ?  
And what *Balsam* can the Answer be  
Unto the Wound's wide mouth, and bloody cry ?  
What pants the heated hunted Hart to see  
But some cool Fount, or sovereign Ditany ?  
What cures the Captive's grief but Liberty ?

## 198.

My *Health*, my *Balsam*, and my *Liberty*,  
My dear *Dictamnum*, and my *Fount* of *Bliss*,

My only *Nectar*, and *Ambrosia* lie  
In *Jesu's* Cup and *Patin* : if I miss  
Of this my Hunger's necessary aim,  
*Psyche*, a farewell must to *Hopes* proclaim.

## 199.

She fainted here. But strait her *Guardian's* hand  
Snatching her arm, thrust comfort through her Heart.  
I like, cry'd he, thy noble Ardor, and  
Its fuel will to this thy fire impart.  
In yonder House there lives a reverend *Priest*,  
Who for thy pious Soul will dress this *Feast*.

## 200.

This said, he leads the *Virgin* thither : where  
Close in a Vault a knot of *faithful Hearts*  
For that great Bus'ness early did prepare :  
For Pagan Tyranny wak'd all their Arts  
Of Privacy, and made Devotion choose  
Such Temples as might hide them from their Foes.

## 201.

There in a simple Dish and Cup of wood,  
The furniture of Primitive poverty,  
The Wonder of their *Savior's* *Flesh* and *Blood*,  
With golden Hearts they waited on : but we  
Alas, in *Patins* and in *Bowls* of Plate,  
With Hearts of wood this *Banquet* celebrate.

## 202.

They in the *Stranger's* zeal-inflamed Eye  
Such genuine beams of Piety descri'd,  
As soon dispell'd their mists of jealousy  
At her Intrusion ; unknown, untry'd,  
She welcome was : besides, the holy *Priest*  
By *Heav'n* was warn'd to entertain this *Guest*.

## 203.

*Phylax* withdrew his nimble self into  
His closet of Invisibility,  
And there attended on his *Psyche* ; who  
With such brave fervor to the *Mystery*  
Made her approaches, that her hungry *Haste*  
Copy'd the boundless greatness of the *Feast*.

## 204.

So when th' Olympick Runner draweth nigh  
The noble Goal, and sees the naked Prize  
Incouraging his panting Ardency ;  
First he devours with his greedy Eyes,  
Then with his thirstier Thoughts ; and as he may  
Reaches the End, though yet but in the way.

## 205.

O how her Soul into the *Patin* leap'd,  
And dived to the bottom of the *Cup* !  
With what Inamorations she weep'd !  
What sighs of joy did break her Bosom ope !  
How struggled *Fear* with *Love* ! how did she groan  
Between *Humility* and *Ambition* !

And gormandiz'd their Preys ; yet could not fill  
Their wretched skins, but pin'd and proved more  
Ill-favour'd shrivell'd *Monsters* than before.)

214.

*Sin* fatter grows ; so fat that now it dares  
Kick both at *Earth* and *Heav'n*, and scorns to be  
Aw'd by those generous and ingenuous *Fears*  
Which hold the reins of *virtuous Modesty* ;  
It mocketh *Vengeance*, and derideth *Law*,  
Because their *patient Sword* they *slowly* draw.

215.

Witness that *Sacrilege*, that *Fury*, and  
That impudently-made *Profaneness*, which  
Tears down the *Church* with *Reformation's* hand,  
And robs its God the surer to be rich :  
Which scorns *Religion* for *Religion's* sake,  
And *Offerings* to it self doth *Altars* make.

216.

Witness those numerous Spawns of shameless *Lyes*,  
Which with heretick insultation tread  
On Sacred *Truth*, and make her patronize  
Her own Contempt ; whilst shamelesly they plead  
Th' authority of *God* Himself, and on  
His *Spirit* all their Carnal Fancies pin.

217.

*Doctrine* and *Use* with empty Noise ingross  
The gulled Auditors ; and there 's an end.  
Out runs this sleight Religion with the *Glass*,  
And well is measur'd by the fruitless *Sand*.  
Here no Excuse's help can intervene ;  
Alas, the Doctrine by the Use is seen.

218.

O how come *Christian Souls* so well content  
To want the choisest Viands *Heav'n* could give !  
O how preposterously abstinent  
Are they who with all riotous Dainties strive  
To fortify the *Belly*, but can find  
No time to victual and recruit the *mind* !

219.

More provident those *Heros* surely were  
Upon whose nearer hearts the warmer Blood  
Of *Jesus* drop'd : not once a month, or year,  
They their Devotion cheer'd with *Angels' Food*,  
But duly every morn this *Table* spread,  
And made the *Lord of life* their daily *Bread*.

220.

They next their hearts no other *Morning Draught*  
Would take ; but what suits with the heart indeed.  
The bottles of their souls betimes they brought,  
And at this *living Fount* replenished  
Their brave Desires ; whose thirst did swell so high  
That nought could quench it but Immensity.

## 221.

With sprightful zeal this kept their bosoms warm,  
This made them eagle-like their strength renew;  
With *death-despising Courage* this did arm  
Their gentlest Spirits; by this they Masters grew  
Of earth and hell, which having trampled down,  
Heav'n too by violence they made their own.

## 222.

So ne'r can they who feed on *preached Wind*,  
Which vainly bubbles in their wanton ear;  
And tympanizeth so their cheated Mind,  
That they too big and burley grow to wear  
*Christ's* humble Livery, or enter at  
Supreme vast Bliss's low and narrow Gate.

## 223.

But O my Heart, why art thou stealing thus  
From thine own woes, thy Neighbours to deplore?  
Time was, when (whilst thine unfledge[d] wickedness  
Flew not in Heav'n's long-patient face, nor tore  
This judgment down,) I once a week, at least  
Could at this *Board* of wonders be a guest.

## 224.

With solid Joy then could I turn mine eye  
Back on the year, which happily had run:  
Then could I count what Gains I reaped by  
My constant trading in Devotion;  
Rejoycing in my satisfied mind  
That every Sunday I in heav'n had din'd.

## 225.

But now the flaming Coursers of the Sun  
Are drawing on the fourteenth month, since I  
Was sharer in the Celebration  
Of this sweet *life-enliv'ning Mystery*:  
Which yet I then was fain to steal; and so  
*A thief that day to Paradise did go.*

## 226.

I went; but woo'd by a *forbidden Tree*  
Of *Idleness*, ah fondly licorish I  
Believ'd the flattering Bait, and would not see  
The lurking Hook's too well-known treachery.  
Dear, wonderous dear, this heedless fault bath cost me,  
For all my heav'nly joys and powers it lost me.

## 227.

And no recruit do's now that Loss supply,  
But I'm abandon'd to this tedious *Fast*:

O how the palate of my Soul is dry!  
What burning Drought doth shrivel up and wast  
The bowels of my heart! how is my mind  
With most uncomfortable Squalour pin'd!

## 228.

O how my Understanding's pinions tire,  
And flag below when I aloft would soar!  
What leaden Numness damps those hopes of fire  
With which my Fancy 'gan to glow before?  
How bankrupt's my *Invention* since my *Wrack*  
Of *Judgment* upon *Lazy*ness his rock!

## 229.

O how this dry and barren *Versu* attests  
The heavy truth of these my Lamentations!  
Pity me you whose soft and gentle breasts  
E'r felt the stings of mystical Vexations!  
Pity me, O my *candid Readers*, now  
What makes me tire your patience you know.

## 230.

Had I my wonted portion in that *Feast*  
Which with celestial spirits embraces the heart,  
A fairer *Banquet* I for you had drest;  
Who now can only by my starving Smart  
Warn you to prize and to embrace with most  
Religious tenderness what I have lost.

## 231.

Lost hitherto: but must that *Loss* run on,  
And can my Life mean while make good its name?  
Can *Day* maintain her beauty, if the *Sun*  
Deny to feed her with his vital flame?  
Can *Rivers* keep their full unwearied course  
If once the living *Fountain* them divorce?

## 232.

O *King of constant Love*, whose sumptuous care  
For hungry hearts that high *Provision* made;  
Lo how my *famish'd Soul* lies gasping here  
For one dear *Crumb* of thy mysterious *Bread*:  
And craves, to cool her burning tongue, one *Drop*  
Of *liquid Life* from thy all-saving *Cup*.

## 233.

I know, and feel my worthlessness, and how  
Unfit I am to hope for any share  
In those peculiar Delicates, which thou  
Didst for thy genuine faithful *Sons* prepare:  
*Yet to a Dog* once more they leave afford  
To catch what falleth from thy *Children's Board*.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ARGUMENT, l. 4, 'rapt'd' = rapt, carried away. St. 2, 'joys,' verb = rejoices. St. 50, 'red' = read. St. 59, 'degenerous' = degenerate. St. 69, 'convivous' = feasters. St. 107, 'boul't' = sift: *ib.* 'Flower' = flour: *ib.* 'course' = coarse. St. 118, 'Ataxy' = disorder. St. 119, l. 6, 'And by Heav'n's gate,' etc. See our Memorial-Introduction on this. St. 122, 'Convivous' = feaster's. St. 130, 'Staff'—see Glossarial Index, s.v., for parallels. St. 132, 'Marvel's'—see Index of Names, s.n. St. 136, 'fledgest' = most (fully) fledged. St. 137, 'enthusous' = inspiring? St. 145, l. 6, 'vile as any bottle filled at her Nile'—the Poet is strangely mistaken:

the water of the Nile is delicious. St. 153, 'greatest . . . greater'—see as on st. 119, l. 6. St. 161, 'condescend' = condescension. St. 177, l. 6—see as on st. 119, l. 6. St. 179, 'Perspective' = telescope. St. 197, 'Ditany,' and st. 198, l. 2, 'Dictamnium.' See Glossarial Index, s.v., for illustrations. St. 204, 'naked' = exposed; but see Glossarial Index, s.v. St. 205, 'Inamurations' = love emotions. St. 217, ll. 3-4, 'Glass . . . Sand' = hour-glass—of old placed by palpat-sides; and hence the *mot* of the witty if not wise Preacher, who, after preaching for one hour, said, 'We'll have another glass,' *suiting* the action to the words and the words to the action.—G.

5.

All Plants and Trees their annual Tasks attend,  
And fertile answer give the Gardner's sweat :

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A willing Prize Himself great *Jesus* made  
To lawless Law, and wonderfully deign'd  
By Innocency's foes to be arraign'd.

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## 11.

A Condescent so rare, that *Phylax* knew  
His *Pupil* 'twould to imitation draw,  
If ever Tyranny occasion threw  
In her meek Spirit's way: He therefore now  
Resolveth by his tutoring Tongue to lead  
Through this strange story her attentive heed.

## 12.

For her religious Breast was fired now  
With noble vigor from the *Heav'nly Board*,  
And bravely fit to tower, and travel through  
The loftiest Atchievements of her *Lord*.  
This made him haste her from the *sacred Cave*,  
When by the *holy Kiss* sh' had took her leave.

## 13.

Then he conducts her up to *Calvary*,  
*The Hill of Marvels*, that this Prospect might  
Yield her with uncontrolled Liberty  
Of *Love's chief stations* an open sight:  
And there arriv'd, *Mark now, my Dear*, said He,  
What further Wonders *Jesus* did for thee.

## 14.

Wert thou enthroned on *Heav'n's* proudest Hill,  
Which looks o'er all the glories of the Skies,  
Thou could'st not with a nobler Spectacle  
Feast there the hunger of thy wondering Eyes;  
Than from this *Mountain's* most renowned head.  
Thou by my Finger and my Tongue shall read.

## 15.

In yonder Street of ruins towering high  
Stood High-priest *Annas's* House; but *Caiaphas*,  
(His Son by more than Marriage, since the *Dye*  
Of *guiltless Blood* in which they joyn'd, may pass  
For *Consanguinity*.) enjoy'd his Den,  
Where now that Rubbish is the *Tomb of sin*.

## 16.

Those *Caytiffs*, who had in the Garden seiz'd  
Thy *Lord*, to *Annas* hal'd Him first, to see  
What Censure's load his *Reverend Spight* was pleas'd  
To heap upon the guilt of *Piety*;  
But he with cruel Favor Him dismiss  
Unto his *Son*, the bolder bloodier *Priest*.

## 17.

Thus *Jesus* through the Streets and *scorn*, is led  
To *Caiaphas*; who smil'd within, to see  
What full success had crown'd his *Bargain's* head,  
And grudged not the slender price: yet he  
Still in his Looks, with sage Hypocrisy,  
Maintain'd his sober Priestly gravity.

## 18.

So hast thou seen a *Lyon* cast his eyes  
Upon his harmless prey with stearn disdain,

As if his fury long'd for no such prize;  
Whilst he his greedy paws can scarce contain,  
Or with his teeth bite in their own desire  
Of blood: so certain is his salvage ire.

## 19.

In seeming jealous zeal of Peace and Law,  
Sacred and Civil, he demandeth, Why  
Throngs of Disciples He presum'd to draw,  
And with His *New-found Doctrines* multiply  
Sects in the Church, and Tumults in the State,  
Religion and Allegiance to defeat?

## 20.

(Such Impudence on *Sin's* hard forehead grows,  
That whilst the Laws of *Heav'n* and *Earth* she breaks,  
On *Innocence* her own black crimes she throws;  
And loudly-holy ardent outcries makes  
Against all *Innovations*, which on them  
She chargeth, for whose Blood her thirst doth flame.)

## 21.

Those grave-fac'd Bloodhounds thus, those *Elders*, who  
Had sold their Conscience to the barbarous *Queen*,  
*God's Honor* and the *King's*, pretended to  
Redeem from Blasphemy: and whilst with keen  
Hunger and rage for *Naboth's Life* they hunted,  
A solemn *Fast* the shameless Saints appointed.

## 22.

Thy *Lord's* wise Eye pierc'd through this vain Demand;  
And why, said He, requir'st thou this of Me?  
Behold what witness crouds on either hand,  
Whose gaping Mouths expect their cue from thee.  
They heard My Preaching; and hear thou what they  
Against Me, now I challenge them, can say.

## 23.

No Conventicle's sneaking Cloisters hid  
Those Doctrines which against blind Darkness sought;  
The Synagogue and Temple witnessed,  
And so did they themselves whate'r I taught.  
My *Gospel* it concern'd the World to know,  
And from my Lips in publick it did flow.

## 24.

And what more reasonable Word than this  
From *Righteous Wisdom's* Mouth could strained be!  
And yet by being such, alas, it is  
An augmentation of His Crime; and He  
Is guilty now at least of Petty-treason  
Against the *Priest*, because He speaketh Reason.

## 25.

For strait a surly *Sergeant* standing by,  
First bent his angry Brow, and then his Fist;  
With which at *Jesus's* Face his spight let fly,  
Crying, Bold Fellow, Can *God's* Reverend *Priest*  
Deserve no fairer Answer? now we see  
What kind of Manners grow in *Galilee*.

shrow'd His glorious head,  
to be both *Priest and God*.

27.  
reet mouth thus *Meekness* spoke :  
ime there be,  
t the *Highpriest* look  
rform'd on Me.  
e of *Justice' Seat*  
injuriously beat?

28.  
is soft Reply  
silent pity view'd,  
Society  
und *Elders*, shew'd  
son they had swallow'd down :  
ir Zeal's disease was grown.

29.  
anderers they could get  
*peachment* in ; they make  
pply their weaker wit,  
schievous, seek  
, as before they bought  
Him pris'ner thither brought.

30.  
*Sanhedrim*  
r to find a *Lye*  
scape? Are grave and grim  
own of Calumny?  
bold *Injustice*, and  
w by holy *Aaron's* hand?

31.  
l Master-piece  
beautify the face  
and *Wickedness*  
at her own Glass  
r into desire  
in *Virtue's* tire.

32.  
esses strait thronged in  
when *Rulers* dare  
lgar on to sin ;  
never lends her ear ;  
Law is on her side ;  
mce delights to ride.

33.  
e *Younglings* yet, and raw  
r had they conn'd their *Lye*,

34.  
Yet check'd they must not be, whose clear Intent  
Aim'd only at the *publick Good* ; least this  
Should damp new witness with discouragement,  
Who Articles might urge with more success.  
Alas, those men came *well-affected*, but  
Quite out of count'nance by the *Court* were put.

35.  
Their *honest meaning* by the *Sanhedrim*  
Is kindly constru'd, and with thanks requited ;  
That others might with subtler art to trim  
Their likelier Accusations be invited ;  
For still the *patient Court* expects to see  
Who will the next *Calumniators* be.

36.  
But when that first Miscarriage had dismay'd  
All other *Lyars* : *Satan*, who stood by,  
Snatch'd unto hell his way to fetch some aid,  
For fear the labouring *Priest's* ripe *Villany*,  
And his great *Hopes*, should now abortive be :  
Such care to murder thy dear *Spouse* had he.

37.  
Deep in the bowels of eternal *Night*,  
Is sunk a dismal *Den of choise Damnation*,  
Where *Stinks* with *Stinks* maintain a deadly fight,  
And *Ejulation* roars at *Ejulation* ;  
Where *Horrors* *Horrors* fright, and where *Despair*  
The face of *Desperation* doth tear.

38.  
He hither came : when lo the iron Door  
Gap'd like the thirsty Earth to drink him in ;  
Whilst from the joyful Cavern's mouth a Roar  
Of sulfury thunder bellow'd, to begin  
Its *Sovereign's* welcome ; who with gracious look  
That direful Compliment right kindly took.

39.  
For in he went ; and there his *Daughter* saw  
Busy in pouring ever-flaming lead  
On yelling Souls, whom *Lyes* and *Slanders* threw  
Into that boiling Curse. Upon a bed  
Of red-hot iron, not yet cooled lay  
*Lust's* holocaust, Madam *Potiphera*.

40.  
She lay, and bit, and roard and bit again  
Her *slandorous tongue* whence deadly shafts she shot  
At holy *Joseph* when she had in vain  
Spent all her eyes' artillery, and what  
Soft blandishment's quaint wit could muster up  
To bring about her hot venerial Hope.

## 41.

There lay that *foul-mouth'd Ten*, whose envious *Lye*  
 Blasted the florid Sweets of *Canaan*,  
 Spreading dry *Dearth* on fat *Fertility*,  
 And spewing Gall where Milk and Honey ran :  
 One drop of which they wish'd, but wish'd in vain,  
 To cool the fury of their burning Pain.

## 42.

There fry'd that *Pair of venal Souls*, who by  
 Their hired Falsehood *Naboth* swore to death ;  
 Acting themselves that foul Impiety  
 With which they slander'd him : with flaming breath  
*God and the King* they curs'd, and wish'd all hell  
 Melted into the heart of *Jeebel*.

## 43.

There howling *Zedekia* felt his own  
 Imposture real prove upon his Heart,  
 Which gored by his *iron Horns* was grown  
 Beyond the hopes of Cure ; and by the Smart  
 Of meet Damnation fully taught him that  
 His *Lyes* did more himself than *Ahab* cheat.

## 44.

His throat there *Assur's Railer General* rent  
 With loud assertion of his Blasphemy ;  
 Avouching still, that *God* expressly sent  
 Him to extirpate *Salem's* strength : and why  
 Fond *Rabsheka* do's *He* thus deep torment thee,  
 For that bold Errand, if on he sent thee ?

## 45.

There raved those two goatish *Elders* who  
 So reverently bely'd *Susanna's* fame,  
 As naked now as she, and bathing too,  
 But in a spring of never-dying flame,  
 Well-suting with that fire of lecherous rage  
 Which burnt ev'n in their cold and snowy age.

## 46.

These, and ten thousand more, lay roaring there,  
 The dire remorseless *Mistress* of the Den  
 Triumphant in their tortures : never Bear  
 With such intemperate fierceness revell'd when  
 Her hungry teeth were flinging ope their way  
 Amidst the bowels of her helpless Prey.

## 47.

Fell *Calumny* it was ; a monstrous She :  
 Her Front and Brows were built of sevenfold brass ;  
 An obstinate Swarthinness, which scorn'd to be  
 Pierced by any Blush, besmear'd her face ;  
 Her hollow Eyes with peevish Spight were fill'd ;  
 Her powting Lips with deadly Venom swell'd.

## 48.

Her dreadful Jaws replenish'd Quivers were,  
 Wherein for Teeth, Spears, Darts and Arrows stood ;

Her lungs breath'd plagues through all the neighbour  
 air ;

Her mouth no moisture knew, but blended blood  
 Of Asps and Basilisks, to make her fit  
*Sure Mischief* upon *Innocence* to spit.

## 49.

Ten Dragons' stings all twisted into one  
 Engin of desperate Sharpness, was her Tongue ;  
 This made her Language *pure Destruction*,  
 For *dying Knells* in every Word were rung ;  
 No *Sentences* composed her Oration  
 At any time but those of *Condemnation*.

## 50.

Her Brain is that mischievous shop, in which  
 As every other *Slander* forged was,  
 So that, which, all Examples to out-stretch,  
 Shamelessly dar'd *Omnipotence's* face,  
 Proclaiming that thy *Lord not by his own*  
 But *Satan's power* trampled *Satan down*.

## 51.

Whenever any rankling Canker breeds  
 Kingdoms' or Countries' fatal overthrow,  
 Her viperous trade it is, the pois'nous seeds  
 Of restless *Fears* and *Jealousies* to sow  
 In People's hearts ; who strangely readier are  
 To lend to *Falshood* than to *Truth* their ear.

## 52.

And O how greedily that Ear drinks in  
 All forgeries this cursed *Hag* can mint,  
 Whilst she on *Kings* and *Princes* joys to pin  
 Whatever wittiest Envy can invent,  
 To make the Countrie's *publick Parent* be  
 In his own Children's eyes an Enemy.

## 53.

She spying now her *royal Father* there,  
 Thus beg'd his benediction on her knee ;  
*Bless Me*, O awful *Sire* ; and grant me here  
 Some tools of fresh new-fashion'd Cruelty :  
 These *Souls* are us'd too kindly ; all their Pains  
 Grow stale and cold, familiar their Chains.

## 54.

Fear not ; it shall be so, cry'd *Satan* : but  
 Sweet Child, another Work first craves our Care :  
 My Hate's *prime* But our *Judas's* help has got  
 Fast in an handsome seasonable snare ;  
 I mean that *Galilean Beggar*, who  
 Pilfring my Subjects' hearts about did go.

## 55.

But now the *Priests* forsooth are so demure,  
 (And I'll remember 't when I get them here,)   
 That though with *Judas* they did all conjure,  
 And bought that *Christ* ev'n at a rate too dear ;  
 Their *Holinesses* some *pretence* must have  
 How in destroying Him their *Fame* to save.

93.

Great *Caiaphas*, and ye the *Sanhedrim*,  
The holy Guardians of Heav'n's reverend *Law*,

Of ample witness prov'd His Potency  
Sufficient was the Temple to restore,  
When He from *Death* her captive *Lazarus* tore?



71.

To re-erect that little Building, was  
A piece of Architecture which alone  
Outv'd all *Herod's* power, and did surpass  
The wit and wealth of sumptuous *Solomon*.

No Hand but *Heav'n's* that sovereign strength can  
have

Which layeth *Life's* foundation on the *Grave*.

72.

Yet to a murmur buzz'd about the Hall,  
Toss'd by the silly *Rout* from one another:  
The *Council* gravely shak'd their heads; and all  
Mingled their jealous whisperings together:  
Till *Caiaphas* stood up, and ask'd thy *Lord*  
Why He would no Reply to 's Charge afford?

73.

But *Jesus*, who ne'r spilt a word in vain,  
(For sweet and precious was his blessed Breath,)  
No answer would to that Impeachment deign,  
Which crosses well-known Truth, and carrieth  
Its Answer in it self to any Ear,  
But that which is *resolved not to hear*.

74.

The *Priest's* curs'd expectation being by  
This generous *silence* quite confuted, he  
Consults his own malicious *subtlety*,  
And *Answered* there at least presumes to be:  
Yet pumps his desperate Wits in vain, until  
*Satan* with fresh Advice his head did fill.

75.

Which so embrav'd his Impudence, that now  
This *Savior* deeply he contests to make  
Him prove His own Accuser: Well we know,  
Said he, those *towering Words* of thine must speak  
A more than *Mortal Power*; nor must thou hope  
Thy silence now shall lock the bus'ness up.

76.

For by the ever-living *God*, whose Name  
Too glorious is on human Tongues to sit,  
I thee conjure expresly to proclaim,  
Whether thou art the *Christ*, whom *holy Writ*  
Has promis'd to the World, that *Blessed One*,  
The *Heir of Heav'n*, and *God's Eternal Son*.

77.

O who would think this *consecrated Tongue*,  
Which with such *reverential Awe* can quote  
*God* and His *Word*, mean while should burn in strong  
Thirst of most *guiltless Blood*! but Hell can shoot  
It self through *Heav'n*, and *Satan* dares make one  
Amongst the *Sons of God* before His Throne.

78.

Hence he his Scholars teacheth to begin  
The foulest crimes with *God's* all-beauteous Name;

So with a winning cheat to usher in  
What else by plain and necessary shame  
Would be obstructed. Thus the Charmer's Tongue  
Distils his poison through his dainty Song.

79.

But *He* who came *Truth's* glorious Lamp to light,  
Was pleased now to give a clear Reply:  
His *Heav'n*, His *Sire*, *Himself* did Him invite  
*Himself*, His *Sire*, His *Heav'n* to verify.  
In Me, said He, fulfill'd your *Scriptures* are,  
*God's Son am I*, and *Heav'n's* *apparent Heir*.

80.

And though your Eyes now look such *scorn* on Me,  
Time comes when they shall melt in tears for This;  
When on the Cloud's high Chariot they shall see  
My Majesty in Glory's bright excess,  
And by my march's flash have light to know  
I own a *Judgment-seat*, as well as you.

81.

No sooner was this glorious *Truth* profest,  
But *Caiaphas* in deep dissimulation  
His politickly-bloody malice drest;  
For starting from the Bench, with *zealous passion*  
He tore his cloaths, in token of his high  
Horror at that presumed *Blasphemy*.

82.

So when the barbarous *Crocodil* doth flame  
With greedy ire against his present Prey;  
His cursed eyes will needs religious seem,  
Pouring out yearning tears to wash away  
By *Pity's* flood the shame of that foul fact,  
He so impatiently gapes to act.

83.

Vain *Hypocrite*, keep whole thy Cloths to hide  
Thy shameless self; whom thou one day shalt tear  
For this thy emblematick Trick, to bid  
The *People* use the *Pris'ner* at the Bar  
As thou thy *Robe*: But they are dull, and yet  
Read not what thou commend'st to them by it.

84.

They read it not: But, *Psyche*, salvage He  
Awakes their *drowsy cruelty*, and cries,  
What need we further Witnesses? for ye  
Have heard His wide-mouth'd raving *Blasphemies*.  
Speak what you think; so plain's the Case to me,  
That I dare let His friends His Judges be.

85.

O sage, O righteous *Judge*, and fit to wear  
The sacred Mitre, who doth first invite  
The *People's* Mouths to Blood, and then repair  
To their wild Sentence! Whether wrong or right,  
*Speak what think you*, a firebrand is and will  
Kindle the fury of their *murdering Zeal*.

۷۳۰

No other Scene of glorious Loveliness  
Had everlasting *Bliss* to feast the Eye ;

who aims at you the Cudgel or the Rod.  
No matter though your eyes that towel bind,  
*Prophets are Seers*, and cannot be blind.

## 101.

No surer way could *Peevishness* contrive  
 Its most malicious self to multiply ;  
 For every *jeer* they spit and *stroke* they give,  
 Is now improved, and do's *double* fly :  
 With witty Cruelty to overbear Him,  
 They teach each *jeer* to strike, each *stroke* to *jeer* Him.

## 102.

Ignoble *scorn*, and sordid *insultation*,  
 Add Bitterness unto the Soul of *Gall*,  
 And stretch all torturing Racks with new vexation,  
 When they upon *Heroick Spirits* fall :  
 Who then that stinging sorrow's gulph can sound,  
 With which these *Taunts* thy Lord's brave Heart did  
 wound !

## 103.

For all the Metal of illustrious worth  
 Which ever temper'd *Greek* or *Roman Breast*,  
 Was glorious Dross to *that* which had its birth  
 From *Heav'n* and *Mary* ; *that*, which not the least  
 Degenerous mixture e'r deflour'd : so high  
 Was *Jesus* His refined Gallantry.

## 104.

But on your heads, bold *Worms*, your *Mocks* rebound ;  
 For he less blinded is than you, and sees  
 Your antick villany ; and those profound  
 Sinks of unfathomable Wickedness,  
 Those Hearts of yours, which open he at last  
 To all the World's both view and hate shall cast.

## 105.

You then shall need no *Prophecy* to clear  
 Who stroke the first, or who the second Blow ;  
 Whose stroke 's the hardest, jeers the bitterest were,  
 Who did the quaintest art of Malice show :  
 Your *foul Exploits* shall then be printed *fair*  
 Upon your Foreheads, and themselves declare.

## 106.

Whilst at this *Working-play* they busy were,  
 Thy Lord ne'r shrunk nor sought to shield His Head :  
 No Butt with firmer constancy could e'r  
 Welcome the Arrow's wounds ; nor ever did  
 The patient Anvil more unmoved stand  
 Under the labouring Smith his iron Hand.

## 107.

For He resolved was Himself to wade  
 Quite through the *reddest sea of Shame and Pain*,  
 To bless and sanctify the *Valiant Trade*  
 Of *Patience*, and by His example train  
 His faithful *Martyrs'* noble Army in  
 Religion's quarrel, Glory's Bay to win.

## 108.

Tir'd by His *Tolerance*, at length, in loth  
 Compassion of themselves these *Feinds* give over,

Snatching from His victorious Head the Cloth,  
 Which now to deeper Grief did Him discover ;  
 For His *Disciple* strait He heard and saw  
 Bruising Him with a far more violent *Blow*.

## 109.

*Peter*, of late so fix'd and resolute, who  
 Had boasted that the *grimmiest face of Death*  
 Should not out-look his *Faith*, and *Duty* to  
 His *Royal Master* ; with the self-same *Breath*,  
 Had *twice* renounced his Allegiance, and  
 Now on the brink of his *third Fall* did stand.

## 110.

For as he lingred in the Hall to see,  
 His fear's event about his Lord ; a stout  
 And busy Actor in the Treachery,  
 By *Judas's* lately headed, cries, About  
 This sneaking *Rogue*, what need we clearer proof ?  
 Is not his *Galilean Tongue* enough ?

## 111.

Then with sure claw his Throat arresting ; I  
 Remember your bald Pate : nay, never stare,  
 Nor puff, nor gape, nor study for a lye,  
 To mask the part you in the Garden bare,  
 But, Sirrah, know that now I have you here,  
 I must and will revenge my *Cosen's Ear*.

## 112.

Nor think this leathern staring Pair of yours  
 Can pay the debt you ow his single One :  
 We know the Witch your *Master's* conjuring powers  
 Can clap them on again : but by the *Throne*  
 Of God, I vow, that now I'll take a course  
 To make thee sure, in sight of *Magick force*.

## 113.

It is no running, nor no skulking now ;  
 No shades, no trees are here ; before the Priest  
 D'ye see your *Goodly Leader* yonder, how  
 Silenc'd with Truth, with heavy Guilt oppress,  
 Quite dumb, half dead He stands ? Friend you must go,  
 And in His *Censure* be His *Follower* too.

## 114.

Forthwith the Soldiers justling round about,  
 Besieg'd his frighted Soul with thicker dread.  
 So have I seen a peevish snarling rout  
 Of hasty Curs agreeing down to tread  
 The fallen Dog, and for no cause at all,  
 But that 'twas his unhappy hap to fall.

## 115.

As when the waves which in his way grew high,  
 Had wrack'd his Faith which bore him up before,  
 His sinking Heart was quickly follow'd by  
 His frighted Feet : so his Accusers' roar  
 Now storming in his Ears, distrustful He  
 Yields to this tempest's importunity.

## 116.

Yet there he crav'd his *Savior's* help : but now  
He sinks so deep that he despairs of that,  
And with vile Cowardise contriveth how  
To save his wretched Skin : he cares not what  
He *curses, swears, or lyes*, so any shift  
Him from his *Panick-gulf* may serve to lift.

## 117.

Hark O ye *high-conceited Mortals*, who  
Presume your strength may scorn the battery  
Of any earthly or infernal foe ;  
Beat not *this Heart* of late with full as high  
*Resolves* as yours? yet now it faints away ;  
And all his *Courage* melteth to Dismay.

## 118.

Ah silly Confidence, which dares erect  
Its pile on fragil *Dust!* the Bubble thus  
When puff'd with widest pride, is soonest crackt ;  
Thus when the foolish Smoak's voluminous  
Ambition aims to reach the lofty sphere,  
It quickly vanisheth to empty air.

## 119.

By *Heav'n*, he cries, and *Him* who heav'n did frame,  
By all the *Sanhedrim*, the sacred *Law*,  
The *Temple* and its *Gold*, by *Pilate's* name,  
By *Cesar's* head, by whatsoe'r I know  
*Divine* or *reverend*, I freely swear  
That I'm a stranger to the *Pris'ner* there.

## 120.

If I were with Him in the *Garden*, may  
I never enter blessed *Paradise* ;  
In *Abraham's bosom* may I never lay  
My head, if ever it did rest in *His* ;  
On me may *Egypt's Plagues*, and *Sodom's Flame*  
Be pour'd, if till to day I knew His Name.

## 121.

'Tis true, I am of *Galilee* : but was  
It in my power in *Jewry* to be born?  
I'm ne'r the less of *Israel's* holy Race,  
Nor for a world would I Apostate turn :  
I'm *Moses's* Scholar : Hell their portion be  
Who e'r would such a Master change as he.

## 122.

Right lusty are thine *Oaths*, and generously  
Thy daring *Imprecations* thou dost thunder,  
Reply'd the *Soldier* ; and why might not I  
For once mistake? for I confess I wonder  
How thou couldst serve that *sheepish Master* there,  
Who canst so bravely Curse, and stoutly Swear.

## 123.

Thou knowst 'twas dark, and let my Error be  
Scor'd on Night's back, whose shades abus'd mine eye :

Go then, (and here upon his shoulder he  
Clapped his barbarous applause,) but by  
Thine own rare Oaths I swear, thou lookest still  
As like that *Rogue* as *Tophet* do's to *Hell*.

## 124.

Thus *gained* he his too dear *liberty*,  
And *lost himself* : but as he sneak'd away ;  
A *crowing Cock* awak'd his *memory*  
Into the broad light of his *Dutie's* day :  
His startled Eyes strait hasted to repent,  
And back to *Jesus* with submission went.

## 125.

When lo, *mild He*, who could no Pity find,  
To ease His own oppressed Innocence,  
With ready beams of heav'nly kindness shin'd  
Upon His Servant's traitorous Offence ;  
Forewarning *Peter* how to use his *Sheep*  
When they down Error's precipice should leap.

## 126.

*Denied Jesus would not him deny*,  
But spake His pardon by His gracious Look :  
Yet so that *Peter* might withal descry,  
Deep written in that most pathetick book,  
The piteous copy of that causeless smart,  
With which his Falshood pierc'd his *Saviour's* heart.

## 127.

Powerful and long the Sermon was which He  
Preach'd in th' epitomy of this short Glance.  
But with such speed all *Wonder's* love to be  
Atchiev'd when Flashes of Omnipotence  
Weilded by Grace's hand the work assist ;  
Witness the *Miracle* in *Peter's* breast.

## 128.

That breast which by this Glimpse was vanquish'd so,  
That driv'n by holy shame, he seeketh where  
To weep away his ugly *Crime* ; and lo  
His *Tears* now bitterer than his *Curses* were.  
Thus when the Sun on sturdy Ice but looks,  
It strait repenteth into running brooks.

## 129.

But now *Aurora* from the roseal East  
Had newly dress'd and sent abroad the *Day* ;  
To finish his *Design of Night*, the *Priests*  
To *Pilate's* court dispatch'd thy *Lord* away :  
Nor needs he teach his *Miscreants* what to do,  
Who *Spight's fell trade* had better learn'd than so.

## 130.

The boistrous *Rout* with galling cords and chains  
Load *Jesus's* hands and feet, and hurry Him  
With headlong haste through all the streets and lanes ;  
Which sweat with Crouds,—who an outrageous stream  
Of odious blasphemies and curses shed  
At every step He takes, upon His head.

## 131.

Hast thou not mark'd how in a silver night  
The mad-brain'd mungrels gather in the street ;  
Where with united barkings at the light  
Of beauteous *Phebe*, heav'n and earth they beat ?  
Such and so causless were the Clamours which  
Against thy Lord these railing *Throngs* did stretch.

## 132.

But thus arrived at the *Palace*, they  
The *Pris'ner* in to *Pilate* gravely send ;  
For 'twas with them an high religious day,  
Nor could unhallowed *Places* but offend  
Their scrupulous strictness ; who all cleansed were  
To celebrate their reverend *Passover*.

## 133.

Shame on their foul Hypocrisy, who in  
This goodly Mask of zealous Sanctity  
With eager Fury strive to act a Sin  
Too horrid to be expiated by  
Their greatest *Sacrifices* ; and would fain  
By this *Lamb's blood* their *Paschal one* destain.

## 134.

But when the *Judge* came forth, demanding what  
Offence exposed *Jesus's* Life to Law ;  
The surly *Priests* grew insolently hot,  
And cry'd, We hop'd the *Governor* e'r now  
Had understood that *Israel's Sanhedrim*  
No *Malefactor* makes without a *Crime*.

## 135.

Can it be dreamt we'd take such pains to chain  
A *Lamb*, and send him for a *Wolf* to thee ?  
If so ; what need disputes ? the case is plain ;  
*We*, we alone must here Delinquents be :  
O then release that *righteous Soul*, and bid  
The *slandrous Sanhedrim* be Crucifi'd.

## 136.

To this bold shift was *Malice* driv'n to make  
Meer *Accusation* for *Conviction* pass.  
But wisely then reply'd the *Judge*, why take  
You this long way about ? since you so gross  
Have found His Crimes, you might, and may do now,  
Make Him a sacrifice to your own *Law*.

## 137.

True, said the *Priest* ; nor had our pious Zeal  
Loiter'd thus long, did but our *Law* permit  
Our indignation liberty to deal  
With such a *Malefactor* as is fit :  
Surely we in our looks have written plain  
And legible enough, our just Disdain.

## 138.

But our *Lawgiver's* gentle heart did ne'r  
Provide a Death for such a Monster, as

He ne'r suspected any *Jew* could dare  
To shew himself ; and this is *Jesus's case*.  
His due's the *Cross* ; and none, great Sir, but you  
That decent *vengeance* can on Him bestow.

## 139.

The generous *Roman* shak'd his head to see  
The *Priests* so shameless in their bloody Hate :  
And yet to cool their mutinous Spirits, he  
Commands the *Pris'ner* to the Judgment Seat ;  
Requiring His Impeachment might in clear  
And open terms before the Court appear.

## 140.

Forc'd here their troubled fraud to shelter in  
The sanctuary of some strong-built *Lye* ;  
If we, said they, by His outrageous Sin  
But able were to mould and tune our Cry,  
The noise not only would amaze your ear,  
But rend all Heav'n, and Vengeance hither tear.

## 141.

For know, that in profoundly-bold despight  
To God, and that unspotted Truth which We  
Receiv'd from Him, this *Brat of hellish night*  
Blush'd not to broach blasphemous Heresy,  
But through the honest credulous Country ran  
Tainting the *Commons* with his Doctrine's bane.

## 142.

Yet well it were if Heav'n alone had been  
His desperate Mischief's butt : most traitorous He  
Both hop'd, and try'd to work His dangerous teen  
On Earth, and its *Imperial Majesty* ;  
Great *Cesar's* tribute down He preach'd, and yet  
Up for a *King* Himself the Varlet set.

## 143.

Thus roard the *Priests*. But when the *Judge* had w  
The bus'ness weigh'd by grave examination,  
And found its big-look'd bulk with *Malice* swell  
And not with *Truth* ; he made this *Protestation* :  
Had I your eyes, I know not what might be,  
But with mine own, no fault in Him I see.

## 144.

He, that He is a *King* doth not deny ;  
But mark what Royalties he challengeth :  
So simple is His Ingenuity,  
He owns no Territories here beneath.  
What harm to *Cesar* can by Him be done  
Who fancyeth his Kingdom in the Moon ?

## 145.

There let His idle fancy reign : but yet  
'Tis pity for His folly He should Die.  
What Justice ever counted *Want of Wit*  
A capital Offence. Nay more, if I  
Be right informed, in the *Tribute* He  
Hath witness'd His sufficient Loyalty.

## 146.

The Case was put, and cunningly, to try  
 What at the bottom lay of His Design :  
 Yet by His Doctrine He most readily  
 Asserted it, and doubted not to join  
 His *Practise* too : what *Custom* more, I pray,  
 Could *Cesar* wish, than both to *Preach* and *Pay* ?

## 147.

As when the flames by Winds are beaten back,  
 With boiling murmur they their wrath increase,  
 And with more violent combustion mock  
 The pacifying Gale's attempt : so these  
 Repulsed *Priests* more hot and raging grew  
 And with full mouth these *Exclamations* blew.

## 148.

All dangerous *Impostures* know their trade  
 And foul Intents with fair Pretences paint :  
 Whate'r He craftily or *Preach'd* or *Pay'd*,  
 Was but to shield Himself from *Law's* restraint :  
*Sedition* was His Drift, and He could ne'r  
 Peruse that game unless he footloose were.

## 149.

'Tis strange wise *Pilate* should not clearly see  
 What through our Nation is so sadly spread ;  
 For all *Samaria*, and *Judea* He  
 With mutinous Principles envenomed ;  
 Whose eggs He hatch'd in *Galilee* ; a Nest  
 Of all the world for such a brood the best.

## 150.

But this deferr'd their bloody hopes ; for now  
 They father'd Him on *Galilee*, it put  
*Pilate* upon a politick search to know  
 If He to *Antipas'* Command might not  
 Of right belong ; which having gladly found,  
 Strait to the *Tetrarch* he dispatch'd Him bound.

## 151.

Nor fail'd this cunning Compliment to reach  
 The mark of his Desires, which was to win  
 The *Tetrarch's* love, and close that rupture which  
 Had in their wounded friendship gaping been.  
*Jesus*, who found no friends Himself must be  
 The means to cement others' Amity.

## 152.

Thus through *new Streets* and *new Revilings*, He  
 To surly *Herod's* lodging bandied is :  
 The *Prince* could not conceal his joy to see  
 Him whom his *unbelieving Curiousness*  
 Had oft desir'd, since trumpeting Report  
 With *Christ's* strange Acts had fill'd his wondring  
 Court.

## 153.

And now himself he cheateth into hope  
 The *Prisoner* His good will and word to gain,

Would rouse His utmost skill and power up  
 Him with *miraculous Feats* to entertain.  
 For *Herod* knew that this Man was *He*  
 Who scorn'd to buy His life with *flattery*.

## 154.

His Questions thick he spur'd, but spur'd in vain ;  
 Wise *Jesus* would no idle motions mind,  
 Nor any Answer but of Silence deign ;  
 And though the *Priests* and *Scribes* their Railings join'd,  
 He said as little to their shameless *Lye*  
 As to the *Tetrarch's Curiosity*.

## 155.

Is this, said *Herod* then, with big disdain,  
 Great *Cesar's Rival*, one who's only fit  
 Sovereign of sheepish stupid fools to reign ?  
 Is this that *wonder-working He*, who yet  
 In this hard pinch can not with Power or Brain  
 His scorn'd, accus'd, and challeng'd self maintain ?

## 156.

Is all the wide-spread *Glory of His Name* ?  
 Are all His *Miracles* shrunk up to this,  
 That He Himself with most ignoble shame  
 Should prove a *Miracle of Sottishness* ?  
 Is this the *King*, to find whose heart my *Father*  
 A thousand Infants' breasts tore ope together ?

## 157.

Ah how my fancy wrong'd brave *John*, when I  
 Dream'd this was He to life again arriv'd !  
 Yet grant it *John* ; His gross *Stupidity*  
 Assures me still that he is not *reviv'd*.  
 Come *Souldiers*, use your antick wits, that so  
 We may have *sport at least*, before He go.

## 158.

Glad were the *Guard*, and ready equally  
*Jesus* to mock, and to content their *Lord* :  
 About Him round they danc'd with hideous Cry,  
 And bid Him still that *Tempest* with His Word ;  
 And when His Patience silent stood, enjoyn'd Him  
 To cast out that *dumb Devil* which did bind Him.

## 159.

One limping came, and His great Godship pray'd  
 To cure his *Leg*, then kick'd Him on the breast :  
 For his lame Hand another crav'd His aid,  
 Then beat and brus'd Him with his brawny Fist ;  
 A third desir'd Him to restore a dead  
 Dog unto life, then threw it at His head.

## 160.

To vary this most scornful sport ; at last  
 Come dress Him like a Prince, the *Tetrarch* cry'd,  
 And let the *Jews* return their *King* to taste  
 What Banquet *Pilate* will for Him provide :  
 Perhaps 'twill make Him ope that mouth which He  
 So obstinately here hath shut at me.

## 161.

Tell him, I thank him for his Courtesy ;  
It made me merry, as ye all have seen :  
But I 'l not rob his *Lordship's Pleasures* by  
Detaining this his *Idiot* ; when I mean  
To *play with fools*, I hope my *Galilee*  
With one such *Puppet* more may furnish me.

## 162.

Thus *Jesus* in a *gorgeous Robe* is clad,  
The more conspicuous to make His shame :  
And so through fresh *Disdains* and *Scoffings* led  
To be of further Tyranny the Game.  
With such a *Pageant of Contempt* the base  
Abusive *vulgar* never feasted was.

## 163.

They dance, they hout, they hollow, winck, and grin,  
And this occasion trayterously embrace  
Upon all princely Ornaments to pin  
Their scornful Jeers. But *Pilate* stricken was  
With wiser wonder at His *splendid hue*,  
Knowing what Garb was to Delinquents due.

## 164.

For those whose Lives presum'd as forfeit were  
To Death, by Custom's sad solemnity  
Were tir'd in *Funeral Black*, which might prepare  
Them to the thoughts of their Catastrophe,  
And intimate the colour of that Sin  
Whose horrid darkness cloth'd their souls within.

## 165.

But *Providence* did so correct their *spight*,  
That *He* whose breast was purer than the Day,  
Wore in His Vesture's face no guilty Night,  
But by His Foes' own hands in an Array  
Of Glory shin'd, and was absolved when  
They hal'd Him to His Condemnation.

## 166.

So when a boistrous loud Conspiracy  
Of Winds their puffing labouring fury blow  
About the World, in hopes to damp the sky  
With swarthy clouds and storms ; they often throw  
All Vapors out, and with a full and fair  
*Serenity* attire the purged Air.

## 167.

Check'd by the sense of that pure *Vestment's* look,  
And feeling *moral Honesty* beat high  
In 's startled bosom, *Pilate* could not brook  
His Conscience to be Slave unto the *Cry*  
Of those importunate *Jews*, who roaring stood,  
And gap'd with thirsty mouths for guiltless blood.

## 168.

What me concerned I have done, said he ;  
Him, and your *Accusations* have I

Oft sifted to the bottom : as for me,  
I hope I never gave you reason why  
You should presume that any *Clamors* may  
Fright *Pilate* out of *Justice's Highway*.

## 169.

Your *Temple* or your *Altars* cannot be  
More venerable unto you, than is  
My yet-unspotted *Judgment-Seat* to Me ;  
And *mine*, I trust, shall all impatient Cries  
Of groundless Rage as valiantly resist  
As *Minos*, or as *Rhadamanthus's* breast.

## 170.

What I to *Cesar* ow, and what to *Right*,  
I long have known, and must not now forget :  
My heart is *Roman*, and the dearest *Light*  
Of *Heav'n* or *Life* far less inamors it,  
Than *Honor's* splendor, which can never be  
Cohabitant with *Wrong* and *Tyranny*.

## 171.

In *Pilate's* Annals shall it e'er be read,  
That he deflowr'd *Tiberius's sword*, and most  
Divine *Astræa* foully ravished,  
And that not by his own but others' Lust ?  
That *Jewry's Ruler* trembled at a *Voice*,  
And was subdu'd by nothing but a *Noise* ?

## 172.

I 'll sooner chuse mine own heart-blood should flow,  
And let your Thirst carouze in it, than I  
From any guiltless Veins their streams will draw,  
To quench the loudest *Importunity*.  
*Mine is mine own ; but what have I to do*  
*To give another's Life, when Law says No ?*

## 173.

*Law* takes no hold of *Jesus*, nor must I,  
Nor did the *Tetrarch* ; and why, why will you  
But since I see that crafty *Calumny*  
Abused hath your honest meaning, now  
I 'll for your *Credit* Him chastise, and so  
Give Him dismission without more ado.

## 174.

And this the rather, since by custom I  
Engaged am to honor this your *Feast*,  
In granting some Offendor Liberty,  
Whom fit your Pity counts to be releast :  
And who deserves your candor more than this  
Poor Man, whose fault at most but *Folly* is.

## 175.

Thus strove the *Judge*, that he might not condemn  
Himself with *Jesus* ; but the sullen *Priests*  
His gracious Offer spitefully contemn,  
And spur the *People* (in whose *fury* rests  
Their final hope,) to beg with all the *strife*  
Of stoutest *Throats*, none but *Barabbas's* Life.

176.

Bold Bloodhounds ! is not this *Barabbas* he  
Whom you your selves know guilty of the *Fact*,  
You fain would fasten upon *Jesus* ? ye  
Beheld what *tumults* he presum'd to act,  
And how his desperate *Riot* he persued,  
Until in *Murder* he his hands imbrued.

177.

Hold you the *Murderer's* Life so dear, that he  
Must live with you, whilst *Innocent Jesus* dies ?  
And do's *Barabbas's* cursed Company  
Suit better with your reverend *Sanctities* ?  
Or think you *God* and *Man* so blind, as not  
To see and hate your grosly-barbarous Plot ?

178.

Strange, *Psyche*, 'twas, with what impatient cries  
The *Mad-brain'd Vulgar*, Heav'n and Earth did tear :  
*Barabbas's Name* through all their *Clamor* flies,  
Anxious for him, and none but him they are ;  
He is their *Darling*, and they cannot live,  
If *Pilate* will not grant them his Reprieve.

179.

Thus hellish *Hate* op'd *Providence's* door  
To heav'nly *Love*, and made *Barabbas* be  
The *Type* of all the World ; which from the power  
Of endless Death, and equal Misery  
Was to be snatch'd to day, and in its room  
A harmless *Lamb* expos'd to bloody Doom.

180.

Mean while, the *Judge's Lady* sent her Page,  
To pray her worry'd and perplexed *Lord*  
Not to be *mad*, because that Rout did rage,  
Nor venture to prophane the *Roman Sword*  
With *Holy Blood* ; since certainly, said she,  
*Jesus is just, and they seditious be.*

181.

For my good *Genius*, as I lay asleep,  
Appear'd unto me hand in hand with *thine* ;  
*Thine* beat his Breast, and bitterly did weep,  
And told the reason of his grief to *mine* :  
He said, (and sigh'd, and trembled as he said)  
*Pilate with Jesus now will be betray'd.*

182.

*Pilate* will be betrayed to destroy  
The Life of *Jesus*, and his own withal ;  
For *Jesus's Blood* will cry another day,  
And loud to *Pilate's Veins and Heart* will call :  
His *Veins and Heart* must to that Call reply——  
——I started here, and out the *Dream* did fly.

183.

Thus Heav'n-admonished *Claudia* sought to fright  
Her *Husband* from his Precipice's brow,



## 191.

But that Advice melts into empty air,  
Which woos the *Vulgar* to *Consideration* :  
And *Pilate* might as well, by speaking fair,  
Have hop'd to send a *Torrent's* Inundation  
Back to its spring-head, to consult and see  
Whether it had not best more gentle be.

## 192.

For at this word enrag'd, they all renew  
Their former Outcry : For *Barabbas* we,  
And for none other but *Barabbas* sue ;  
Our *Fame* no plaster craves or needs : you see  
We beg but *wanted Favor*, which if you  
Thus geld by cutting off our *Choice*, Adieu.

## 193.

Mov'd with their *boistrous Madness*, *Pilate* cries,  
If this seditious *Murderer* alone  
Can seem to you to be a worthy Prize,  
Tell me what must with *Innocence* be done ?  
Both cannot be *repriv'd* : therefore speak  
What course with *Christ* shall I and *Justice* take ?

## 194.

Right glad the *Judge* had giv'n them leave to name  
The manner of their plotted Cruelty ;  
They with a barbarous smile reply, The Game  
Is not so hard to play ; *Let Jesus die* :  
Do you but doom Him to the *Crass*, and We  
At charge of *Executing Him* will be.

## 195.

Then, as an Army with united Shout  
Rends all the Field, when most impatient they  
Fly to their *Work of Blood* : th' unanimous *Rout*  
Discharg'd at *Pilate's* Ear, and cry'd, *Away*,  
*Away with Him*, that *Justice* on may ride  
In her free course, *Let Him be crucify'd*.

## 196.

O more than hellish *Impudence* and *Spight* !  
Is this the *People*, whose high Estimation  
Of *Jesus* could the *Highpriest's* projects fright  
Into a secret cautious *Conjuration* !  
The *People*, who admir'd His heav'nly Word,  
And His convincing Miracles ador'd !

## 197.

The *People*, who to pave His welcome way,  
Could strip *Trees' bodies*, and their own, and spread  
That Princely Entertainment, to display  
How ev'n His *Ass's feet* they honored !  
The *People*, who could brave *Hosanna* cry !  
A Word, O how unlike to *Crucify* !

## 198.

How well sage Heads have fix'd the odious brand  
Of *Fickleness* upon the *Vulgar* ! for

More safely may you on the *Lydian Sand*,  
Or on the *Adriatick Billows*, or  
The flitting *Winds*, build Towers, than rely  
Upon the multitude's Fidelity.)

## 199.

The horror of that Word made *Pilate* start ;  
Who, stepping back, and flinging up his hands,  
Far be it, cry'd, far be it from my heart  
To harbor such *Injustice* ! Your *Demands*  
Should not be *Traps* ; nor is it fit that I  
Turn *Tyrant*, others' *Spight* to gratify.

## 200.

Wears He the stain of *Murder*, or of *Treason*,  
To mark Him out for death ? can any eye  
*Barabbas* find in Him ? Or is it reason  
That He *because He has no Crime*, must die ?  
And can you choose no Instrument but Me,  
The *Pandar* of your bloody Lust to be ?

## 201.

Great *Cesar* thinks me wise enough to hear  
And judge of Cases ; and why will not you ?  
I have (though with some prejudice ; so far  
Your zeal had biass'd me,) the *Pris'ner* through  
A strict Examen drawn ; and must withal  
Confess, His *Crime* is far from *capital*.

## 202.

And shall my Foes' glad Tongues have cause to say,  
To my dear *Honor's* vile confusion, that  
*Pilate* bow'd down his *Conscience* to obey  
A *Lawless Motion*. Henceforth urge me not :  
Some reasonable *Castigation*, I  
Will lay on *Jesus* ; but He must not die.

## 203.

As when a knot of eager Hornets are  
Repressed by a wary hand, about  
With doubled rage they fly, and buzzing their  
Right smart, alarms more resolutely, the stout  
Onset renew : So now in fiercer *Cries*,  
The *Rout's* disdain at this *Repulse* did rise.

## 204.

The *Cataracts of Nile*, or those which tear  
Their headlong way down steepest *Alpes*, make not  
A fra[n]gor so astonishing, as their  
Wide yelling *Mouths*, resolv'd no more to shut  
Till they can conquer by *Impetuousness* ;  
And, *Crucify Him*, still their thunder is.

## 205.

The frightened *Palace* trembled at the crack,  
Whose dismal echo to the *Temple* flew ;  
And from the *Temple* loudly bounding back,  
It self through all the startled *City* threw.  
Yea, ev'n the *Rout* themselves could not forbear,  
Against their own *Request* to stop their Ear.

## 206.

Which whilst thus terribly it bellow'd, though  
It shak'd the *Judge*, and made him stagger; yet  
It fail'd to work his total overthrow:  
For fast he clapp'd his arms about his great  
And generous *Resolution*, nor could  
He fall (and that he knew) except he would.

## 207.

Then wisely pondering that the *Highpriest's spight*  
The coals of all this mad Combustion blew;  
And that they on the headstrong *Vulgar might*,  
Had built their *Salvage hopes*: he studies how  
To frustrate their malicious Design  
By a severe, yet tender Countermine.

## 208.

For in he takes thy *Lord*, and yields Him to  
The servile *Scourge*, that by this *Cruelly*,  
Way to His *Pity* he might ope, and so  
*Some blood* for all the rest might satisfy.  
He hop'd if once they saw Him *all in gore*,  
Their *thirstiest Malice* would not wish for more.

## 209.

For though the *Multitude's* untutor'd Ears  
Are deaf to *Reason's* Plea; their Eyes can hear  
The mute but loud complaint of bloody Tears,  
And understand the Dialect, when'er  
It flows from Wound's red lips: And why, said He,  
May *Jews*, if they be *Men*, not *Human* be!

## 210.

The surly *Beadles* fetch'd their *strongest Tew*,  
And having stripp'd their *patient Prey* of all  
His cloths' defence, with churlish twitches drew,  
And to the stoutest pillar of the Hall  
Fast bound Him up; least He, by sinking under  
The lashe's load, their wrath's carreer should hinder.

## 211.

With *iron Whips* then to their work they fell,  
And plow'd his *Back's* delicious Garden up:  
Profound and long the *Furrows* were, yet still  
Levell'd and fill'd as fast as broken ope;  
For drown'd they were, and drowned in no flood,  
But of their own *inestimable Blood*.

## 212.

Down to the bottom of each tender *Vein*  
The cruel Engins div'd, and tore from thence  
The *precious purple springs*; which in disdain  
They toss'd about, until their violence  
In too too costly colours painted thick,  
Upon th' unworthy *Floor* and *Pillar* stuck.

## 213.

The *Pillar* and the *Floor* now blush'd to see  
How those remorseless *Bloodhounds* knew no shame;

For still they prosecute their tyranny,  
Till *weariness* prevails with tired them.  
(As lately with the Servants of the Priest,)  
Meerly in self-compassion to desist.

## 214.

But then the *Soldiers* take their barbarous cue,  
To vex His Patience with *more witty spight*:  
And that He may some royal token shew  
Of His pretended *Kingship* their conceit  
Prompts them to wreath a *Crown of Thorns*, and it  
Upon His Head, in Fury's triumph set.

## 215.

And thus the *Curse* which *Heav'n* injoin'd to grow  
On *Sin-condemned Earth*, from thence is rent,  
And deep engrafted into *Jesus's Brow*;  
Who with this *Diadem of stings* content,  
Nor wish'd nor envied their *dainty pride*,  
Whose tresses were in *roseal chaplets* ty'd.

## 216.

Then on His Back, to mock His Temples' pain  
With gorgeous scorn, a *purple Robe* they throw:  
Alas, how needless! now in richer *grain*  
Too full they see His *native scarlat* flow,  
Whilst all His Body is arrayed round  
In one expanded universal wound.

## 217.

And having planted in His Hand a *Reed*,  
(A *silly Scepter*, and which well comply'd  
With His *ignoble Crown*,) themselves they spread  
In several gamesom squadrons, to deride  
This *meekly-silent miserable Thing*,  
Whom of *Contempt* they had created *King*.

## 218.

O may the *Sovereign of the Jews*, said they,  
Outlive the Hart's, the Raven's, the Eagle's years!  
May His *victorious Ensigns* He display  
Throughout the World, affrighted at His Wars!  
Thus may He *thresh all Nations*: and here  
They bang'd and brus'd Him; and went on to *jeer*:

## 219.

May *Heav'n's* propitious Eye for ever dwell  
On Him, who best deserves its care! may all  
The Clouds which with the *fattest Blessings* swell  
Let on His Head their choicest riches fall,  
As freely as we rain these drops on it!  
And at this word they all upon Him *spit*.

## 220.

High on the *Roman Bird's Imperial wing*  
May thy illustrious *Name* and *Glory* ride!  
And may *Tiberius* to this nobler *King*  
Thus yield his mighty *Throne*! this said, a wide  
And massy *Chair* full at His Face they throw,  
Which deeply grav'd its footsteps in His Brow.

## 221.

From all the proudest Conqueror's Temples, who  
Fondly conceive their never-fading Bay  
Has power to make themselves immortal too,  
Their glorious wreaths thus mayst Thou read away !  
Then hollowing loud, in raging sport they tear  
Off from His sacred Head His goodly Hair.

## 222.

One, after three low bowings, on his Knee  
Humble *Petitions* brings ; and having pray'd  
His pardon of that Importunity,  
Flings dirt and mire in 's Eyes. Another play'd  
*Ambassador*, pretending mighty things  
He had in charge to Him from neighbour Kings.

## 223.

*Most Excellent Sir*, my business is, said he,  
Of such immediate consequence, that it  
Can no delay digest, but urgeth me  
To this unwonted and uncivil fit  
Of craving *present Audience* : and here  
He smartly box'd His Ears to make Him hear.

## 224.

A third came with a golden Goblet in,  
And fawning thus : The *Queen* to you hath sent  
This *Morning-draught*, and prays you to begin,  
That she may pledge you : suddenly he bent  
At *Jesus's* gentle Face his ireful Brow  
And in His Mouth the Bowl of *Urine* threw.

## 225.

A fourth His *Reed* pluck'd from His Hand, and cry'd,  
Your *Scepter*, Sir, too heavy is, I fear ;  
Let not your Majesty your Servant chide,  
If he offend in too much *Loyall Care* :  
Your self shall judge how grievous is its weight :  
Which said, Him with the *sturdy Cane* he beat.

## 226.

A fifth with earnest supplication su'd  
For leave, his Princely *Train* that day to bear ;  
Then snatching up His Robe behind, with rude  
But eager peevishness, he kick'd Him there ;  
Batt'ring the *Body of all Sweetness*, till  
His *weary Foot* stopp'd his *unwearied Will*.

## 227.

A sixth came bawling, *Treason, Treason, Sir*,  
*Treason* against your *sacred Majesty* :  
Your *Jewish Subjects* all *conspiring* are  
Against your *Honor* and your *Life* : O fly,  
And save your Royal Self. This made them all,  
Seeing Him *bound so fast*, a-laughing fall.

## 228.

'Twere endless, *Psyche*, to describe how they  
With crabbed wantonness did sneer and pout ;

How they did wrest their looks ; what wry-mouth'd play  
They us'd, their *gentle Savior* to flout.  
The worst of ugly *Petulance* conceive,  
And infinitely worse than that believe.

## 229.

This Scene thus acted : *Pilate* brings Him forth  
Accouter'd thus, into the *People's* view :  
And though no Crime of His appeareth worth  
The name of *Capital* ; 'tis fit I shew  
You with what heavy punishment, said He,  
His *light and petty faults* revenged be.

## 230.

If this *ridiculous Garb* seem not enough,  
With more than killing shame to clothe Him ; see  
What full-tide streams of Blood about Him flow,  
And guess what favor He hath gain'd from me.  
Alas, can any further room be found  
In *all His Body*, but for *one more Wound* ?

## 231.

*Behold the Man* ; this *torn and worried Thing*  
*Is He*, how ever *Comely* heretofore :  
Sure He has for His *foolish Name of King*  
Full dearly pay'd ; and of your *Credits* more  
Regardful were not I, than of mine own,  
Such proofs of Cruelty I had not shown.

## 232.

Say now what augmentation of Disgrace  
Or Anguish, could from any *Cross* accrue,  
To that which in His brused batter'd Face,  
And all-bemangled Flesh you read : 'tis true  
He lives ; but such a joyless Life, as hath  
All reason to prefer the foulest Death.

## 233.

O *spectacle of most commanding sorrows* !  
How would all Hearts, but [fierce] *Jesus's*, melt to see  
These ghastly torrents, and these gasping furrows :  
The perfect Picture of Calamity !  
How would a *Tyger's* thirsty wrath relent !  
How would the souls of hungry *Bears* repent !

## 234.

Had these unhappy Miscreants any Eyes,  
But those of hard'ned Rancor, they might here  
Have marked how their own sad *Miseries*  
To patient *Jesus* all transferred were,  
And scor'd upon His *Back* : they might have found  
A *salve* for all their *sores* in every wound.

## 235.

They might have seen His innocent Temples wear  
That *Malediction*, which to them was due :  
Whilst He the *stinging Briars* pleas'd to bear,  
And leave to them the *fragrant flowers* which grew  
Both in their *Mortal Gardens* here, and which  
With endless Sweets did *Paradise* enrich.

242.

, they reply'd, *It is not We, but Law:*  
*Law*, more dear to us than are our Lives,  
sires His Death. May *Pilate* please to know  
t our just *God* no grace, nor pardon gives  
o (though but faint) *Blasphemers*; and shall He,  
ho makes Himself the *Son of God*, go free?

243.

hou *Protector of our Laws* wilt be  
k not our greatest for this *Variety's* sake.

'OL. II.

Involveth Me: this makes the *Priest* who:  
Me pris'ner hither, to be plunged in  
So much the deeper and the fouler Sin.

250.

Aw'd by this Answer's gravity, into  
A piercing sense of His integrity;  
Th' ingenuous *Judge* resolves his best to d  
In setting *Him*, and his own Conscience fr  
His utmost prudence he awak'd to treat  
And into honesty the *People* cheat.

## 251.

But whilst he signify'd his gentle Mind,  
 Alas, new oil upon their flames he threw ;  
 For in their loudest fury all combin'd,  
 Upon Him with this *bold Reply* they flew ;  
 If *Jesus* you dismiss, We must have leave  
 Great *Cesar* to acquaint with this *Reprieve*.

## 252.

Did not that *Traitor's Head* contrive to wear  
 A *Crown of gold*, where now those *Thorns* you see?  
 And who more dangerous foes to *Cesar* are  
 Than those who would no longer subjects be?  
 He says, *His Realm is not on Earth* : and what  
 Should *Traitors being taken*, plead, but that?

## 253.

But were He free again, and had proud He  
*New thousands at His heels*, to follow on  
 His *Will's Career* ; might His design not be  
 True to our *Fears* ? And will our Judge alone  
 Let loose this danger ? surely loyal We  
 Must hold you then for *Cesar's Enemy*.

## 254.

Drove by this *Menace* to his Judgment-seat,  
*Behold your King*, and mark Him well, said he :  
 Can this poor sorry Wight be thought the great  
*Rival of Cesar* ? But this honest Plea  
 They thus confute : *Away with Him*, and let  
 Him pay upon the *Cross* His Treason's debt.

## 255.

The *Cross* ? in smiling anger *Pilate* cry'd ;  
 Is that the Throne where I must set *your King* ?  
 No *King* have we, the sullen *Priests* reply'd,  
 But *Cesar* : as for this *accursed Thing*,  
 'Tis more than time that to His *Cross* He go,  
 And every one who is His *favorer* too.

## 256.

The *Judge* had with their *Malice* grappled long :  
 But now his *Place* and *Office* lay at stake ;  
 He who before so righteous was and strong,  
 Hop'd to support himself by turning weak  
 And impious : Nor did the *People* spare  
 To hasten those *strange Hopes* whose ground was *Fear*.

## 257.

This new *State-blast* on his faint Bosom blew  
 So thick a storm of *Jealousy* and *Dread*  
 That now he fancy'd all the *City* drew  
 Their mutinous Swords against his single Head ;  
 And that the *Priests* had with their *specious Lye*  
 Dispatch'd to *Rome* a dangerous *Embassy*.

## 258.

Thus toss'd and bandy'd by the tempest, He  
 His *Faith* and *Truth*, the dearest wares he had,

Throws over-board ; and to their *Cruelty*  
 Steers his *Consent* : which yet appear'd so mad  
 And full of foul and odious horror, that  
 He calls for *Water*, off to wash its *Blot*.

## 259.

Why wilt thou ravish, foolish *Hypocrite*  
 The *Virgin Nymph* ? what *Water* canst thou get  
 To wash *This* clean ; which cannot make thee *white*,  
 But only by thy wretched touching it  
 For ever will be stain'd : should all the *Sea*  
 Flow on thy *Hands*, they still would *bloody* be.

## 260.

The *Leopard's* spots, which fix their feet so sure  
 Upon his skin, shall sooner run away ;  
 Sooner the *Ethiop's* face shall learn a Cure  
 And change its ugly Night to beauteous Day ;  
 The *Ravens* with *Swans* in white shall sooner vye,  
 Then thou be purg'd from thy *ingrained Dye*.

## 261.

Yet *Pilate* flatter'd by his own Device,  
 Will needs be dabling in the *Bacin* ; and  
 Behold, ye *Priests* and *People* all, he cries,  
 Of *Jesus's blood* I wash my guiltless Hand :  
 Though I the *Sentence* pass, it shall be known  
 You forc'd my tongue, and *you the Act must own*.

## 262.

*Content* ; and since in it you will not share,  
 Let ours, said they, the *Honor* wholly be :  
 Both *Heav'n* and *Earth* will thank our zealous Care,  
 And *safe Tiberius* praise our Loyalty.  
 So will your Self, when you have weigh'd well  
 What kind of *Monster* you have sent to hell.

## 263.

As for His *Blood* which frights your timorous Hand,  
 It is to us the *brightest paint of Glory*,  
 And will to all Succession's eyes commend  
 Our just and pious *Resolution's Story* :  
 'Tis our Ambition's highest Wish, that it  
 May on our *Heads*, and on our *Children's* sit.

## 264.

*Unhappy Wish* ! had this been rightly fram'd,  
 No Pray'r with purer wings had soard to heaven,  
 Nor pull'd more Blessings, than would have streamed  
 In this rich *Blood* : But see the monstrous *Leaven*  
 Of holy-looking *Malice*, which can thus  
 Make sweetest words turn sadly *Ominous*.

## 265.

For 'twas not long e'r *Titus* came and pour'd  
 This *Flood* upon them, and their *Wish* fulfilled :  
 They and their Heirs together were devour'd,  
 With such full vengeance this red Torrent swelled ;  
 Their *Town* and *Temple* too the *Deluge* found,  
 Which in their *Wish's surplussage* were drown'd.

270.

All *Injuries* in *This* triumphant are,  
Skr'd to the highest pitch of rampant *Spight* :  
*Injustice* but a *Suckling* was, till here  
She suddenly attain'd her stature's height :  
*Herod* indeed had fairly nurs'd her ; but  
Her bulk's full growth by *Pilate's* help she got.

271.

For could all *Hell* mould up so dire a *Doom*  
As might send every *Babe* who 'gan to see  
*Life's morning light*, strait from his Mother's womb  
To *Death's* black Ev'n ; that *Sentence* yet would be  
Less fell than *This*, which murders at a blow  
More Innocence than all the World can show.

272.

Than *This* ; to which no *Copy* near shall draw  
Till *Albion* with *Palestine* shall vy ;

Shall in full tale be duly numbered ;  
There thy prodigious *Sentence* back shall fly,  
And point black *Pilate* out as *fit to die*.

277.

Then shall the cruel *Cross*, the *Nails*, the *Spear*,  
March through thy thoughts, and slaughter thee alive ;  
Till *Crucify'd* by thine own *fatal fear*,  
Thy Self *meet vengeance* to thy self shalt give,  
And from thy *Hell above* by cursed death  
Send thy *despairing Soul* to Hell beneath.

278.

So shall thine *Hand* thou thoughtst thou washt so white,  
Foully imbru'd in thine own horrid gore,  
An useful *Copy* to all *Judges* write  
Of what sure Doom *Heav'n's* righteous Wrath doth pour  
On them who warp *Law's rule* to *Peoples' Lust*,  
And make the *Throne of Justice* be *Unjust*.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ARGUMENT, l. 6, '*blanch*' = whitewash : St. 4 and 22, '*Cue*' = catch-word or sign : *ib.* '*worries*'—qu. hurries? St. 11, '*Condescent*' = condescension, as before : St. 13, '*Love's chief stations*' = the Roman Catholic legendary pausing-places along the *Via Dolorosa* : St. 33, '*Knights of the post*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v. : St. 54 and 142, '*But*' = mark : St. 56 and 90, '*putid*' = base : St. 104, '*Anrick*' = jestful, sporting : St. 112, '*Witch*'—noticeable masculine use of the word : St.

116, '*Panick-gulf*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v. : St. 163, '*hont*' = hoot : St. 171, '*trembled*'—misprinted '*trembling*' in original : St. 172, '*says*'—misprinted '*say*' *ibid.* : St. 191, '*Vulgar*' = populace : St. 203, '*alarms*'—nominative the collective '*Knot*' (l. 1) : St. 210, '*Tew*' = tow, rope : St. 247, '*sober*' = serious : St. 272—see Memorial-Introduction on this and other *hits* at Cromwell and the Puritans, and in favour of Charles I.—G.



## CANTO XIV.

### *The Death of Love.*

#### THE ARGUMENT.

LOVE *having liv'd for Man, is pleas'd to Die,  
To make His Purchase sure by Life and Death ;  
Through Earth's profoundest gulf of Tyranny,  
And vaster Ocean of Heav'n's mighty Wrath  
He nobly waded : then upon the shore  
After His blood, vouchsaf'd His Soul to pour.*

#### 1.

O *Soul of Sweets, O Life, how dear art Thou  
To all that ever had a Taste of Thee !  
How much of Heav'n it self triumphs to flow  
Into the region of Thy Suavity !  
Indeed Heav'n were not Heav'n, unless it had  
By marrying Thee the Court of Bliss been made.*

#### 2.

Thou in the Center of *Divinity*  
Before the birth of Ages had'st Thy Spring,  
Where Thou did'st sweetly smile amidst the *Three*  
*Most undivided One*, and traversing  
Those heights and depths of glorious Pleasure, through  
*Eternitie's* immense Expansion flow.

#### 3.

Thence, when the World burst out from Nothing, Thou  
Let'st out some streams created Souls to cheer ;  
With which sweet Influence when they 'gan to glow,  
All Bosoms strait of it inamored were ;  
Which as their richest dearest Jewel, in  
The temple of their Hearts obtain'd its shrine.

#### 4.

Goods were no longer Goods, compar'd with Thee ;  
Parents and Children were no more of kin,  
If they disturb'd thy Consanguinity :  
Their *tenderer Selves*, though lying treasur'd in  
The bosom of their Love, they thence would throw,  
Counting no *Wives* so near them as wert Thou.

#### 5.

For Thy sweet sake they durst rejoice to bear  
All Bitterness, and not to blush at Shame :

Their Joints, Limbs, Skin, they readily could spare,  
Yea and allow their precious Name and Fame.  
A prey to Injury, so they by them  
May *Thee* and Thy Security redeem.

#### 6.

The vilest *Worm* whom *Thou* dost please to grace,  
Forgets not that high Worth he gains by *Thee* :  
He shoots his warey self from place to place,  
And, when oppressed, feeble though he be,  
*He turns again*, and with the strongest Fo  
Tries what for Thy dear Rescue he can do.

#### 7.

Rather on basest Dust the *Snake* will feed  
His wretchedness, than part with precious *Thee* ;  
Though Heav'n's sad Curse sits heavy on his head,  
He makes his body all one helmet be  
To shelter it ; and rolls himself about  
Himself, to keep all *mortal bruises* out.

#### 8.

Nay when the Sword, or Wand Death's way has cut  
Quite through his circles, till his carcase be  
In its own woful fragments buried, yet  
Ev'n by the cement of his Wounds will he  
Soder himself ; so loth is he to die,  
Though Life him Pris'ner holds to *Misery*.

#### 9.

What voyages will silly *Swallows* take  
Warm courteous Seasons round the World to chase !  
How hard a shift will hunted *Pheasants* make  
To shun the greedy *Griffen's* deadly face !  
What wings of speed, what tricks and sleights will *Fear*  
*Of dying*, teach the close-persued *Hare* !

#### 10.

In how great sweat and pains will *Pismires* spend  
Their warmer months, to reap and carry home  
Their crop, which in the Cold may them befriend  
With sustentation, and protect them from  
The fear of losing that poor *Life* which they  
In love of it, to endless Toil betray.

## 11.

The most industrious never-tired *Bee*  
 Flies through all Summer, knocking at the door  
 Of every likely Flower, where thoughtful she  
 Can borrow ought to help her Winter's store :  
 And thus for love of *Life*, her honey-Trade  
 A bitter task of Painfulness is made.

## 12.

Yea ev'n the simplest *Weed*, whose *Life* doth but  
 Preserve that Stink by which she taints the air ;  
 When *Boreas* 'gins his icy chains to put  
 On captiv'd *Earth*, makes all her Spirits repair  
 Down to the Root : for, rather than be dead,  
 Alive she chooseth to be buried.

## 13.

But yet no Creature with such painful pains  
 Doth hunt out *Life's* security, as *Man* :  
 What Projects tumble in his anxious brains,  
 What Cares and Labours make him faint and wan !  
*Earth* all things else can freely entertain,  
 But he must sow before he reap his grain.

## 14.

A tedious Prenticehood he spends, to learn  
 How he may toil himself another day,  
 And by his still-returning Studies earn  
 His wasting strength's support ; that still he may  
 Be grappling with his growing Work ; *his Sweat*  
*Being the constant Sauce to all his Meat.*

## 15.

*To get a Living's* a sufficient Charm  
 To lure him through the most portentuous Sea ;  
 To make his Weakness scorn th' outrageous Storm ;  
 To harden him above the durity  
 Of desperate Rocks : for, that he still may breath,  
 He dares within *three inches* live of death.

## 16.

A Charm sufficient to make him list  
 Himself a foe unto the Life of *Man*,  
 Whilst he triumphs to make his stoney breast  
 Yet more obdurate by bold steel, and can  
 Without all blushing take his bloody Pay  
 For his endeavours daily to *Destroy*.

## 17.

Sufficient to engage him in the love  
 Of Hate, and Spight, and Fraud, and Rapine, and  
 Any accursed Helps which may improve  
 His stock of Avarice ; to make him stand  
 Stiff on the mountain-top of Villanies  
 Defying Vengeance, and the thundring Skies.

## 18.

O wonderful Riddle ! though *eternal Death*  
 Inevitably be entail'd upon

*His wicked Life* ; yet he his *present breath*  
 Esteems so dear, as forward still to run  
 In any *deadly Crimes*, to spin on that  
 Weak thread of Days which must e'r long be cut.

## 19.

Indeed the Man whose teeming Coffers bring  
 Him forth free choise of all the dainty Store  
 With which the Land or Sea can court a King,  
 May find some feeling reason to adore  
 His *jolly Life* : but what convincing plea  
 Can *Beggars* move to this Idolatry ?

## 20.

Yet sorry they, so destitute within  
 And poor without, that equally they want  
 Both what should line and fill their wretched skin,  
 And what should cover it ; are well content  
 On these hard terms to *live*, nor quit would be  
 By any *Death* of this *Calamity*.

## 21.

The buried *Captive*, whose dark Dungeon is  
 His anti-dated and his sadder Grave,  
 Though banish'd thus from vital Happiness,  
 Yet hugs his *Life* as dearly, as the brave  
 And freest *Gallant* who his Lust can please  
 With all the Fat of Pleasure and of Ease.

## 22.

The *Lepor*, clothed in his winding sheet  
 By his Disease, abhors the thought of Death ;  
*Life* still is ev'n in his dead body sweet ;  
 And full as precious he reposes his breath  
 As lovely Virgins, whose fair Features' dress  
 Of native Roses, and of Lilies is.

## 23.

He whom a Fever's furnace fries, would yet  
 Escape the being cooled in his Grave ;  
 And hires Physitians' costly doubtful wit  
 To find some way, though painful, now to save  
 His *torturing Life* : not for a world would he  
 By Death's most sovereign Physick eased be.

## 24.

He whom a Cancer gnaws, had rather feed  
 That Monster, than the Worms ; nor sticks to buy  
 Wounds, Cauterisms, Dismembrings ; and be dead  
 In part, a mangled life a while to try.  
 On piteous Stilts he 'l rather choose to creep  
 Than in a sumptuous tomb lie down to sleep.

## 25.

The lamentable *Gally-slave*, who fast  
 Is chained to perpetual Misery,  
 Still toils and rows against the Tempest's blast  
 Without all hopes that any Port can be  
 His hav'n of Rest ; yet holds that *Life* full dear  
 Which only makes his bondage persevere.



## 26.

She whom a Siege begins so close, that She  
Is crowded up to nought but bones and skin ;  
Shrinks further yet from gaining Liberty  
By *Death's* assistance ; and will rather win  
Upon her bowels to devour her Child  
Than be by Famine of *that Life* beguiled.

## 27.

The cursed *Traytor* fettered alive .  
In *Death's* strong iron chair ; though sadly sure  
Abandon'd he in vain for *Life* shall strive ;  
Yet will in mighty love of it endure  
To feed on his own Arms, that so he may  
Though by self-torture, *live one other day*.

## 28.

He who disjointed on the Rack doth lie,  
Though now his *shatter'd Life* be scarcely his,  
*After a thousand deaths, is loth to die ;*  
And ne'r-thought Treasons willing to confess :  
Confess he will what needs must be his death,  
Only to gain a *little longer breath*.

## 29.

Thus all the Gall that sharpest Misery  
Into the heart of *Mortal Life* can pour,  
Meets there such resolute Powers of suavity  
As conquer all its Bitterness ; such store  
Of precious mystick Delicacies as  
Eas'ly outweigh the heaviest Sorrow's mass.

## 30.

Tear what you will from Man besides, and he  
Will stoutly set his shoulders to sustain  
The Loss ; but if his *Life* attacked be,  
In vain all *Comforts* fawn on him ; in vain  
Are *Crowns* and *Scepters* proffer'd him, a price  
Too poor to hire him to his *Obsequies*,

## 31.

Since then the *Life* ev'n of the *meanest Wight*  
Scorns to be ballanc'd with the richest Treasure ;  
What depth of mightiest Worthiness, what height  
Of most refin'd preciousness can measure  
The value of the *Life of Jesus*, which  
Doth Earth with all the best of Heav'n enrich.

## 32.

A *Life* more worth than was the Breath which fann'd  
The panting Hearts of all the World beside ;  
More worth than all the tract of Ages, and  
Old *Time* it self : A *Life* which nobly vy'd  
With vast *Eternity*, though not in space,  
Yet in unbounded Excellence and Grace.

## 33.

For whilst all *Human Life* besides, the breath  
Of *Eden's* venomous *Serpent* tainted so,

That by the rankling Principles of *Death*  
It from its cradle was condemned to  
Its herse ; *His* kept it self unstained, and  
Defy'd the gaping Grave's unjust Demand.

## 34.

And well it might, as having gain'd a pitch  
Higher than *Human*, by the Mystery  
Of *Theanthropick Combination*, which  
Peerless Prerogative's sublimity  
Did *Infinite* with *Finite* strangely wed,  
And make it both *the Life of Man and God*.

## 35.

Yet this dear *Life* of His, less dear He held  
Than *worthless Man* : so generous was His Love  
His royal Heart's *last Blood* He freely spill'd  
To ransom *Theirs* ; desiring so to prove  
Ev'n by their Soul's own rule, that *They* to Him  
More worth than His all-precious Self did seem.

## 36.

*They*, and the *worst of them* : nor did He choose  
And pick some *Noble Friends*, for whose sweet sake  
His *Life* to offer up ; but for His Foes  
Vouchsaf'd that dear Oblation to make :  
Resolv'd that their ingrateful Hate should be  
Drown'd in vast *Courtesy's* profoundest Sea.

## 37.

O most adorable and matchless Art  
Of *Strange Revenge* ! what Enemy is he  
Whose sweetly-wounded and convinced heart  
Triumpheth not to be subdu'd by thee !  
By thee, *Love's highest Gallantry*, and fit  
For *Him* who is the mighty *King* of it !

## 38.

With this divine Exploit her *Guardian* now  
To ravish *Psyche's* plyant Soul, went on :  
(The wondrous Legend though before she *knew*,  
Yet 'twas at distance ; *Circumstances* can  
Make deep impression, and the *present Scene*  
Of Miracles more admiration win.)

## 39.

No sooner to the Shambles sentenc'd thus  
Was Heav'n's pure *Lamb* ; but streight upon their Prey  
The rampant *Soldiers* fly : His gorgeous  
Attire away they snatch, and Him array  
In His own simple Fleece, (yet suff'ring still  
The stinging *Thorns* upon His Head to dwell.)

## 40.

Thus rubb'd, and wounded all those *Wounds* again,  
Whose weary *Blood* had 'gan its clotted rest ;  
This op'd the worry'd mouth of every *Vein*,  
Which though so strictly urg'd, yet confest,  
Not all they *knew* ; resolved still to keep  
Enough the *Cross* in Ruby paint to steep.

41.

Thus, dress'd for further spight, to *Calvary*  
They hurry Him, ev'n though their *Senate's Law*  
Wisely provides no Execution be  
Done, till by *ten days' thoughts* the Judge may know  
Whether his Sentence more by *Passion's haste*,  
Than *slow-pac'd Reason's Rules* he has not past.

42.

The *Priests* had *Money*, that commanding spur  
Which fires all *Soldiers* with impatient speed ;  
And *Pilate* now can cast in no Demur ;  
The *Jewish Casuists* tell him there's no need :  
But need, or not ; in vain his Fancies beat ;  
The *Soldiers* now were *bought to do the Feat*,

43.

Yet being *Martial generous Spirits*, they  
Must not debase their *armed Backs* to bear  
The servile ignominious *Cross* ; nor may  
The holy *Jews*, who *purified* were  
To keep their blessed *Paschal Supper*, be  
Stain'd by the touch of that *accursed Tree*.

44.

On *Jesus's* wounds His *Death* the *Soldiers* lay,  
And He must earn His *Cross's Service* by  
First bearing it : then hasting Him away,  
They 'gin their march ; thus with a barbarous cry  
Of Tongues and Trumpets, which the welkin rent,  
Through *Salem's Streets* this sad *procession* went.

45.

But He whose Springs so drained were before  
Of Blood and Spirits, feeble grew and faint :  
In vain they kick Him, and in vain they tore  
Him forward by His Hair ; for no constraint  
Can screw weak Nature into strength, or breed  
Robustuous *Firmness* in a *broken Reed*.

46.

*Easy* indeed and *light* His *Burden* is :  
But that's not this Himself was pleas'd to bear :  
For though His bloody Yoke did grind and press  
Him to the ground, He lays upon His dear  
And faithful Followers no weight, but such  
As helps them up Heav'n's lofty gate to reach.

47.

What Heart not seared by the fire of Hell,  
Could now *Compassion's* yearning tears repress ?  
But these rude *Sons of Mars* are by the fell  
Contagion of the *Jewish Salvageness*  
So deeply tainted, that what might invite  
*Panthers* to pity, only whets their *Spight*.

48.

For meerly in prevention of the Loss  
Of that choice *sport* their hopes had fram'd, when He

~~Should have yield them mounted on the Cross~~  
A steady *Mark*, at which all *scoffs* might be  
Directly aim'd ; they from this Load reprieve Him,  
And force *Cyrenian Simon* to relieve him.

49.

Nay *Live, good Sir, you shall*, till you may *Die*  
*As you deserve* : mean while this *Earnest* take  
Of that *full sum*, which we will by and by  
On *Golgotha* without abatement make :  
Which said, they slash'd Him, and so much the more,  
As with His *Blood* He no *Complaints* would pour.

50.

Indeed the *softer sex*, attending Him  
And His still-growing woes with *tenderer eyes*,  
In His own Blood could not behold Him swim,  
But with their sympathetick *Tears* and *Cries*  
Confess'd that *Women* still had *Bowels*, though  
Remorsless *stone Men's Hearts* did overgrow.

51.

But *Jesus*, who had all this grievous while  
Encourag'd by His *patient silence* those  
Most spightful Tempest[s] belched by the vile  
And loudly-railing *Jews* ; doth now oppose  
These *Women's* loving showers, and turn on them  
With nobler *Pity* their own *pitiful stream*.

52.

For 'twas His brave Ambition to engross  
All *griefs* and *sorrows* to Himself to day ;  
Esteeming every *groan* of their's His *loss*,  
And all His woes disparaged, if they  
Intruded thus, and must His Partners be  
In this *calamitous Monopoly*.

53.

Weep not ye *Daughters of Jerusalem*,  
Weep not for Me, who ope have set My *Breast*  
To every *Anguish* which can hither stream,  
And heartily will welcome every guest :  
Weep not for Me, said He, whose *sorrows* are  
Not to be quenched by a mortal Tear.

54.

If you will broach your *Bottles*, let them run  
Both for your *selves*, and your unhappy *seed* ;  
Those lamentable Days are posting on  
Which all your brine, and more than all will need ;  
The Days when *Blessing* shall no longer spread  
Its joyous Complement on *Mothers' Head*.

55.

The *barren Womb* shall then applauded be  
As *fertile* in the choicest *Happiness* ;  
All Tongues shall then those *Paps' aridity*  
Which ne'r nurs'd up a Prey for *slaughter*, bless :  
Then shall the dearest Pledges of your Love,  
Your Sons and Daughters, *living torments* prove.

## 56.

Then in impatient longing for a *Grave*,  
Despairing Men shall to the Mountains call,  
And every neighbour Hill's compassion crave,  
Beseeching them upon their Heads to fall,  
And hide them, *though in Death*, from seeing what  
Perplexity shall through the World be shot.

## 57.

For if in *Me*, a young and verdant tree  
The flames of vengeance thus prevailing are ;  
What dismal Doom shall executed be  
On *stumps* and *trunks*, all withered and sear,  
And ready-dry'd, and *fuel* fit indeed  
Only their own combustion to feed.

## 58.

Straight, in a fresh blaspheming cursing fit  
This set the *frantick Rout* ; who ask'd Him, Why  
When they of late so humbly begged it  
He would not condescend to *prophecy* ?  
And why His entheous Tongue could not as well  
His own, as others' misery, foretell ?

## 59.

And see, good *Prophet*, yonder *Hill*, said they ;  
Be sure you take before too late it prove,  
Your own advice : let's hear what you can say,  
Both its Compassion, and it self, to move.  
Set out your throat ; if hard and loud you plead,  
Perhaps 'twill bow *its own* to hide your Head.

## 60.

Nay, use your strongest Rhetorick ; and know  
It mightily concerns you to prevail :  
For your arrested Life and Credit now  
Nothing but that great Miracle can bail ;  
Since if that *Hill* comes not to you, by *Fate*  
It is decreed, that you must go to that.

## 61.

Then having star'd a while upon Him, all  
Whose *Fists*, or *Toes*, or *Spittle* Him could reach,  
With thick and peevish indignation fall  
Upon His brused bloody Body : which  
Variety of Scorns He vanquish'd by  
*Mute Silence* ; and march'd up to *Calvary*.

## 62.

This *Calvary*, where now we standing are,  
Which from a *Scull* deriv'd its solemn Name ;  
*Adam's* discover'd Scull, whose Sepulchre  
Was digged here : which secret careful *Fame*  
Told to posterity, and so the *Hill*  
Wears in its *Title* that *old story* still.

## 63.

With such *Decorum* did thy prudent *Lord*  
His meritorious *Passion* order, that

The *Second Adam* might His help afford,  
To free the *First* where chain'd he lay and shut  
In *Death's* dark Jail,—the most remorseless *Grave*,—  
To worms, and stinks, and putrifaction slave.

## 64.

*Jesus* on that dry *Dust* contriv'd to shed  
His sovereign and purifying *Blood* ;  
That He might wash and cure the tainted Head  
Of deadly miseries ev'n by the *Flood*  
Of His own *Life* ; that *Life* which only can  
Restore true vital vigor unto *Man*.

## 65.

Here, here the *Cross's* steady foot was set,  
When up it bare the *World's* *Supporter* ; here  
Is that renowned *Soil*, which once was wet  
With richer Drops than ever shoured were  
From kindest *Heav'n* ; that potent fertile *Dew*,  
By which Mature *Salvation's* *Harvest* grew.

## 66.

But yet this *Hill* wears not that only Name  
Of *Calvary* ; 'twas call'd *Moriah* too,  
When *Heav'n*-commanded *Abraham* hither came  
His dearer Self to sacrifice, and so  
By that unparallel'd Obedience prove  
The valorous Bravery of *Faithful Love*.

## 67.

He hither came, and built his *Altar* here,  
Which pre-possess the nobler *Crosse's* seat ;  
So *Isaac* did thy *Lord's* a while : yet there  
A snarled *Ram* untwisted *Isaac's* fate ;  
But no Vicegerent here, no *Ram* alas  
Which might of *God's own Lamb* supply the place.

## 68.

That fatal *Hour of Darkness*, *Psyche*, now  
Was come, which in the hand of *Tyranny*  
Left free the reins ; and she her freedom knew :  
That *Hour*, when *Innocence* by *Heav'n's* Decree  
Became surrendred, and abandon'd quite  
To feed the Luxury of hungriest *Spight*.

## 69.

'Tis true, His Lips were complemented by  
A draught of Wine ; but ah, the Complement  
Cruelly mock'd Him by the treachery  
Of *Bitterness*, which made His Taste repent.  
Besides, He had resolv'd to swallow down  
No blood of Grapes, till He had shed *His own*.

## 70.

His worried limbs forthwith the *Soldiers* stretch  
To fit Him to His wide tormenting *Tree* :  
Up to the top His blessed Hands they twitch,  
Those Hands which made them ; and as violently  
They to the bottom draw His Feet, which clear  
Of all but their own *guiltless Purple* were.

## 71.

These *Hands* and *Feet* with salvage *Nails* they make  
 Ah sadly sure, and rivet Him into  
 His *Pains* and *Death*. What heart-strings would not  
 crack  
 To see these tender veins broke open? Who  
 Could barbarize his eyes to keep their flood  
 At home, now those *dear Torrents* run abroad?

## 72.

Sure none who dare the *Name of Softness* wear,  
 The name of *Christian*, can this *Story* read  
 With hearts so stony, but these *Nails* will tear  
 Their Thoughts, and make their Contemplations bleed :  
 For how can living genuine *Members* be  
 Not wounded with their *Head's* Calamity.

## 73.

But these inhumane *Torturers* shouting loud  
 In desperate applause of this their Sin,  
 Rear up the *Trophy of their rage*, with proud  
 Delight to see their Victory. So when  
*Harpyes* on heaps have heap'd their butcher'd Prey,  
 They smile, and clap their wings for curs'd joy.

## 74.

So when the *Prince* of monstrous *Barbarousness*  
*Abimelech*, had seaw'nty breaches in  
 The *Bands of Nature* made ; by murdering his  
 Envy'd but harmless Brethren ; on his Sin  
 The Fabrick of his high Content he built,  
 And measured his Triumph by his Guilt.

## 75.

This done ; on either hand a noted *Thief*  
 They crucify ; by these Companions so  
 To cheat the foolish World into belief  
 That He of equal Crimes was guilty too.  
 Alas, He knew no other Theft but this,  
 To steal His *Torturers* to heav'nly Bliss.

## 76.

For whilst between these *Bryers*, like the *Rose*,  
 Or beauteous *Virtue* 'twixt her foul *Extremes*,  
 He nailed is ; He plots to save His Foes,  
 And projects how to pay them *Diadems*  
 For these His *Tortures* : unto Heav'n He flies  
 On Love's stout wings, and to His *Father* cries :

## 77.

*Father* ! by all the Sweets of that dear *Name*,  
 Regard the Prayer of Thy *dying Son* :  
 By this My *Cross*, and all its noble *Shame*,  
 By these *four Wounds* which with full current run ;  
 By all these *Thorns* which on My Temples grow,  
 And *sharper* those which pierce My Bosom through :

## 78.

Behold not Thou the Sin of these poor Men,  
 Since they themselves perceive not what they do ;

Though *foolish*, yet they are My *Brethren* :  
 O spare them then ! Let not their *Error* who  
 Occasion all the World's most sovereign *Bliss*,  
 Make their own souls their proper portion miss.

## 79.

Though *blind*, 'tis *Zeal* : the *Blindness* O forgive,  
 And teach their *Zeal* henceforth to use its eyes :  
 Why hang I here, if not for their Reprieve  
 Whose Wickedness most needs this Sacrifice?  
 Since I to drink Thy Fury ready am,  
 O make it not a *Potion* for Them.

## 80.

Thus deign'd the *Lamb* for ravening *Wolves* to pray,  
 The *Partridge* for the *Hawks*. O mighty *Love*  
 Which all the *Wrongs* of this most barbarous Day  
 Cannot repress ! the more the *Caytifs* strove  
 To wreak upon Him their elaborate *Spight*,  
 The more on them He tries His *Mercie's Might*.

## 81.

Thus let *Arabian Odours* brused be,  
 Their sweet revenge they on their Enemies take  
 By pouring out to them their treasury  
 Of pure *Perfumes* ; whose Breaths no *anger* speak,  
 But in the Language of *delicious Sent*  
 And that alone, are kindly eloquent.

## 82.

Thus when the tender *Vine* is nailed fast  
 About her Prop, and by the pruning Knife  
 Robb'd of her Limbs ; she taketh no distaste  
 At all those deep intrenchments on her life,  
 But with a bounteous Vintage strives to cheer  
 The heart of him who wounds and mangles her.

## 83.

But what care *retchless* they, who scorn to be  
 By *Kindness* softned? *Wax* indeed may run,  
 Warm'd by the Touch of *Highnoon's* charity ;  
 But sordid *Mud* although the courteous Sun  
 With free and full-tide Raies about it flows,  
 In stead of *Melting* only *harder* grows.

## 84.

More need they think that *Jesus* has to Pray  
 For's *Self*, than *Them* ; and smiling with disdain  
 At His unask'd-for Intercession, they  
 High time now count it to divide their Gain :  
 This was His *Clothes*, the *Lamb's* poor plunder'd fleece,  
 The simple prize of their bold Villanies.

## 85.

His other Robes they severally share :  
 But since His larger *Vesture's* texture was  
 Intire and seamless, they contented are  
 To offer the decision of the case  
 To Fortune's sentence, and conclude by *Lot*  
 To give that whole they thought too good to cut.

## 86.

Too good they thought this *Common-wee* to be  
Mangled and slash'd; yet with the self-same Heart  
Abhorred not His precious *Flesh* to see  
Gashed, and plow'd, and rent in every part.  
Rude Butchers thus think fit the *Skin* to keep  
*Untorn*, although they *quarter out the Sheep*.

## 87.

But now thy *Lord* was seated on His *Throne*,  
*Of pangs*, His *Royal style* above His Head,  
By *Pilate* fixed is; and, though but *one*,  
Yet in *three Languages* decyphered;  
The *Learned three*; that all the World might learn  
The *Mystery* which did their Life concern.

## 88.

Indeed the *Highpriest's* Stomach's rose, and pray'd  
The *Judge* to write Him but *pretended King*:  
But he, by *Heav'n* or Conscience overway'd,  
Their peevish suit away sullenly flung.  
To make His wronged *Person* some amends,  
Thy *Saviour's* Title stoutly he defends.

## 89.

Mean while arrayed in His naked Gore,  
Sweet *Jesus* sadly hangs 'twixt *Heav'n* and Earth,  
Of both rejected; yet doth freely pour  
The *World's red price* at four wide floodgates forth:  
An object of *more Pity* never yet  
Exposed was, nor reaped less of it.

## 90.

All *Passengers* without *Regard* went on,  
And turn'd their careless backs upon His *sorrow*:  
Which surely upon theirs had *Jesus* done,  
Alas, they must themselves have waded thorough  
The Ocean of tempestuous Pangs, nor had  
He in their stead this woful voyage made.

## 91.

Yet well it were, if only this *Neglect*  
Made war upon His *Patience*; if His Foes  
To heedless *sleighting* and cold *Disrespect*  
No busy *active Malice* join'd: But those  
Ingenious *Sons of Mischief* still devise  
New tricks and ways afresh to tyrannize.

## 92.

For not contented with their *Nails* and *Thorns*  
To dig His precious *Body*, now they strive  
To pierce His *Soul* with ignominious scorns,  
To wound His *Meekness*, and His *Sufferings* grieve:  
His bloody *Cross* cannot their spite suffice,  
Unless He *mocked* and *reviled dies*.

## 93.

They point their *Fingers*, and their *Heads* they shake;  
And then their crueller *Tongues*, and thus they cry:

Remember what your *Pride* once pleas'd to crack;  
You could both ruin and re-edify  
That *Pile* in *three days'* space: yet, mighty Sir,  
The *Temple stands*, and *You* are *hanged here*.

## 94.

For shame make good your *boasted Power*, and now  
Shake from your *Hands*, kick from your *Feet* the  
*Nails*;  
Command the *Cross* before your face to bow;  
Call home your stragling *Blood*; close at your *Heels*  
*Destruction* hunts: high time it is to save  
Your self, if you design to scape your grave.

## 95.

O no; the *Elders*, *Scribes*, and *Priests* reply,  
Though many *seeming Wonders* He hath done;  
Though cured many an ugly *Malady*:  
Though strangely conjur'd up *Salvation*  
For others: yet 'tis certain, wretched He  
Can never to *Himself* a *Saviour* be.

## 96.

No cheating lying *Prophet* e'r was known,  
Who once into the hands of *Justice* brought,  
Could by his highest Witchcraft reach his own  
Deliverance, and work his Carcass out  
Of Chains or Tortures: for if this might be,  
Who could distinguish *Truth* from *Forgery*?

## 97.

Now it appears by whose assistance He  
Breath'd with His *Word* that *Nature-conquering strength*  
Which charm'd the *People's* fond *Credulity*.  
But *Belzebub* is wise enough at length  
To leave his *Instrument* to *Justice*, when  
Through all his *Task of Mischief* He has run.

## 98.

Now *Pilate* finds how little cause he had  
To shake his Head at our importunate *Cry*:  
Had not our *Zeal* that *fervent Onset* made  
On his abused *Lordship's* *Lenity*,  
This rank *Impostor*, then reprieved, might  
Have pass'd still for a *Wonder-working Wight*.

## 99.

Yet if the potent *King of Israel* now  
Will deign to stoop from that *unkingly Tree*,  
And to His *Subjects'* doubtful hearts allow  
This proof of His *Divine Supremacy*;  
For our parts, we are ready here, and will  
Believe His Pow'r, and His Commands fulfil.

## 100.

What can He more expect from Us, who are  
Attending on Him in His deepest *Shame*,  
And wait till He will please those Mists to clear,  
Which damp the lustre of His glorious Name?  
So fain our homage we to Him would pay,  
Would He assert *Himself*, and ope our way.

## 101.

But *silly King*, nor hand nor foot can He  
 Stir, though His *Kingdom* lyeth at the stake ;  
 He talk'd as if the *Clouds* His *Coach* should be,  
 And that upon the Air's commanded back,  
 He'd ride into our view : yet now, alas,  
 We find His sorry *Charet's* but His *Cross*.

## 102.

He oft was heard to brag of *God His Sire* :  
 How is it then His *Father* owns him not ?  
 Sure were He worth the Owning, all the *Quire*  
 Of Heav'n, would bring their Wings to hide this Blot  
 Of His so broad, so deep *Disgrace*, and hence  
 In triumph carry home their *Native Prince*.

## 103.

Shame on your blasphemously-shameless Tongue,  
 Unpriestly *Priests* : for *Jesus* aimeth not  
 To free *Himself*, but *You* who flout and sting  
 His noble Patience. He has not forgot  
 That Truly-sovereign He holds treasur'd in  
 His *Hands Omnipotence's Magazine*.

## 104.

For those *Almighty Hands* He stretcheth out,  
 Are busied in working your *Salvation*.  
 He could *Come down* ; but stays till He has wrought  
 The *mighty Act of his victorious Passion*.  
 He could *Come down* ; but His Design is now  
 Up after Him all groveling Men to draw.

## 105.

He could *Come down* ; did you not fix Him there,  
 Not with your *Nails*, but with your stronger *sins*.  
 He could *Come down* ; were but His Life as dear  
 To Him as yours : but on His Wrongs He wins,  
 And by *Love's* indefatigable Might  
 Strives to subdue the utmost spight of *spight*.

## 106.

*Down* should He *come* ; ye foolish *Miscreants* how  
 Could you get up the Hill of Heav'nly Bliss !  
*Down* should He *come* ; how desperately low  
 Would you and all the World be tumbled ! this  
 Your *Exaltation* is, and not His *own*,  
 Who *Condescendeth by not Coming down*.

## 107.

O *Psyche*, barbarous were those *scoffs* : but yet  
 More stinging *Ignominy's* still behind ;  
 For now the putid *Thieves* upon Him spit  
 Their odious taunts, and seem in Him to find  
 What their *vile Souls* amidst the Miseries  
 Of their own *curst Crosses*, dare despise.

## 108.

*Ink* scorns the *Snow*, foul *Night* upbraideth *Day*,  
 The virgin *Spring* deflowred *Puddles* mock,

*Dark Shades* condemn the *Sun's meridian Ray*,  
 The *Swan* by *Ravens* is hooted at as black,  
 Blind sneaking *Bats* reproach the *Eagle's Eyes*,  
 And *Hell* it self insults o'r *Paradise*.

## 109.

Art Thou that mighty *Christ*, said they, and yet  
 Hang'st here the patient Game of Shame and Spight ?  
 Can *Heav'n's great Son* so far Himself forget,  
 As rather to endure to *Die*, than *Fight* ?  
 Discredit not the *Lord of Hosts*, if He  
 Thy *Father* be, by yielding cowardly.

## 110.

Come, justify that *Royal Title* there,  
 Which now but laughs at Thine ignoble Head :  
 Approve Thy self the *Jewish King*, and tear  
 Thy *Fame* and *Life* from Ruin's jaws : but spread  
 Thy Favour too on us, that under Thee  
 The *Sovereign*, we may glorious *Nobles* be.

## 111.

For since in these Thy deep misfortunes we  
 Of all the World Thy sole Companions are ;  
 We well in Thy restor'd Prosperity  
 May promise our Desert the deepest share :  
 'Tis true, we're *Thieves* : but such a one we hear  
 Was *Judas* too ; yet your *Lord Treasurer*.

## 112.

And reason good : since *Thieves* and *Murderers* now  
 Are *Names of Credit* grown : did not our *Nation*  
 Elect *Barabbas*, reprobating *You* ?  
 Although in pangs, sweet Sir, be not in passion.  
 So scoffed they ; and then they roar'd for pain ;  
 But quickly fell to mock and curse again.

## 113.

And shall not Heav'n's Artillery now attend  
 Its *injur'd King* ? Can *Earth* this Language hear,  
 And her indignant Mouth not open rend  
 Into Damnation's Gulph these *Elves* to tear ?  
 No : *Jesus* still no *Vengeance* can approve  
 But that of *patient* and *silent Love*.

## 114.

*Sweet Vengeance!* which so strongly wrought upon  
 One of this loud blaspheming *Pair*, that he  
 Converts his *Curses* to *Devotion*,  
 And prompts his *Fellow-thief* to Piety ;  
 Rebuking sharply his outrageous Tongue,  
 Which still persu'd his *Lord* with shameless wrong.

## 115.

We only are the proper *Fruit*, saith he,  
 Of these *accursed Trees*, whose Root is Sin :  
 For how did *Jesse's Branch* deserve to be  
 Torn from His *Royal Stock*, and grafted in  
 To that vile Trunk ! O score no Blot on His  
 Account, who purer than the *Lilies* is.

## 116.

If e'r thou mean'st to have a sense of *God*,  
 'Tis time, high time, before thy Senses fail :  
 Though Standers-by feel nothing of His Rod,  
 Thy present Tortures may with thee prevail ;  
 They leisure have to flout, so hast not thou  
 Who on Damnation's brink art tottering now.

## 117.

Then like a *wise* and *sober Thief* indeed,  
 He seeks to *steal* into his *Saviour's Grace* :  
 Great *King of Heav'n*, he cries, I plainly read  
 Thy *Majesty* though in Thy *clouded Face*.  
 Thy *Goodness* taught mine *Eyes* this skill ; O then  
 Let *Mercy* finish what she hath begun.

## 118.

When in Thy *Kingdom* Thou shalt mounted be  
 Upon Thy *Throne of Glory*, O forget  
 Those *Wrongs* my *Ignorance* hath pour'd on Thee,  
 On Thee, the *God of Innocence* : but yet  
 Forget not *Me*, whom greater pangs must grieve  
 Than these, unless Thy *Pity* me relieve.

## 119.

*Jesus*, whose *Goodness* never yet disdain'd  
 To hear the humble suppliant Sinner's cry,  
 Though His provoked Lips themselves refrain'd  
 In those loud storms of scornful Blasphemy ;  
 With gracious sweetness now assurance gave  
 Unto the *dying Thief*, that he should live.

## 120.

Though thou to Death's dark door art drawing nigh,  
 Ev'n that shall prove the gate of Life to thee ;  
 My *Word*, the pillar of all Certainty,  
 To thee I pawn : Thou from that *curst Tree*  
 Stepping to *Paradise's* bow'rs to day,  
 Thy Head with me on *Bliss's* bed shalt lay.

## 121.

The *Priests* and *People* loudly laugh'd to hear  
 Him talk of giving *Bliss*, who hung in *Pain* ;  
 Blind fools, who could not now discern how clear  
 His Power shin'd, which from *Hell's jaws* could gain  
 So strange a Prize, and by Love's mild constraint  
 Make of a *cursing Thief* a *praying Saint*.

## 122.

By this dear Token He to every one  
 Of them, aforehand did their *Pardon* seal,  
 If they, what now the humble *Thief* had done,  
 Would to His *Grace* with *broken hearts* appeal :  
 But wretched They this tender deep Design  
 Of Love, by obstinacy countermine.

## 123.

Profoundly did this *Scorn of Mercy* tear  
 His most divinely-gentle breast. But He

Spying His precious *virgin-Mother* there,  
 And *virgin-Friend*, of this His Tragedy  
 The sad Spectators : lo, a double dart  
 Of *fresh Grief* shot quite through His bleeding heart.

## 124.

For in His *Mother's* wounded Soul He saw  
 That *Sword* now sheathed which old *Simeon*  
 In Prophecy had drawn ; and though no Throw  
 She felt at first in bringing forth her *Son* ;  
 For Him she now in *hard hard Labour* strains,  
 And pays her debt of *puerperial Pains*.

## 125.

O how the bowels of her yearning Heart  
 Are rent and torn, although untouch'd. How she  
 Profoundly griped is with distant smart,  
 And made a Sacrifice to sympathy !  
 For from her *Son* she feeleth every wound  
 On her soft self most heavily rebound.

## 126.

A siege of *Thorns* now hedge her *Temples* in,  
 To Tortures nailed are her *Hands* and *feet*,  
 Tatter'd and mangled is her dainty skin,  
 Her *flesh* plow'd up, Her *veins* wide open set,  
 And all her modest *Body* to the view  
 Exposed is of every shameless *Jew*.

## 127.

On her those spiteful *Taunts* and *Blasphemies*  
 Their venome spew, and swell with grief her *Breast* ;  
 That *Breast* which noble *Love* so strictly ties  
 And cements to her *Son's*, that not the least  
 Division can interpose, or make  
 This *Double one* themselves for single take.

## 128.

If she had in her *other self*, if she  
 In *Mary* had been *Crucify'd*, the *Cross*  
 Had seem'd a finite Sorrow ; but to be  
 Destroy'd in *Jesus*, is so vast a Loss  
 As knows no limits, being stretched forth  
 By His incomparable boundless *Worth*.

## 129.

Her *Hope*, her *Joy*, her *Life*, her *Love*, her *Bliss*,  
 Her *Heav'n*, her *Son*, her *God*, all these she now  
 Abandon'd sees to deadly *Enemies* ;  
 And what has *Mary* more ? How shall she row  
 Through this fierce Sea, which in each gaping Wave  
 Presents her O how much more than a Grave !

## 130.

Were any Port in ken which might invite  
 And cheer her tempest-broken Hopes ; or did  
 The courtesy of any *Pharus's* light  
 This Ocean of Blackness check ; her head  
 She still with courage might have rear'd : but now  
 All Heav'n is dark above, all earth below.

## 131.

As oft as to the *Cross* she opes her eyes,  
*Death* rusheth in ; yet she as oft do's die  
 As to their strong *Compassion* she denies  
 That ruful *Spectacle*. Alas had I,  
 Or any *Seraph*, by *Grief's* armies so  
 Belcaguer'd been and storm'd, what could we do !

## 132.

What but surrender ! yet most noble She  
 Strugling amidst a thousand Deaths, at last  
 Snatch'd from her mighty *Losses*, *victory*,  
 Whilst at the feet of *God's* great *Will* she cast  
 Her own : as gallant *Abraham*, when He  
 Preferr'd before his *Isaac*, *Piety*.

## 133.

Yet what was *Isaac* unto *Jesus* ! O  
 With how much *dearer Prize* did *Mary* part !  
 Though *Isaac* precious was, he could not so  
 Profoundly be ingrav'd in *Abraham's* heart,  
 As *He* in *Mary's* : yet content is she  
 Ev'n of her *heart's own Heart* depriv'd to be.

## 134.

O Heav'nly *Mother* ! never *Agony*  
 Was more heroical than this of thine ;  
 Except thy *Son's*, when in the *Garden* He  
 His bloody *humane Patience* prov'd *Divine* :  
 And all *Decorum* 'twas, that next the *Son*  
 The *Mother*, *Glory's hardest race* should run.

## 135.

But *Psyche*, though this *Amazon of Love*  
 So stoutly fought ; yet *John*, whose valor's metal  
 Was of a brittler temper, could not prove  
 Himself so strong in this *Distresse's* battle :  
 He strove a while with hearty fervor, but  
 Poor Saint, at length he found the fight too hot.

## 136.

For whilst his eyes dwelt sadly on that *Breast*  
 Upon whose *Sweets* his head was wont to lie ;  
 And those dear *Arms*, which us'd to hug him fast  
 And chain him into *Bliss* ; the *Tyranny*  
 Which now on them had seized, overthrew  
 His *melting Soul*, and all his *Comforts* slew.

## 137.

He wonder'd what the *virgin Mother* meant  
 Whose *Hopes* dar'd live, ev'n whilst her *Life* was dying ;  
 And on what bottom stood that strange *Content*  
 The fall of *Joy's foundation* defying :  
 For his part, bow he must to sad *Dismay*  
 Since with his *Lord* his *Heart* a bleeding lay.

## 138.

*Jesus* observ'd them *Both* ; and saw how *She*  
 Although her *Sorrows* far the mightier were,

Compell'd them to her *Will* to stoop ; how *He*  
 Yielded, and let the *Tempest* domineer  
 Through all his conquer'd breast : and seeing this,  
 Felt what He saw in *Both*, for *Both* were *His*.

## 139.

He felt their *Tortures* ; but with deeper sense  
 Than they themselves, and more *Excess of pain* :  
 His *Soul* was temper'd to the *Excellence*  
 Of *daintiest softness*, and could not refrain  
 Its bowels from resenting all the *Darts*  
 He spy'd in any of His *Spouse's* hearts.

## 140.

Witness His tender *Care* before he dies,  
 To cheer them by a bounteous *Legacy* :  
 His *Mother*, far above all *Jewels'* price,  
 Ev'n in that *dearest of Relations*, He  
 To *John* bequeaths ; and mutually *John*  
 To her, and that no other than as *Son*.

## 141.

*Sweet Legacy* ! where though the *Mother* be  
 The richer Gift, if valued alone ;  
 Yet is the balance poised equally  
 Now *John's* inher'd by the name of *Son* ;  
 A Name intitling him alone to be  
 (O wondrous honor !) *Jesus's Deputy*.

## 142.

A long-long hour had now run out, since by  
 His weeping Wounds the *King of Mercy* hung :  
 Yet from the staring *People's* stony eye  
 He of compassion not one drop had wrung :  
 This made the *Sun*, though on his high-noon throne,  
 Doubt his own eyes had not their duty done.

## 143.

But looking wistly, he discover'd that  
 Bold *Men* had exil'd all *Humanity* :  
 Which sight a Blush through all his count'nance shot  
 In shame and horror at the *Prodigy* :  
 He blush'd, and shut his royal eyes, and hurl'd  
 More than *Cimmeria* on the guilty World.

## 144.

Though Earth refuse, yet will the Heav'ns at least  
 In *mourning Weeds* their *dying Lord* attend,  
 And with no gaudy tire of *Light* be drest  
 Now all the *Powers of Hell* and *Darkness* bend  
 Their uncontrolled spight, in *Him* to damp  
 All other lights' *divine original Lamp*.

## 145.

The Air was daunted at this monstrous Change,  
 When *Midnight* boldly ravish'd *Highnoon Day*,  
 Marching with gloomy Spectres, and with strange  
 Phantoms of dusky fire, in fierce array ;  
 Whilst every hollow *Wind* which passed by,  
 Groand and bemoan'd this *sad Calamity*.



## 146.

The lesser *Sparks* of Heav'n all started at  
 Their sudden privilege, who now might view  
 The open face of *Noon*; and marvell'd what  
 Had thrown upon the *Sun* his sable Hue:  
 With doubting twinkling eyes on Him they gaze  
 At once both *down*, and in his highest place.

## 147.

Each gentle fair-condition'd Bird and Beast  
 Hy'd them into their nests and dens for fear:  
 Only some ominous *Ravens* and *Scritchows* thrust  
 Their sooty pinions through the swarthy air;  
 And to the *Jews*, their fellow-monsters, croke;  
 Who little thought what *fatal things* they spoke.

## 148.

*Dismays* and *frights* walk'd not so thick upon  
 The muffled face of *Memphis*, when the mad  
*Egyptians* were by vengeance over-run,  
 And in a *three-days' Night* lay buried.  
 Amaz'd stood *Nature*, and began to doubt  
 Her *Life*, now she beheld her *Light* put out.

## 149.

The grave *Astronomers*, who with *Titan* were  
 Of old acquaintance, and knew all his *Gifts*,  
 His *Way*, his *Inns*, his *Hosts*, and wheresoe'r  
 His restless Coach in his bright road persists;  
 Quite lost themselves to find what *Prodigies*  
 Had plunder'd him both of his Locks and Eyes.

## 150.

None could suspect the *Moon* as guilty; She  
 Knew not the business, being far away;  
 No less than half the Heav'n's immensity  
 Betwixt Hers and her *Brother's* station lay;  
 For whilst He flourish'd in the *perfect Height*  
 Of *Day*, she groveled in the *Depth of Night*.

## 151.

Yet granting some *portentuous Wheel* had from  
 Her due and proper Place thus whirl'd her; say  
 How could her *pety bulk* usurp the room  
 Of his *vast flames*, and dam up *all the Day*.  
 Sure *Phebus* scorns that her *small Blot* should rob  
 The *total Beauties* of his mighty Globe.

## 152.

O no! a *larger Blot* it was then so:  
 A *Blot* where *Blackness* all its powers combines,  
 A *Blot* to which the Ink is Alpine Snow,  
 A *Blot* compounded of all ugliest *Sins*,  
 A *Blot* as hideous, as profound, as wide  
 As *Impudence* could make; 'twas *Deicide*.

## 153.

No wonder now Heav'n would not viewed be  
 By those who slaughtered her *King*; or that

Just *Phabus* his less reverend Majesty  
 Deny'd to desperate them who blushed not  
 Thus to eclipse and quench that *Sovereign Sun*  
 Whose open eyes his durst not gaze upon.

## 154.

Yet this dire *Darkness* but the shadow was  
 Of that more monstrous *Pitch* which stuck upon  
 The blinded *Jews'* obdurate hearts: alas  
 This *Prodigy's* stern admonition  
 Could not awake their sober thoughts to see  
 How frightened *Day* abhor'd their Cruelty.

## 155.

The itching Wit of their immortal Spight  
 Detorteth all things into *Blasphemy*:  
 Behold, say they, the most audacious might  
 Of His unsufferable *Witchery*;  
 Whilst other *Wizzards* only on the *Moon*  
 Or *Stars* throw darkness, how He chokes the *Sun*.

## 156.

The *Sun* He chokes, and fondly hopeth by  
 New Villany to hide that shame to which  
 His former Crimes are nail'd: yet still the *Eye*,  
 The *higher Eye* of Heav'n, to Him can reach;  
 And so can ours, however cunning He  
 Before He gains His grave would buried be.

## 157.

His *Goblins* came too late: a pretty Trick  
 Women and Boys to scare; but He, 'tis thought,  
 Has met with Men. Thus belched they their thick  
 Insulting scoffs: yet still they cast about  
 Their doubtful Eyes, and in their count'nance spread  
 A pale confession of their guilty Dread.

## 158.

But, *Psyche*, now the Day's *Ninth hour* drew on  
 This *Tragedy's last Act* to represent;  
 That most *amazing Hour*, in which alone  
 More *Horrors* than all *Ages'* vast extent  
 Had e'r beheld, and ru'd, together met,  
 And in array themselves all armed set.

## 159.

His other *Griefs* but dim Preludiums were;  
 And gathering Clouds, in which the storm was bred:  
 But now grown ripe, that storm in full career  
 Broke down and sous'd directly on His Head.  
 Thus in the stream was He, in Him the stream,  
 For now into His Soul the Waters came.

## 160.

The *Waters* of that loathsome *Cup*, which He  
 Both fear'd and lov'd, eschew'd and chose to drink:  
 The fatal dregs of *Wrath* and *Misery*;  
 Of every black and dreadful thing the Sink;  
 The true *dead Sea*, compar'd with which, alas,  
 Curs'd *Sodom's Lake* a living Fountain was.

161.

Heav'n's *Justice* (who had with a constant Eye  
Observ'd all Tribes of Men, and noted down  
Each little slip, and broad Impiety,  
With all the trappings Time and Place had thrown  
About them,) hither rent her passage, and  
Full in thy *Spouse's* Face took up her stand.

162.

For at His Eyes alone her own she shot,  
And not at theirs who most deserv'd the blow.  
The dint was so intolerable, that  
Not any Rock, nor Mount, or World knew how  
To meet its fury. O what Parallel  
Can represent this direful spectacle !

163.

Less Terror from the *Vulture's* count'nance breaks  
When she her talions claps upon her prey ;  
Less from the Eyes of *Lightning*, when it takes  
Aim for the Thunder's arrows ; than to day  
Flash'd from this cruel *Maid*, in whose fell look  
Her dismal Throne *accomplish'd Vengeance* took.

164.

Immortal *Dread* star'd wide in either Eye ;  
Plow'd was her Forehead, and the Furrows deep  
Sown with the Seeds of all *Severity*,  
And now mature for *Jesus's* Soul to reap :  
Her Cheeks red-hot, a spark was every Word,  
Bright fire her Lips, her Tongue a flaming Sword.

165.

She never in such horrible Array  
March'd down to Earth ; not when she furnish'd came  
With *Water's* arms to wash the World away ;  
Or purge *Gomorrah* with a *flood of Flame* ;  
Or wet her winged fiery *Serpents'* Tongue,  
The *Israelites'* Rebellion to sting.

166.

A veil, so hideously black, that *Night*  
Or *Hell*, could not in *Darkness* vie with it,  
'Twixt Heav'n and *Her* was spread ; which, tho' *Day-*  
*light*

Here now at liberty, would not permit  
The stoutest *Mortal's* Sin-condemned Eyes,  
To reach the gracious comfortable Skies.

167.

Ten thousand *Furies* throng'd on either hand,  
With millions of *Pangs* and *Ejulations* ;  
Whilst strong *Eternity* supported, and  
Hugg'd every *Horror* : troops of *Desperations*,  
Raving and rioting with barbarous cheer  
In their own Blood, made up her Army's Rear.

168.

A *Massy sable Book* she sternly held,  
And op'd it leaf by leaf to *Jesus's* Eyes :

When lo, each dreadful *page* appeared fill'd  
With crouds of such transcendent *Prodigies*,  
As quite absolv'd from Horridness's guilt  
Those *Feinds* of which her Regiments were built.

169.

Lin'd out was that *Rebellion* there, which grew  
In *Paradise*, so huge and rank a *Weed*,  
That it no limits but the World's would know ;  
For through all Generations its Seed  
It scatter'd thick, and made each *pois'ned Birth*  
Of its own *Death* bring full assurance forth.

170.

The *Serpent* which in *Eden* planted it,  
Wears not such fatal Horror in his Face,  
Nor stings so deep, nor can his Venom spit  
So far and wide, nor e'r attended was  
With such a numerous *hissing fry*, as this  
Old *Beldame sin* by young ones follow'd is.

171.

This was the fearful *Frontespice* : But *Pride*  
Usurp'd the first and fairest *Leaf*, and shew'd  
(What never mask was large enough to hide)  
Her swoll'n and blister'd Countenance, which spew'd  
Rank baneful matter, being brus'd by  
A fall she caught as she was climbing high.

172.

Then follow'd learing *Spight*, sly *Calumny*,  
Lean *Avarice* besmear'd with gnawing *Rust*,  
Ignoble *Cheating*, ugly *Treachery*,  
Dark sneaking *Theft*, and ever-stinging *Lust*,  
*Intemperance* wallowing in a nasty flood  
Of *Vomit* ; *Murder* in a sea of *Blood*.

173.

That Earth-relying Heav'n-distrusting Thing,  
Foolish base-hearted *Infidelity* ;  
Grinding *Extortion*, and self-torturing,  
Because for ever jealous *Tyranny* ;  
Rotten *Hypocrisy* ; proud learned *Folly* ;  
Dire *Discontent* ; and hellish *Melancholy*.

174.

Disloyal *Murmurs* ; Pulpit *Villanies* ;  
Curs'd *Holy Leagues* ; and zealous *Profanations* ;  
Sin-fatning *Fasts* ; Thanksgiving solemn *Lyes* ;  
Bold *Sacrilege* ; rebellious *Reformations* ;  
Enchanting *Error* ; venomous *Heresy* ;  
New *Lights* and *Spirits* ; old *Idolatry*.

175.

But for their number, it disdains the skill  
Of *Computation*, and all figures' reach,  
Not all the *Sparks* whose glistening Armies fill  
The field of Heav'n ; not all the *Atoms* which  
Traffick about the Summer Air, can tell  
Their mighty *Total* how to parallel.

176.

For each *dwarf fault*, and *giant Crime* did stand  
In martial rank and file arrayed there,  
Which any humane Tongue of Heart or Hand  
Was ever stained with, since through the ear  
Of heedless *Eve* the *Tempter's* charms let in  
The desperate Torrent of contagious *Sin*.

177.

Nay more than so : for every *Stain* which through  
All Ages to the end of *Time's* career  
Shall taint the World, most mindful *Justice* now  
Had in a black *Appendix* marshall'd : there  
*Psyche*, thy proud *Revolt*, and all the rest  
Of thy offences, were at large exprest.

178.

And so were *His*, whose *Pen* hereafter shall  
Paint, with more Will than Art, thy *Legend* : *His*,  
*His monstrous Score*, which stood outglaring all  
Its hideous Neighbours. And so true is this  
My Witness, that it fairly by his Hand  
In his own Records registred shall stand.

179.

And if the *least of Crimes*, (as sure it is,)  
Be *infinitely foul*, imagin then  
How strange a *Mass of horridness* was this  
Whose bulk was swell'd with *All the Sins of Men* :  
What store of black *Infinities* were here  
For single *Jesus's* wounded Back to bear.

180.

For *Justice* heap'd them all upon *His Back*,  
That He who *did no Sin*, might suffer all.  
How would the World's deep-rooted Pillars crack,  
Should such a Load upon their shoulders fall !  
How would the all-supporting *Center* faint,  
And strive to shrink into a smaller Point !

181.

How would the joints of noblest *Scraps* quake ;  
How would the *Cherubs' sinews* tremble at  
*This Burden*, which all *Nature's bones* would break,  
And lay Heav'n's highest stoutest *Powers* flat !  
Which all *human Hearts* for ever press  
Down to that *bottom* which is *bottomless* !

182.

Now *Jesus* groans, and feels His heartstrings stretch,  
This monstrous Weight so sadly on them lies :  
Those other Torments He forgets with which  
The *Whips* and *Nails* and *Jewish Blasphemies*  
His Patience had varied : River's powers  
Are lost, when them the mighty Sea devours.

183.

Should all the deepest Pangs that e'r did yet  
The Veins and Joints and Lives of Mortals tear,

In one fell composition be knit,  
And then enraged to their full career ;  
Less furious would their fury be than that  
Which now on *Jesus's* soul in triumph sate.

184.

It sate in triumph, barricading up  
All Avenues which to His heart did lead,  
That not the least Relief might pass, nor *Hope*  
It self ; if possible, be suffered  
To march that way. Alas what *Martyrs* e'r  
Girt in so strict a siege of Sorrows were !

185.

Some Comfort it would be, if *Heav'n* would now  
But with a *gentile Aspect* own its *Son* ;  
Who spies no Consolation's glimpse below :  
But O, the *Spheres* are not eclips'd alone  
By *Phœbus's* absence ; no ; another Night  
Has thrown its curtain o'r Heav'n's dearer *Light*.

186.

The *Light* which from His *Father's pleased eyes*  
His *whole Soul* us'd to drink, its influence hid :  
With earnest labouring looks He pleads, and pries,  
But is by sad *Obscurity* deny'd.  
O *Blackness*, which no Parallel canst know !  
To thee, all Ink is Milk, all Pitch is Snow.

187.

Ask me not *Psyche*, what He suffer'd now :  
Those *Pangs* are fitter for thy adoration,  
Than for thine intellect : and they who row  
With bold Enquiries through this *Stormy Passion*,  
Will scarce avoid their shallow thoughts to wrack  
Upon some dangerous desperate Mistake.

188.

Long grappled He with this unbounded *Grief*  
In *patient silence* : but His Soul at length  
Snatching at least the *desolate relief*  
Of *free Complaining*, with the utmost strength  
Of His imbitter'd spirit, thus He spake :  
*My God, My God, why dost Thou Me forsake ?*

189.

Am I not still *Thy Son*, in whom alone  
*Well-pleas'd* Thou wert ? Is not *Thy Bosom* still  
The same, where once My habitation  
I freely could enjoy ? wilt Thou expel  
*Me, Me* the *Image* of Thy blessed *Face*,  
Thus from the view of its all-sweetning Grace ?

190.

Less terrible that *Outcry* was which shook  
The tow'rs of *Memphis*, when the wretched King  
And all his People, to one fatal stroke  
Beheld their *Firstborn Hopes* an Offering :  
And that which tore *Gomorrha's* throat, when from  
The Heav'ns she felt her Hell and Brimstone come.

## 191.

Had every *Sigh*, and every *Groan* and *Shriek*  
 With which the Air of *Bethlehem* was rent  
 When *Rachel* saw the streets so sadly reek  
 With an unheard-of flood of innocent  
 And infant blood, met in one *Ejulation*,  
 Its fra[n]gor had not match'd this *Exclamation*.

## 192.

Never was such a *lamentable Cry*  
 Wrung from the mouth of *Grief*; and never was  
*Complaint* more unregarded : *Clemency*  
 Was deaf ; without all bowels *Heav'n* no less  
 Than *Earth*, pass'd by. Did ever tragick Day  
 So black a *Scene of Heaviness* display !

## 193.

*Sorrow* her self amazed at the sight,  
 Would have repented of her Tyranny :  
 But *Jesus* meant not to decline the fight  
 Since *die* He could, but could not conquer'd be.  
 O no : He hugs His *Horrors*, and although  
 His *Nature* shrinks, His *Courage* loves His *Woe*.

## 194.

Thus gallant *Soldiers* in the dreadful Wars  
 With generous *Pride* their gushing blood behold ;  
 Counting their *Glories* only by their *Scurs*,  
 And that their dearest *Limbs* they well have sold,  
 Yea and their *Hearts*, and *Lives* ; if so they may  
 Upon their *Horses* wear *triumphant Bay*.

## 195.

How fondly dreamt some *Standers by*, who thought  
 That He *Elias* call'd to help Him down !  
 He help'd *Elias* up ; and could have brought  
 Him and his *Charet* back : but He His own  
 Fast-fixed *Pillar* of extreme *Reproach*  
 More glorious judgeth than that *Prophet's Coach*.

## 196.

At length, as in the furnace of His Pain  
 This *helpless Victor* fries, He cries, *I thirst*.  
 O how He long'd Himself to drink and drain  
 The *dregs of Grief* ; that none of that accurst  
 And deadly Draught He might behind Him leave,  
 His *mortal Brethren* evermore to grieve.

## 197.

But cruel They His burning lips present  
 With *Vinager*, who broach'd the *Wine* for Them,  
 His *Blood's* most precious *Wine* ; all which He spent  
 To wash and cheer their hearts. Do's He not seem  
 O salvage *Jews*, without the help of this  
 Strange Gift, to feel enough of *Bitterness* !

## 198.

Is this your Thanks to Him, whose *Bountie's Hand*  
 Cull'd out for you the Jewel of the Earth,

Your fertile *milk-and-honey flowing Land* !  
 And who a Kingdom of more noble worth  
 To entertain you, after this, prepares,  
 A *Canaan* situate above the Stars.

## 199.

Yet *Jesus* takes it kindly, *Psyche* ; He  
 Knew that this gnawing Draught would be  
 The *dying King of Grief* ; and *Prophecy*  
 Had long ago for Him provided it :  
 From Heav'n's severe Decree at first 'tw  
 And drop'd into His mouth from *David*

## 200.

Besides : that Poison He remembred well  
 Which in th' enchanting *Apple's* sweetness  
 By wholsom *Bitterness* He means to heal  
*Ev's* licorish *Luxury* : His Palate now  
 Both expiates Her's, and nobly teacheth  
 That *Apple's* fatal relish to forget.

## 201.

This done : the *Tragedy* began to know  
 Its *End* approach'd : For *Jesus* having by  
 Immortal *Patience* undergone the *Law*  
 And *Curse*, and grappled with the monster  
 Of all the World's *Transgressions* ; lifts  
 In triumph up, and cries, '*Tis finished*.

## 202.

O that it were ! said *Mary* who stood by :  
 So should my Soul still live with my dear .  
 If He has found a way how not to die  
 In purchasing our life, His cheerful word  
 Now now may He make good ! So sigh  
 But He made haste to His Catastrophe.

## 203.

For *Justice* now had nothing more to say ;  
 The *Blood* which down the *Cross* its torren  
 All her *Objections* had wash'd away ;  
 And every *Page* of her *black Volume* grew  
 Full as serene and fair as is the skies  
 Pure face when rescu'd from the Clouds'

## 204.

Dismissing therefore all her *horrid Train*,  
 Her satisfied self she strait withdrew :  
 When *Jesus* looking up to Heav'n again,  
 Perceiv'd the Veil, which shadow'd had til  
 His *Father's Face*, remov'd. O blessed  
 O cheerful Morning after heavy Night !

## 205.

No absence of the *Sun* could now forbid  
 His bright and heav'nly Day of Joy to shin  
 Such floods of purest Comfort issued  
 Out from the fountain of that most divine  
 Most tender Apparition, as drown'd  
 The streams and pains of every bleeding

206.

He saw His *Sire's* eternal Arms as wide  
Stretch'd out, as His were on the Cross ; He saw  
His gracious ready open Bosom bid  
Him to his *Nest of Bliss* return, and grow  
His *happy Self* again ; He saw His *Eye*  
Flaming in pitying Love's extremity.

207.

An everlasting *Laurel* in His *hand*  
He saw, designed to confute the *Shame*  
Wreath'd in His *thorny Crown* ; He saw the grand  
*Cherubick Quire* ambitious to proclaim  
His *Conquests* in their *Songs* : And at the sight  
Resolv'd to Die, He cries with hearty might :

208.

*Father, into Thy hands I here commit*  
*My Spirit, which Thou woo'st to come to Thee* :  
Up flew that *mighty Word*, and after it  
Towred His blessed *Soul* ; whilst noble He  
Bow'd down His head, submitting sweetly to  
That *Will* He came *by life and death* to do.

209.

Th' affected *Temple* heard His dying Cry,  
And with deep horror tore its clothes ; to all  
The sober world the *Veil* proclaiming by  
That rupture's mouth, th' approaching funeral  
Of *Jewish Rites*, and *Moses'* resignation  
Of mouldering *Law* to *Gospel* renovation.

210.

*Earth* heard it too, and at the fra[n]gor quaked,  
Her Rocks were rent, her Sepulchres flew ope ;  
And many sleeping *Saints* by it awaked,  
Russled their Dust together and gat up :  
*Nature's* commotion was so great and strange,  
That in the sturdy *Guard* it wrought a Change.

211.

The bold *Centurion* with the *Earth* did shake,  
(So did the *Soldiers* with the *Rocks*.) and cry,  
Surely the World slept in a deep *Mistake*,  
Whilst it discern'd not *Jesus's Deity* :  
His *Father* now has owned Him, and He  
*Dy'd when Himself was pleas'd in Bliss to be*.

212.

For still His *Vitals* in their strength remain'd,  
Though plunder had so deeply rack'd his Veins ;  
Witness that *final Blast* of His, which strain'd  
That thundering Cry : still in their lingring pains  
These wretched *Thieves* we see, whilst He is gone  
To rest Himself on His Celestial Throne.

213.

Nay, even on salvage and obdurate *Jews*,  
So far can *guilty Fear* prevail, that now

The Danger-stricken *People* could not chuse  
But grant their Conscience felt this *Terror's Blow* ;  
For though their sullen *Tongue* would not, their *Fist*  
Confess'd their *Fright* upon their beaten *Breast*.

214.

Here, *Psyche*, whose soft Heart had come and gone  
A thousand times, as he the story told,  
Yielded her self to *Grief's* dominion ;  
For e'r her *Guardian* spy'd it, down she roll'd,  
Joining her *Passion* to her *Lord's*, and trying  
With Him who dy'd for her, to *live by dying*.

215.

So when the Father of her Life and Joy,  
His fair self plunges in th' *Atlantick Main*,  
O'rpow'r'd by sympathetick sweet annoy  
The loyal *Marigold* makes haste to gain  
Her West as well as He ; her golden Eye  
She shuts, and till he lives again, do's die.

216.

But *Phylax* by his Heav'nly tender Art,  
Her and her Spirits rais'd, and told her, She  
Must hear the other seasonable part,  
Which of this *sadness* made a Comedy.  
She look'd, and sigh'd, and cry'd, *All Joys are dead*  
*When Jesus dies* : and yet, dear Sir, proceed.

217.

Know then, said he, this *Passion* and *Death*  
Hath purchas'd all Life's Joys that Heav'n can breed  
And cancell'd every *fatal Bond of Wrath*,  
Which *Sin* had drawn against old *Adam's Seed* :  
All *Jesus's Wounds* are open *Gates*, which in  
To *Paradise* lead reconciled *Men*.

218.

All *pains* and *sorrows* and *reproaches*, He,  
Brave He, adventur'd to monopolize ;  
The spiteful *Cunning of Hell's Treachery*  
He vanquished by being made its Prize ;  
And yielding up His *meritorious Breath*,  
Blew down the Powers ev'n of *prevailing Death*.

219.

Which when fell *Satan* saw, it him repented  
Of what he toil'd and sweat to bring about ;  
And at his Den in *Paxis* he lamented  
His *undermin'd Design*, when crying out,  
*Great Pan is dead*, he made confession how  
He had projected his own Overthrow.

220.

For this was *Pan* indeed, the *God of Sheep* ;  
Who held His tender *Flock* so dear, that He  
From Wolves and Lyons it secure to keep,  
Would to their rage Himself a booty be :  
But made His *Fold* a rampart sure and stout,  
When with His *Blood* He *moated it about*.

Yet *Hell* at length will prick on *Mortal Wit*  
 Against this *Passion's Merit* to dispute,  
 And all their syllogizing Batteries set,  
 In order their *Redemption* to confute.  
 Thus to their *Reason* must their *Faith* give way ;  
 Though *God* be satisfy'd, yet will not they.

222.

No ; they'll account His *Mercy* injur'd by  
 Allowing *Justice* to be fully pay'd.  
 Ah learned fool ! is *Mercy's* Majesty  
 Not here triumphant, when the *Load* is lay'd  
 On *God's* own *Son*, to bear what else would crack  
 Proud though you be, for evermore your back ?

223.

But now a *Soldier*, he whose only Heart  
 Was harder than those *Rocks* which *Grief* had burst,  
 To act accomplish'd *Cruelty's* last part,  
 His *Spear* into his *Savior* boldly thrust :  
 Deep in His Side the Iron div'd, and brought  
 The final *Stream* of *Blood* and *Water* out :

224.

That *Water* which the *Pericardium* bound  
 About the Heart, that *Blood* which in it dwelt :  
 For *Jesus* all His store with most profound  
 And bounteous Love, to feast His Children spilt.  
 The *Pelican* so with her dearest Blood  
 Diets and fattens up her dearer Brood.

225.

This done : the *Sun* unveil'd his clouded Eye,  
 And joy'd the *new-redeemed World* to see :  
 The monstrous *shades* forthwith made haste to fly  
 Down to the bottom of Night's hideous sea ;  
 That now *Sin's blackness* chased was away,  
*Earth* might behold a double glorious Day.

226.

A Day, in which her Count'nance shin'd with more  
 Unspotted Grace, than when *Heav'n* tried by  
 A deluge of its Powers, to wash and scour  
 The *senior World's* ingrained villany :  
 For 'tis not *Heav'n* it self can yield a Flood  
 So purgative as that of *Jesus's Blood*.

227.

But will no *Pity* on the *Body* look,  
 Which now has tir'd the utmost spight of *spight* ?  
 Yes ; *Arimathea's Joseph* undertook  
 Fairly to pay it its *Sepulchral Right* :  
 And by that courteous Loyalty, to prove  
 That he had a *Disciple been of Love*.

228.

A true *Disciple*, though a secret one :  
 Witness his *Fear*, to generous *Courage* grown :

His *Faith* revives ; nor shall the *Highpriest's* frown,  
 Or *People's* fury fright this Duty from  
 Yielding his *Lord* his own right costly *Tomb*.

229.

Of Honor he a Person was, and fit  
 To wait on this Solemnity : his fair  
 Petition *Pilate* could not but admit  
 In common Courtship : to his pious care  
 He grants the *Corps* ; and sighs to think that he  
 Had made it need that funeral charity.

230.

With prouder joy his garland never did  
*Olympick Victor* snatch, than *Joseph* now  
 This richer Prize : which he invloped  
 In dainty Linen, white as driven-snow,  
 Fine as *Arachne's* web, and yet the Sheet  
 More delicacy learn'd by kissing it.

231.

Right well he knew this Solemn *Paschal-Feast*  
 Forbad him all Pollution by the *Dead* :  
 And yet his loving Zeal durst not desist  
 Till he this votive Task had finished ;  
 For by the Touch, though of *Dead Purity*,  
 Assur'd he was he could not stained be.

232.

He being busied thus : another Friend  
 Appear'd, good *Nicodemus*, who by night,  
 On living *Jesus* did long time attend,  
 To gain for his obscured Judgment, Light ;  
 He in his blacker Ev'n of Death will now  
 His grateful Piety on Him bestow.

233.

Of precious Aromatick mixtures he  
 An hundred-weight brings in, to sacrifice  
 Unto this *Body's* service ; so to be  
 Enobled, and enhanced in their price :  
 For as they touch the blessed *Skin*, they smil'd,  
 And felt themselves with richer sweetness fill'd.

234.

Mean while the *Instruments of Death* (for this  
 The manner was,) were yonder buried :  
 Where sleep they must until a *Queen* shall rise  
 Out of thine *Albion*, from whose happy Bed  
 A *Prince* shall spring, who will exalt above  
*Rome's* proudest *Eagles* meek *Ecclesia's Dove*.

235.

Their dear Discovery is reserv'd for none  
 But Venerable *Helen* ; who, when here,  
 Hot in her passionate Devotion,  
 Her *Savior's* sufferings she her self shall bear,  
 Transfiguring her *Meditating Heart*  
 Into the prey of every wound and smart.

## 236.

These sacred *Relicts* shall revealed be  
In guerdon of her gallant Love and Zeal :  
There for the *Jewels* she shall dig, and see  
At length, the rude but glorious Spectacle ;  
The *Cross*, and every *Nail* she there shall find  
Which her *Lord's Body* pierc'd, and her own *Mind*.

## 237.

Inestimable shall their Worth be held :  
*One Nail* to her *Imperial Son* shall seem  
Illustrious enough his *Head* to gild,  
And sit enthroned on his *Diadem* :  
Two in his *Bridle* shall triumph, when He  
Rides through the World like *King of Victory*.

## 238.

The *Fourth* shall tame the *Adriatick Main*,  
And nail it fast to its still bottom, so  
That on its polish'd pacified Plain  
The gliding Barks may unmolested go :  
Then by this *Gem* shall that enriched *Sea*  
More Wealthy than the *Eastern Ocean* be.

## 239.

But for the noble *Cross* ; no Tongue shall tell  
The wonders that shall spring from that dry Tree ;  
Which hew'd out by *Devotion's* edge, shall fill  
The zealous world, and quit that Injury,  
Which from the deadly *Bough in Eden* spread  
Through all the *fields* e'r sown with *Human seed*.

## 240.

*Persia* shall take it captive, yet not dare  
To look upon its Pris'ner ; *Piety*  
Shall thence redeem it by a generous war,  
And reinstate it in its *Calvary* ;  
When great *Heraclius* his own Royal Back  
A willing Chariot for it shall make.

## 241.

Nor shall his glorious *Sign* have less esteem  
Attendant on it, but be always worn  
On holy Foreheads as the only Gem,  
Which knows both how to strengthen and adorn :  
A Gem, whose lustre frights all Devils' Eyes,  
And whose brave value *Swine* alone despise.

## 242.

But, *Psyche*, here upon the western side  
Of this now holy Mountain, thou mayst see  
The precious *Sepulchre* of Him who dy'd  
And who aforehand *bury'd* was for thee.  
This Rock is it : Come let's into the Cave ;  
No Temple is more holy than this *Grave*.

## 243.

*Joseph* bestow'd the reverend *Treasure* here :  
Here lay the blessed *Head*, and here the *Feet* :

Hard was the Couch indeed, yet never were  
Those of the daintiest Kings so purely sweet ;  
Not *Solomon's*, although *Arabia* did  
With all her odorous Wealth, go there to bed.

## 244.

The Phenix's balmy Grave could ne'r afford  
Such sovereign powers of Perfumes, as here  
Breath'd from the *Body* of thy breathless *Lord* ;  
Who soon the truer *Phenix* did appear.  
O peerless Tomb ! which buries all the Fame  
Of *Mausolean Sepulchres* in shame.

## 245.

The *Monuments* of *Princes* are but fair  
Memorials of their putid *Rottenness*,  
Whilst odious *Worms* and *Dirt* inshrined are  
In specious Gold and Marble : But in this  
Plain artless *Vault* both *Putrifaction* found  
Her *Hands* were more than that *dead Body's* boun

## 246.

This is that Solemn *Oratory*, where  
The choicest *Souls* ambitious are to pray ;  
Their Pilgrimages all determin here ;  
And prostrate here their zealous *Vows* they pay :  
With their devoutest *Tears* they dew this *Floor*,  
And in this *Air* their warmest *sighs* they pour.

## 247.

Yet time's at hand, when strong *Idolatry*  
This sacred *Cave* will venture to prophane,  
To turn this *Paradise* into a *Sty*,  
To plant in this sweet *Bed* the worst of *Bane* ;  
To rear Hell's sovereign Monster, odious *Jove*,  
Upon this *Monument of divinest Love*.

## 248.

But all in vain ; for *Christian Eagles* still  
Will to the dear life-giving *Carcase* fly ;  
And their inflam'd desire's impatience fill,  
By Feasting on its precious Memory.  
*Jove*, though the most impure of things, is not  
So foul, as *Purity's* own shrine to blot.

## 249.

That *Idol's* Pomp kick'd down into disgrace,  
To free and undisturbed *Piety*,  
Shall soon surrender its usurped place,  
When *Pagan Powers* by mightier *Faith* shall be  
Good Manners taught ; and Crowns, and Scepters  
Before the *Crucified King* shall bow.

## 250.

And here may'st thou (for I thy heats discover)  
Sweet *Psyche*, stay, and ease thy burning Breast :  
Thy *Vows* and *Prayers*, whose working-tide runs o'er  
Here may thou empty : do, thou welcome Guest,  
Do, riot in thy zeal, and revel high  
In meek *Devotion's* noble *Luxury*.

251.

*Psyche*, who scarcely for this Cue could wait,  
Fell on her face, and kiss'd the reverend *Floor*;  
Where melted by her earnest fervour, strait  
Her *sighs* and *soul* she labour'd forth to pour;  
And by the strong embrace of Faith and Love,  
Hug'd *Him* below, who was enthron'd above.

252.

Through all His *Pains* and all His *Wounds* she went,  
And in her Bosom printed every one;  
Her Bowels with His woful *Cry* she rent;  
Each *Scoff* she echoed by as sad a groan;  
By bitter thoughts, His *Nails*, His *Thorns*, His *Spear*,  
Anew she fram'd, by tears His *Vinegar*.

253.

But coming to His *Death*, she fetch'd a sigh  
Up from the bottom of her Soul, in hope  
Her Life would out with it together fly,  
And make her *Passion* too completely up;  
Striving in meek ambitious Love to have  
The ready Honor of her *Savior's Grave*.

254.

*Desire* lay boiling in her ardent Breast;  
A violent march her *Aspirations* beat,

Reaching with restless panting at that *Rest*,  
To which her *Lord* was flown: and in the heat  
Of this contention she was tow'r'd so high,  
That scarce her Body upon Earth did lie.

255.

(O blessed *Boistrousness* of loving *Zeal*,  
How strange a thing seem'st thou to worldly Hearts,  
Whose cold and dead *Affections* never feel  
The flaming Wounds of these delicious Darts!  
How gravely would they pity *Psyche's* state,  
As womanish and fondly passionate?)

256.

And how, alas, stand I amazed at  
These rare calcining *Raptures*, who am by  
Dull Indevotion's frost benumbed! yet  
Their contemplation thaws me so, that I  
Can drop a *Verse*, and must, to wait on Them;  
So due *Applause's Tribute* I esteem.)

257.

But when Life held her on this *dainty Rack*,  
She in an Ocean of *Inamorations*  
And new *ecstatick Gulfs* resolv'd to wrack  
Her labouring Heart: and yet these machinations,  
And dangerous Storms of Love's intestine war,  
She by *diviner Love's* assistance bare.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

STANZA 9, '*Griffen*' = griffin = mythical creature.

St. 10, '*Pismires*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, on this bit of curious lore.

St. 15, '*three inches*' = thickness of a ship's sides. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for parallels.

St. 34, '*Theanthropick*' = 'God manifest in the flesh.'

St. 58, '*entheous*' = inspired, as before.

St. 67 '*smailed*' = snared.

St. 83, '*retchless*' = reckless: *ib.* '*charity*'—qu. 'clarity.'

St. 130, '*Pharns*' = Pharos.

St. 139, '*resenting*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, 1 a full note.

St. 143, '*wistly*' = wistfully: *ib.* '*Cimmeria*' blackest darkness.

St. 157, '*Goblins*' = goblins.

St. 196, '*thirst*'—misprinted 'thrist' in the original.

St. 219, '*Paxis*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.n.*

St. 236, '*Relicts*' = relics,—note the spelling after *t* etymology.

St. 239, '*quit*' = requite.

St. 245, '*putid*' = base, as before.

G.





## CANTO XV.

### *The Triumph of Love.*

#### The ARGUMENT.

*In his own Den Love binds the King of Hate,  
Death and Corruption in the Grave subdues :  
Turns back the bridled Stream of mortal Fate,  
Himself alive to His Disciples shews :  
In Triumph's bright Excess Ascends upon  
A Cloud, and mounts His everlasting Throne.*

#### 1.

**V**ICISSITUDE, how doth thy welcome *Change*  
Cheer up the *world*, which else would droop and faint !

*Strange things* thou long permit'st not to be *strange*,  
Since with all Companies thou canst acquaint ;  
For thy *Chameleon's skin* no Colours meets  
But with compliance fairly them it greets.

#### 2.

When *Wisdom* fram'd this World's vast fabrick, she  
As *Nature's* noble *Sport* and *Recreation*  
Firmly enacted thy *Uncertainty*  
For ever *certain* in its *Variation* :  
That as *God* knows no *Change*, so all Things else  
May feel the motion of *Mutation's* pulse.

#### 3.

*Night* first was every Thing ; then *Day* burst forth,  
But soon the Ev'n restored *night* again ;  
Yet crept she in the Morn behind the Earth,  
And suffer'd *Light* her full *twelve hours* to reign :  
Thus have all Ages only been the *Play*  
Of interwoven checker'd *Night* and *Day*.

#### 4.

Who seeth not how beauteous *Generation*  
Fails not to tread on foul *Corruption's* heels ;  
And how *Corruption* by sure *Circulation*  
Upon the back of *Generation* steals :  
Whilst by this Trade of Interchange, from Wombs  
*Death* takes its constant Rise, and *Life* from Tombs !

#### 5.

When peevish *Winter's* Blasts churlishly blow  
His frozen *Scythia* all about the Earth,

Commanding *Nature* in a bed of *Snow*  
To lie and sleep, and let no Bud peep forth ;  
What hopes would fancy *She* could break again  
Out from the bondage of her icy *Chain* ?

#### 6.

Yet when the *Sun* leaps in the lusty *Ram*,  
Forthwith the *Spring* takes heart, embraued by  
The neighbour-hood of his enlivening flame,  
And clothes the World with fresh *Fertility* ;  
Cashiering *Frost* and *Snow*, and changing *Queen*  
*Tellus's* white Mantle to a lovelier green.

#### 7.

Sometimes the *Winds* conspire upon the *Main*  
To plow the *Deep's* and throw them at the *Sky*  
To let them thunder headlong down again,  
And with new *Wrath* return them up as high ;  
Till all the *Sea* be on a foaming sweat,  
And *Rocks*, and *Ships*, and *Hearts* of *Sailers*, split.

#### 8.

Yet when these *Breaths* their fury out have blown,  
The *Ocean* slides into a polish'd *Plain*,  
Mildly excusing every *billowy frown*  
With *smiling Looks* : the *Sirens* play again ;  
The *Seamen* hoise their sails ; the *Halcyon* lays  
Her eggs, and gives her name to *quiet Days*.

#### 9.

When *Empires* stoop to more imperious *Fate*,  
And *Time's* hold *Sithe* mows stoutest *Scepters* down ;  
Themselves those glorious *Ruins* congregate  
Into the Circle of some other *Crown* ;  
And from the *Dust* that Seed of Honor springs  
Into a golden Harvest of *new Kings*.

#### 10.

After the earnest *Ploughman* hath by *Day*  
Worry'd *himself*, and *earth*, and water'd it  
With his own sweat ; cool *night* his head doth lay  
Still on his crib, and teach him to forget  
His toilsome work ; whilst soft and gentle *sleep*  
Yields him a crop of *pleasant Dreams* to reap.

## 11.

Though pitch'd in *Power's saddle* far they ride,  
And kick and trample all things in their way ;  
The *insolent Vulgar* find at length their Pride  
Check'd by a sudden Fall ; no *Tigres* may  
For ever rage ; nor can the Tyranny  
Of blackest *Parliaments* immortal be.

## 12.

When tedious *Sickness* by her rampant Fits  
Has in the body her sad Revels kept ;  
*Health* takes her happy cue, and fairly quits  
Her cheerly self ; by Her the *Veins* are swept,  
The *Stomach* purg'd, the *Spirits*, which 'gan to tire,  
Rouz'd and encouraged by *vivid Fire*.

## 13.

Though *Grief* sometimes, conspiring with the Night,  
On wounded Hearts *Disconsolation* throws ;  
Yet *Comfort*, dawning with the morning Light,  
Smootheth the sullen furrows of the brows,  
And with its Virgin beams of sweetness dries  
The briny moisture of the clouded eyes.

## 14.

But that *Vicissitude* still wins the Bay  
Of Pleasantness, which cures the worst of Gall ;  
Whose *Rayes* can chase the *shades of Death* away,  
And kindle *Solace* in a *Funeral* ;  
Which to a Sepulchre dares say : *Stand ope,*  
*And let thy Pri's'ner into Life get up.*

## 15.

Indeed some glimpses of this blessed *Change*  
Had glanced on the World before ; yet they  
Were faint Preludiums of that full and strange  
*Mutation* which shin'd on *Easterday* :  
For they atchieved were by *borrow'd Might*,  
This dawn'd and rose by none but its *own Light*.

## 16.

In truly sovereign *Jesus's* only Hand  
Dwelt that *authentick power*, which knew both how  
To give His *mortal Fate* a Countermand,  
And make His stubborn *Grave repent* ; to throw  
Aside His useless *Shroud*, and cleerly turn  
His own *Death's Night* into a *living Morn*.

## 17.

And since the present *Scene* now prompts him to  
The *glorious Story*, *Phylax* means to paint  
Its quickning wonders unto *Psyche*, who  
Under her holy *Passion* strove to faint :  
He takes her up, and sweetly cries, *My Dear,*  
*Life's Monument*, as well as *Death's*, is hear.

## 18.

And 'tis the same ; this *Grave* proclaimeth now  
With open mouth the famous *Death of Death* :

Come sit thee down, and I will tell thee how  
Thy noble *Lord* by being *vanquish'd*, hath  
*Victorious* prov'd, and reap'd such *Palms of Glory*  
As ne'r till now adorned *Conqueror's Story*.

## 19.

When in this *Casket* pious *Joseph* had  
The precious *Jewel* laid ; a massy *Stone*  
Upon the Monument he pitch'd, and made  
It safe from *Injurie's* invasion ;  
Still jealous of the *Highpriest's* tyranny,  
Which with the *Death of Jesus* could not die.

## 20.

*It could not die* ; and was resolv'd that He  
Should neither *live*, nor *seem to live again*,  
Whom their flagitious *Importunity*  
Had by faint-hearted *Pilat's* Sentence slain :  
To him they crouch afresh, and fawning cry,  
*Long live great Cesar, and his Deputy*.

## 21.

*Sir*, in our *God's*, and in our *Country's* name,  
Due thanks we tender for that Justice you  
Have done on *Jesus*, blotting out the shame  
His foul mouth on our Temple spew'd : and know  
That *Cesar* too owes you applause, since He  
Reigns by your Care from dangerous *Tumults* free.

## 22.

What might this desperate *Conjurer* not have,  
If He had *vengeance* scap'd and *lived* still ;  
Who by the *Magick* of His *Death* alone  
*Jerusalem* doth with Amazement fill ?  
How many *Fondlings* stroke their breasts, and cry'd,  
*Sure He's the Son of God*, ev'n when He dy'd !

## 23.

Thus when some saucy *Exhalation* bears  
Its earthborn self high in the yielding air,  
And counterfeits possession of the Spheres ;  
The Silly *Multitude* in wonder glare  
Upon th' illustrious *Hypocrite*, and call  
That *Fire* a *Star*, although they see it *fall*.

## 24.

There's danger therefore, least this *Serpent's Blood*  
Rankle the Air, and taint our *credulous Nation* ;  
Indeed Himself right cunningly thought good  
To pave the way to some such *Perturbation* ;  
Telling His *Scholars* that He must be slain,  
But with the *third Day* up would rise again.

## 25.

Now *Sir*, if sheltered by thievish Night,  
Him from His grave they pilfer, and proclaim  
That He is *Risen by His heav'nly Might* ;  
What *Hazard* might attend so strange a *Fame* !  
How would the *seeming Miracle* entice  
Seditious *Multitudes* with Him to *Rise* !

## 26.

Then would the *Mischief* swell to bolder height  
Than if the *Traytor* were *indeed alive* :  
Against the Torrent of that *new Deceit*  
Your Power in vain, in vain our Care should strive :  
For how shall We attach Him who is *dead*,  
Yet into *new Life's reputation* fled ?

## 27.

Say what we could, the *mutinous Rabble* still  
By this His Grave's wide-open mouth would seal  
Up ours, provoking to that *Miracle*  
By which they 'l count'nance their *rebellious Zeal* ;  
And with outrageous Cheating bear us down  
That *Him* they honor *who to heav'n is flown*.

## 28.

*Pilate*, whose Conscience Grip'd him hard for what  
His *Fears* before had done, no more would trade  
In that uncomfortable Bus'ness ; but  
Them of their spiteful Project Masters made.  
Ye have a *Watch* ; secure the Tomb, said he,  
And satisfy your politick Jealousy.

## 29.

Impowred thus, away fly They, to fix  
And make *God sure for ever stirring more* :  
Both *Caiaphas* and *Annas* sign their Wax  
Upon the Stone which dammed up the Door ;  
Charging a double *Guard*, appointed well  
With Swords and Spears, to wait on either *Seal*.

## 30.

Ah politick Fools ! your strong Conspiracy  
Shall only undermine it self, and make  
The *Resurrection's* glorious *Mystery*  
With more unanswerable Lustre break  
Forth in your Face ; since both your *Seals* and *Guard*  
Shall witness to the *Miracle* afford.

## 31.

So when the Envy-blinded *Median Peers*  
Had lodg'd great *Daniel* in the *Sealed Den*  
Of *hungry Death* ; their Jealousies and fears  
They confidently laid asleep : but when  
The Day awak'd, they saw their fell Design  
Prov'd his Deliverance but the more divine.

## 32.

Mean while the sacred *Corps* lay dormant here,  
And jolly *Death* triumphed in the Grave ;  
For once she bids her ghastly count'nance wear  
The guise of lusty *Gladness*, and gives leave  
To her dire Tongue to change its baleful Tone,  
And cheer into a *Shout* her wonted *Groan*.

## 33.

Long had she vex'd and pin'd, remembering how  
Brave *Enoch* and *Elias* rescu'd were

From her contagious Monarchy : but now  
That feebl' Pair she is content to spare,  
And gluts her bloody heart with barbarous glee  
In this grand *Trophy* of her Victory.

## 34.

She never took such proud Delight to set  
Her foot upon the vast *Zamzumim's* Tomb,  
Or see all *Anak's Sons* in *Ashes* meet,  
Or *heav'n-commanding Joshua* earth become,  
Or steely *Sampson* turn to rotten Clay,  
Or huge *Goliath* mouldering away.

## 35.

She kiss'd her reeking *Dart*, and vow'd to build  
An Ark of triumph to its conquest ; high  
In fierce disdain she *all the World* beheld,  
Which now had no pretence but it *must Die* ;  
Since *Life's own Champion* became her Prey,  
And tame and cold and dead before her lay.

## 36.

There lay His *Body* : but His *Soul* mean time  
Triumphed more than *She* ; for down into  
The kingdom of the *hidden World*, the *Clima*  
Of *unsuspecting Night*, it march'd, and so  
Surpris'd the *Powers of Hell* all napping in  
The secret cloisters of their gloomy Den.

## 37.

The *Gates* of sturdy brass it flung in sunder,  
Shaking the bottom of the *monstrous Deep* ;  
The *Porter* frighted at the Ruin's thunder  
Into the *Gulf* for shelter took his leap ;  
But *equal Horror* there he found, for all  
The *Pit* was startled when the *Gates* did fall.

## 38.

So when the mighty *Son of Manoah*, who  
Presumed was the City's Pris'ner, tore  
The *Gates of Gaza*, rending freedom to  
His conquering March ; the *Neighbours' dreadful Roar*  
The *Pillars' boistrous Crack* rebounded, who  
Thought both their Roofs and Sculs were splitting too.

## 39.

This stubborn Fort by Storm thus taken ; on  
The noble *Victor* hastened to advance :  
No Guard secur'd His passage, who alone  
*Army* and *General* was, and whose sole Glance  
Had power enough to make his Pris'ners know  
Whose Justice kindled their *Death's fire* below.

## 40.

But now imperial Lustre from His face  
Streaming upon the eyes of hideous *Night*,  
Pour'd on the swarthy *flames* of that foul place  
So vast an *Ocean of Immortal fright*  
That into every hole they crept aside  
Seeking their *everlasting shame* to hide.

## 41.

About the hollow bowels of the Cave  
An universal *Groan* its sadness spread ;  
Whose Echo such a ruful answer gave  
That *Hell* seem'd gasping on its *dying bed* :  
    Strait followed such Yellings, Shrieks, and Cries,  
As truly spake *Damnation's Miseries*.

## 42.

Imagin what the blear-ey'd *Sons of Night*,  
*Ravens, Scritchows, Bats*, and such foul things would do,  
When in their black blind Nests by *Highnoon Light*  
Suddenly seiz'd ; O whether shall they go  
    Now their *illustrious foe's* bright arrows reach  
The very entrails of their *closest Pitch* !

## 43.

Incomparably direr was the *Dread*  
Which shot it self quite through the *heart of Hell*.  
For these *commanding Raies* maintain'd their speed  
Through every dark and massy Obstacle  
    With such stout *Brightness*, that amidst the store  
Of *never-dying fires* it quickned more.

## 44.

The *Lakes of Sulphure* boiled with new heat ;  
Each *Grief* and *Pang* and *Torment* hotter grew ;  
*Despair* afresh at every bosom beat ;  
Upon the next *seind's* face each *fury* flew ;  
    And every *Devil* scratch'd and tore his *brother*,  
Wreaking their madness upon one another.

## 45.

The *Snakes* their hisses and their poison spit,  
And in a thousand knots ty'd and unty'd  
Their woful selves : the frighted *Gorgons* split  
Their raving Throats' hot furnace ; and the wide  
    And fiery-mouthed *Dragons* howling loud  
Whole torrents of their flaming venome spew'd.

## 46.

The *Peers of Hell* curs'd their unhappy *King*  
Whose *Pride* betray'd them to this Anguish ; they  
Had hopes the *Light of Heav'n* would never spring  
In their *black Clime*, to pour on them *Dismay* :  
    But now they saw't in *Jesus's eyes*, it more  
Vex'd them than when they fell from it before.

## 47.

Their belking bosoms heaved high, and fain  
They would have belched out ther *working load*  
Of *Blasphemy*, which held their souls in pain ;  
But mighty *Terror* stopp'd the sulphury road  
    Of their rank breath, and forc'd their *ready Sin*  
Only to split their hearts and *rage within*.

## 48.

Black *Avarice* with desperate *Treachery*  
And foul-mouth'd *slander*, who their parts had play'd

With fair Success in that Conspiracy  
By which *Life's Sovereign* was to death betray'd ;  
    With guilty horror quaked now, and found  
Upon themselves their *Mischief's* all rebound.

## 49.

Though mad *Confusion* always reigned here,  
She never sate so high upon her throne,  
Nor such monarchick sway as now did bear  
In all the *Deep* ; whose strange Distraction  
    Outvy'd the *Discords* of that wallowing *Mass*  
In whose rude Womb the World conceived was.

## 50.

But yet the *Dragon red* in guiltless blood,  
Great *Belzebub*, was more confounded than  
All *Hell* besides : for well he understood  
He now was deeper subdu'd, than when  
    Down from the pinnacle of *Heav'n* he fell  
Into the center of profoundest Hell.

## 51.

That *Jesus*, for whose life he long ago  
Fiercely a-hunting upon *Bethlehem* went  
With *Herod's pack of Hounds* ; that *Jesus*, who  
When in the *Desert* all his Craft he bent  
    To cheat Him into Sin, his deep Design  
Quite overturn'd by *Wisdom's* countermine :

## 52.

Him whom he by the odious *Wit of Scorn*  
Through *Jesus's* blasphemous mouths had vilify'd ;  
Whom by hir'd Treason he had Pris'ner born  
Unto his mortal *Enemie's* Bar, and try'd  
    By all th' impetuous lawless *Laws of Cries*,  
*Threatnings*, broad *Tumults*, broader *Calumnies* :

## 53.

Whom by the Petulance of his *Miscreants* he  
Had spit upon, had scourg'd, had buffeted ;  
Whom through all *Infamie's* extremity  
He to this *mountain of His Death* had led ;  
    Whom on the *Tree of Shame and Pain* he nail'd,  
And then with further *blasphemies* assail'd.

## 54.

Whom of His *blood* he plunder'd, and at last  
Of *breath* and *life* : whom having murder'd thus,  
In marble lodg'd and watch'd he sealed fast,  
And clearly then was thought victorious ;  
    This very *Jesus's Soul* he seeth now  
Marching with triumph in his Realm below.

## 55.

He sees his deep-laid *Projects* turn'd into  
Just Engines of their *Master's* overthrow :  
He sees he was his own most deadly fo  
When he to *Jesus* gave the mortal *Blow* ;  
    That Death by which he hop'd to have suppress  
The life of *Life*, now *lives* in his own breast.

## 56.

He sees that his mistaken self alone  
 Condemned was in *Jesus's* Sentence ; that  
 The *Multitude's* mad Exclamation  
 But prefac'd to his Groans ; that *Mary's* Brat  
 (For so his scornful Pride had term'd Him,) now  
 Was Son to Him to whom all *Angels* bow.

## 57.

He sees the Cross in goodly Banner spread,  
 And shining with imperial gallantry ;  
 He sees that precious Blood which made it red,  
 Adorn it now with dreadful Majesty.

He sees it streaming in the swarthy air,  
 And at its awful motion melts for fear.

## 58.

He sees the angry Thorns, and feels them pricking  
 His guilty Soul : he sees each cruel Nail,  
 And in his harder heart resents them sticking :  
 He shrinks ; he winds about his woful Tail ;  
 He starts, and finds that something more than Hell  
 Did now in his tormented bosom dwell.

## 59.

Three times he clap'd his *Pride* upon the back,  
 And cheer'd his everlasting Stomach up ;  
 But strait his swelling heart-strings 'gan to crack,  
 And fail'd the courage of his insolent Hope :  
 Three times his *fury* strove to check his fear,  
 Yet *Terror* still his Boldness overbare.

## 60.

But *Jesus* marched on in conquering Might,  
 And pitch'd His foot full on the *Monster's* head :  
 All *Thunder's* throats did never yet affright  
 The Air with such a Roar as bellowed  
 From *Satan's* jaws, when by that crushing Load  
 He justly learn'd the weight of angry God.

## 61.

For as the surly *Lion*, wounded by  
 Some *Hero* in his own invaded Den,  
 Rends all the Cavern with impatient Cry,  
 And makes his frighted Neighbours further run :  
 So *Belshazzar's* huge Shriek tore all his Deep,  
 And forc'd the *Blues* into their holes to creep.

## 62.

Had all the World been heav'd upon his head,  
 And thousands more upon the back of this,  
 The Burden had not been so vastly sad ;  
 For all the weight of Weight meer Lightness is  
 To that strange Pressure which the *Rebel* now  
 Felt sealed sure upon his squeezed Brow.

## 63.

His squeezed Brow : for both his *Horns* were broke ;  
 So was his *Scul*l ; from whence a Torrent burst

Of ranker *Bane* than e'r had power to choke  
 The soul of Sweets ; a Torrent of accurs'd  
 Designs, of *Rage*, of *Pride*, of every thing  
 Which qualifies Hell's true accomplish'd King.

## 64.

Thus did the first and noblest Promise prove  
 Completely good : thus did the *Woman's* Seed,  
 The Seed of blessed *Mary*, spring above,  
 And trample down the wiley *Serpent's* head,  
 Quite shattering it ; so to revenge that spight  
 With which he us'd the *heel* of *Man* to bite,

## 65.

This done ; Learn now, the mighty *Victor* cry'd,  
 That as above, so I can reign below.  
 What you have gained by your Hate and Pride  
 Your fellow-*Elves* may read upon your Brow :  
 Deep have I grav'd the Lesson ; yet I know  
 Not deep enough to mend or *Them* or *you*.

## 66.

For deeper printed is your desperate Spight  
 On your obdurate hearts : and though by Me,  
 Their Head, you might be warn'd not to fight  
 Against my *Members* ; yet had you the free  
 Reins of your *Rage*, you all your *Nerves* would join  
 To broach and quaff their blood, as you did Mine.

## 67.

But Mine less precious is than *theirs* to Me,  
 And They less able to defend their own.  
 I *Vindication* owe ; and *Sympathy*  
 Demands with speed to have it pay'd down.  
 Down will I pay't, and that upon thy neck,  
 To prove My self as strong as they are weak.

## 68.

Which said : the *King of Conquest* threw about  
 The *Dragon's* neck an adamantine Chain :  
 A Chain, which though the *Monster's* teeth be stout  
 As hardest steel, he bites and gnaws in vain :  
 Fast Pris'ner now he lies, and only where  
*Jesus* thinks fit to give him leave, can stir.

## 69.

Black *Judas*, whom the next *Oven's* wrath did fry,  
 With unconceived anguish gnash'd his teeth,  
 Being deeper tortur'd by his *Master's* eye  
 Whom he so wretchedly had sold to death.  
 He sold his Master, but the *Bargain* on  
 Himself recoiled, and he dy'd alone.

## 70.

He look'd the next Step on his woful Head  
 With equal Pressure surely fix'd should be ;  
 His Head, which next to crushed *Satan's* did  
 Deserve preeminence in Misery.  
 But *Jesus* turn'd, and would not melt him by  
 The burning glass of His indignant Eye.

71.

Him He reserved to his *other Day*  
Of *Triumph*, when both *Caiaphas*, and he,  
And all that cruel *Rout*, which made their Prey  
Of *patient innocent Humility*,  
Shall look on Him whom they have pierc'd, with *Thorns*  
And *Whips*, and *Spears*, and *Blasphemies*, and *Scorns*.

72.

Yet He an universal Prospect took  
With princely *Awfulness* about the *Gulf*;  
The radiant *Dint* of which majestick *Look*  
Scorch'd every peeping *Fire* and sneaking *Elf*  
With hotter torment then when He at first  
Their brazen Gates at His arrival burst.

73.

What glimpse of Hopes can cheer the *Whelps* when they  
Have seen the *Father Lyon* trampled down?  
Alas the *head of every Devil* lay  
Bruised in *Satan's*; and they count their own  
No longer so, since he could not maintain  
With all his *strength* and *cunning* his own *Brain*.

74.

O how they wish with helpless desperation  
That Hell were darker, or that *Jesus's Eye*  
Less bright and piercing! Any new Damnation  
Though further stretch'd than one Eternity,  
They would embrace, so they release might gain  
From *this Hour's* more than everlasting Pain.

75.

But whilst themselves they with this *Horror* slew;  
*Jesus another Fo* remembering, hither  
March'd back again in equal state, a new  
Laurel of Conquest in His Tomb to gather;  
Where shivering and couching close lay *Death*  
Astonish'd at the dismal *Noise beneath*.

76.

She heard the *Ruin* of the *brazen Door*;  
She heard the *yelling* of each frighted *Feind*;  
She heard oppressed *Satan's* sovereign *Roar*;  
And felt a sudden fatal *Terror* rend  
Her late triumphant heart, now tortur'd by  
Its sympathy with Hell's Calamity.

77.

Arrived here, this *Tyrant* He descry'd  
With more than *deadly Paleness* in her face,  
Striving her guilty Head in vain to hide  
From that dread *Brightness* which surpriz'd the place:  
None of her wonted and beloved *Shade*  
To muffle up her gastly self she had.

78.

Such floods of *living Light* from *Jesus's eyes*  
Broke forth, as with more splendor stuff'd the Grave

Than swells fair *Phebus's* globe: *Death* scalded flit  
About, and hunts through all the dazell'd Cave  
To scape, if possible, that Lustre's ire  
Whose bus'ness seem'd to light her *funeral fire*.

79.

When lo thy *Spouse* His foot already red  
With *Hell's best blood*, upon her bosom set,  
And cry'd, foul *Monster*, whom I never did  
Create, but stubborn *Insolence* beget.  
As *I*, and *Mine* have felt thy fury, so  
'Tis time that now thou feel My Power too.

80.

*Due Vengeance* hath thy cursed *Mother Sin*  
Drunk from this *righteous Hand*; and thou her *Bi*  
And rightful *Heir*, in vain dost nestle in  
This gloomy Rock to scape thy Beldame's fate.  
The whole World's *Graves* which by thy *Tyrann*  
Alone are fill'd, proclaim *one due to thee*.

81.

Ev'n from thy birth *Destruction* was thy Trade,  
And long thou traffick'dst the Earth about;  
Upon all *Generations* didst thou feed,  
And yet thy Stomach still new booties sought.  
Hell, which I plum'd but now, less bottomless  
Than that strange Gulf of thy *lank belly* is.

82.

The noblest *Kings* no favour found with thee,  
But at thy stinking feet thou mad'st them bow;  
Thy shameless *Worms* thou gav'st authority  
On *Princes'* royal breasts to crawl and gnaw;  
Saucy *Corruption* thou command'st to tread  
And trample upon every *laureat Head*.

83.

My dearest *Saints* thou mingledst with thy *Prey*,  
And stamp'dst them down into th' unworthy Dust.  
Whether the Lives were vile or precious, they  
Were equally devoured by thy Lust.  
Thou mockedst *Youth* and *Strength*; both *Physic*  
*Physitian* stoop'd to thy destroying hand.

84.

By this thine uncontrolled Cruelty  
To *Insolence's* top thy Boldness rise,  
And ventured to throw thy *Dart at Me*,  
That *Dart* which in My slaughter'd Body lies.  
And if I die, shalt thou exempted be!  
*Forbid it all My Might and Majesty*.

85.

At that stern Word, the *Monster* fetch'd a *Groan*  
So great, that all the *dying Cries* which she  
Throughout the World had scrued forth in one  
Huge *Ejulation* crowded seem'd to be;  
All *deadly Agonies* that ever were,  
With just requital bounding now on her.

86.

Straight *Jesus* tore in sunder every *Chain*  
 In which she us'd her conquer'd *Preys* to try ;  
 When lo, the *fates* were venturing to complain  
 That their *grand Law* groan'd under injury ;  
 That *Law* which *Heav'n* it self enacted, and  
 Bid it in *Paradise's* Records stand.

87.

Their breeding murmur quickly reach'd *His ear*,  
 Whom nothing escap'd which He pleas'd to know :  
 Up look'd *He*, and flash'd such potent *fear*  
 Upon their souls, as bow'd their heads as low  
 As loyal *Meekness* : in *His Looks* they saw  
 His *royal Will*, and knew their *greater Law*.

88.

For what's most massy strong substantial *fate*  
 More than the shadow of *His mighty Pleasure* ?  
 Vastest *Impossibility* do's at  
 His *Back* melt into *Easiness* : no *Measure*  
 But *His own Mind* can of *His Power* be found ;  
*Infinitude Infinitude* must bound.

89.

*He* then, as *Death* lay groaning, pluck'd the *Dart*  
 Out from *His Body's* side, and to the head  
 With potent vengeance plung'd it in her heart :  
 Whose *Wound*, though deep, made not the *Weapon* red,  
 For all the gore that at its mouth it spew'd  
 As black as *Styx* his inky puddle shew'd.

90.

Thrice did the *Monster* gasp ; and then belch'd forth  
 Her damned *Ghost*, which stole its way to hell.  
 Her *Carcase* stretch'd at length lay on the earth,  
 Her *Chap* fell down, her *Teeth* all star'd, her fell  
 And pois'nous *Tongue* hung dangling out : Thus *She*  
 Who reign'd o'r *mortal's* felt *mortality*.

91.

But this *almighty Victor* having slain  
 Her once by *killing her*, resolv'd now  
 To slay her by *Restoring her* again  
 To her accurs'd *life* ; for from below  
 He beckn'd her pale *Ghost*, and bid it dwell  
 At home again, as in a fouler *Hell*.

92.

Since I have taught thee now, said *He*, *My Might*,  
 Remember *My Command*, and *live again* ;  
 Henceforth thou with thy *Sting* no more shalt fight,  
 Nor on thy *Pris'ners* clap a *slavish chain* :  
 Yet use thy *Dart* ; for 'tis *My royal Will*  
 Though I forbid thy rage, to let thee *Kill*.

93.

You who were their imperious *Tyrant*, now  
 Shall *Servant* to my mortal *Brethren* be,

And ope the *Gate* by which from *life* below  
 Their *Souls* shall fly to live and reign with *Me* ;  
 But, till I them require, be sure you keep  
 Their *Bodies* safe in undisturbed sleep.

94.

This double *Conquest* gain'd : *He* look'd aside  
 And sneaking in a corner of the *Tomb*,  
*Corruption* with her *Worms* about her spy'd ;  
 Who long had crawl'd and sprawl'd and scrambled some  
 Approach unto the *sacred Corps* to find,  
 And wonder'd what their wonted power did bind.

95.

*He* spy'd them there, and charg'd them to be gone :  
 At which *great Word*, they into *Nothing* fled.  
 Forthwith *He* slipp'd *His ready Body* on  
 As easily as *He* some cloke had spread  
 Upon *His shoulders*, or into a fit  
 And graceful *Ring* *His nimble finger* put.

96.

(Thus when an old and try'd *fencer* from  
 His bloody *Scene* of *Prowess*, with the *Prize*  
 His *Virtue* purchased, returneth home,  
 There to enjoy his glorious *Victories* ;  
 He first revests his arms and breast, which by  
 Their *naked valour* did his foes defy.)

97.

*His Heart* with *Life* and *Joy* strait 'gan to leap,  
 His *Veins* with new recover'd *Heat* grew hot,  
 His blessed *Eyes* threw off their *triduan Sleep*,  
 His thaw'd *Joints* their tedious frost forgot,  
 Afresh the *Roses* budded in *His lip*,  
 New *smiles* and *Graces* in *His Cheeks* did trip.

98.

Off fell the *Napkin* and the *Winding Sheet*,  
 Not daring to conceal the *Beauties* which  
 Here in a confluence of *Glory* met  
 All *Parts* of *His pure Body* to enrich ;  
 Which now no less it self outshined then  
 It had before the *fairest Sons* of *Men*.

99.

For passing through the *Seirce of Death*, it there  
 Lost all the *grossness* of *Mortality*,  
 Becoming more illustrious and clear  
 Than silver *Venus* in the evening *Sky* :  
 What was but *course* and *animal* till now,  
 Purely *refined* and *spiritual* grew.

100.

Nor must it longer like a *Prison* sit  
 Obscure and lumpish on the *Soul*, but *light*,  
 And quick and plyant and completely fit  
 For all her *nimblest Bus'ness* : as our bright  
 And ready *Wings* move with our *Wills*, so she  
 Finds that comply with her *Activity*.

## 101.

For *He* who our brave *sprightfulness* could make  
Of dull and sleepy *nothing*; easily may  
Teach heavy *flesh* and *Blood* how to awake  
Into *Angelick Purenness*, and array  
It round with *Splendors* full as gorgeous as  
Those which the *Cherubs* or the *Seraphs* grace.

## 102.

But *Jesus*, now the *promis'd Time* was come  
As early as the *third Day* meant to *Rise* :  
For to His *flesh* remarry'd, from His Tomb  
He leaps; not in the *boistrous Lightning's* guise,  
Which tears the Clouds, but like that *milder flash*  
We see quite through *unbroken bodies* rush.

## 103.

Hast thou not mark'd the *sprightful Image* fly  
Completely through a *crystall Wall*, which yet  
Uncrack'd it leaves! So through that *Marble* thy  
*Much purer Lord* Himself suddenly shot :  
For still it kept the *Tomb's mouth* close, and still  
Was trusty to the *Priests'* unmoved *Seal*.

## 104.

Indeed the Mountains and the Rocks He rent  
When out He blew His final Gasp; to show  
That with His Blood His Power was not spent,  
But flourish'd ev'n in 's dying Hand: but now  
His gallant *Rising* breaks no *Stones* but those  
Whose stubborn mine in *Human bosoms* grows.

## 105.

And what more fair Decorum, than that He  
Who when at first into this World He came  
Unbroken left the pure Virginity  
Of His dear *Mother*; should renew the same  
Illustrious Wonder now, and issue from  
The untorn bowels of His *virgin Tomb*?

## 106.

Thus *Psyche*, e'r the dull World was awake  
*Life* rose for it, and *Death's* strong gates set ope;  
The Passage clear aforehand so to make  
For all His *Brethren's Ashes* to get up.  
His *Members* risen are in *Him* their Head  
Though yet in *Death* they never went to *bed*.

## 107.

His *Resurrection* the *Earnest* is  
Of theirs who ever dyed, or can die:  
He only buried was the Grave to dress,  
To purge, to sweeten, and to sanctify:  
That in that safe retiring Room His *friends*  
May take their *Rest*, till back for them He sends.

## 108.

Indeed all *Jays* seem'd slaughtered when *He*  
Wrung out the dregs of deepest Bitterness,

And drunk His Death upon the *fatal Tree*:  
But this dear Morning they reviv'd, like His  
*Arising Body* grown *spiritual*, and  
Subject no more to cruel *Death's* command.

## 109.

No wonder this *sweet Day's* entron'd so high  
In *pious Souls'* esteem, and bears away  
The reverend Glory and solemnity  
Of old entailed on the *Sabbath Day*:  
No wonder that upon this *first Day's* head  
The *Sev'nth's* fair Diadem 's established.

## 110.

'Tis true; on *that*, *God* did His hand withdraw,  
Which He through *Six Days'* Work had reached; and  
To *Jacob's seed* at length into a *Law*  
His own *Example* turn'd; that They might stand  
*Bound* unto *freedom's Feast*, and since no way  
They had His *Work* to copy, act His *Play*.

## 111.

But greater *Rest* on this *Day's* shore He met:  
For all His Life full hard He labour'd had;  
He *wept*, He *strugled*, and His *blood* He *sweat*,  
His *strength*, His *life* He spent; on *Death* He trode,  
And trampled *Hell*; and now *rose up again*  
In matchless triumph *evermore* to reign.

## 112.

O nobler *Sabbath*! may all Glories swell  
Each hour and minute of thy *sacred light*:  
May *Piety's* best Exultations dwell  
In thee alone: and cursed be the spight  
Of any *Heresy* which e'r shall thy  
Most hallowed Prerogative defy.

## 113.

The other *Sabbath* was a shade of Thee;  
And Thou the Copy art of that which shall  
Amidst the triumphs of Immensity  
Be all *Heav'n's* everlasting festival;  
That *Sabbath* which no higher Name shall know  
Than this, the *Lord's Day*; and *that Day* art Thou.

## 114.

But is this mighty *Savior* quite forgot  
By all His followers? will faithful *Zeal*  
Endure to be *interr'd with Him*, and shut  
Up in Oblivion? shall *Death* and *Hell*  
Be roused thus, and *Earth* her dulness steep  
In most ungrateful unregarding Sleep?

## 115.

No: fervid *Magd'lene* could not rest in bed,  
Because her *Soul* was sealed in the Tomb.  
And though the *Sabbath's* statutes her forbad  
Until it self expired were, to come  
And seek it here; yet now she cannot stay  
To be conducted by the Morning Ray.



116.

She, and another love-inflamed *friend*,  
On *Speed's* wings mounted, having purchas'd store  
Of precious Ointment and of Spice, to spend  
Upon the *sacred Corps*, set forth before  
The *Sun* had op'd his east : yet as they came  
Near to the *Grave*, he peeped forth on them.

117.

He peeped forth ; and little thought that *Day*  
Was up before, and had prevented Him :  
'Twas *Jesus's Day* ; and well might scorn to stay  
And be beholden to the *tardy beam*  
Of glaring *Phœbus*, having, of her own,  
Glories enough to furnish out her crown.

118.

So had the *Corps* of *Sweets*, if here it still  
Had slept : but *Risen* 'twas : yet pious *They*  
Find what was sent ingenuous faith to swell  
With satisfaction, and in full repay  
Their *Odour's Price* ; for in the *Tomb* they see  
An *Angel* cloth'd in glittering Majesty.

119.

This was that noble *Spirit* who in haste  
Flew down from Heav'n, just as thy *Lord* gat up ;  
And on no errand but away to cast  
That *Stone* which did the *Grave's* confession stop ;  
That these religious *Visitants* might read  
Their *Lord's* unfailing *Word* turn'd into *Deed*.

120.

And gallantly his blessed work he did :  
For at his Coming's dint the *Earth* did quake ;  
The *Seal* was startled and in pieces fled ;  
The trembling *Stone* was ready too to break ;  
But courteous he vouchsaf'd to roll it by  
And bid it for his service quietly.

121.

When lo the *Watch* which at the *Sepulchre*  
Guarded with swords and spears the *High-priest's Sin* ;  
Saw that they past *their own protection* were,  
Being arrested by a *Power divine* :  
The *Hills' Commotion* reached all their hearts,  
Which, with the *Seal*, split in a thousand parts.

122.

But chiefly at the *Angel's Presence* they  
Were overwhelmed in a flood of fright :  
His Robes were glorious as the morning's Ray,  
And partners with the driven Snow in White ;  
For 'twas his *Easter Suit*, the Suit he had  
To honour this *bright feast* on purpose made.

123.

And yet the *Lustre* which kept Holyday  
In his so pure so delicate Attire,

Could not such wealthy *Seas of Light* display  
As streamed from his *Aspect's* mightier fire ;  
For in his dreadfully majestic face  
A *Spring of living Lightning* bubbling was.

124.

In this celestial bravery his throne  
Taking upon the *Stone* he rolled thence,  
He his illustrious *Terror* darted on  
Those *Sons of Mars* ; which they too weak to fence,  
Let fall their useless lamentable *Steel*,  
And after it *Themselves* confounded fell.

125.

All flat and tame upon the ground they lay :  
For though they gladly would from thence have fled,  
Alas no *Power* they had to run away,  
*Amazement* having nail'd them there for dead.  
Thus they who stood to keep *Life's Master* down  
Sure in *His Grave*, were fitted for *their own*.

126.

The *Pair of Maries*, when this *Stranger* there  
They spy'd, and all the *Soldiers* slain with *Dread* ;  
In their sad *Passion* they began to share :  
And had not *Innocence* its shelter spread  
Over their hearts, this *Apparition* had  
An equal *Conquest* on their *Spirits* made.

127.

But when the *Angel* mark'd their agony,  
He sweetly intercepted further fears :  
The fright concerns not *honest you*, said he,  
Which on those *impious Watchmen* domineers.  
I know your *Errand* well, (and here he smil'd,  
And all his face with *gentler Lustre* fill'd.)

128.

You likewise come to *Watch the Corps* ; but yet  
To *Pray* withal : You *Jesus* come to *Oint*,  
Although His *Cross* and *Shame* themselves have set  
Full in your way your loyal *Mind* to daunt.  
You bravely come, nor could the ruffian *Guard*  
You knew was ranged there, your haste retard.

129.

You come to make your pious *Day* arise  
Here in this *West* in which your *Titan* set ;  
You come to poure your *Souls* out at your eyes,  
And in *Love's* meekly-bold *Profuseness* wet  
The dry bed of your new-sown *Master*, who  
Charg'd all your *Tears* to wait on your own *Wo*.

130.

Thus in courageous forgetfulness  
Of your *faint Sex*, you venter to attend  
Upon *His body* who forsaken is  
By all His *masculine Scholars*. I commend  
Your *early valiant Zeal* ; although it be  
Arrived here too late your *Hopes* to see.

## 131.

For *Jesus* earlier was up than you,  
 And unto slaughter'd *Death* bequeath'd His *Tomb*.  
 His *royal Word* you know He pass'd ; and now  
 This *Third prefixed Morning* being come,  
 Impossible it was that longer He  
 In *Death's cold region* should frozen be.

## 132.

If Doubts assault your faith, come in, and let  
 Your eyes convince your hearts : His empty Bed  
 You see, with all the Clothes and Sheets of it :  
 A *cold dead Bed* ; yet hence He flourished  
 Into a sprightly Life, as noble He  
 Sprung at the first from dry Virginity.

## 133.

The *Angel's* words the holy *Women* read  
 Plain in the *Grave* and in the *Graveclothes* ; yet  
 So deeply were their Souls astonished  
 By these thick *Wonders' Conflux*, which beset  
 Their *unprovided Thoughts*, that they surmise  
 Some pleasing *Error* flattered their eyes.

## 134.

So when old *Jacob's* unexpected Ear  
 The happy *News* did suddenly receive ;  
 What most would gratify his Wish to hear,  
 He durst not when he heard it first, believe.  
 In vain against the Tyding's stream he strives :  
 His Spirits die to hear his *Joseph* lives.

## 135.

At this the *Angel* sweetly chode their *Doubt*,  
 Their *jealous faintness*, and *dejected look* ;  
 Demanding why they in *Death's Closet* sought  
 Him who from thence to *open Life* was broke !  
 Yet cheer'd them strait, and told them They should be  
 The *Angels* of this *News*, as well as He.

## 136.

Make haste to His *Disciples*, who, said He,  
 As anxious of this bus'ness are as *You* ;  
 Bid them in pre-appointed *Galilee*  
 Meet Him who promis'd there the Interview :  
 And tell them, to anticipate their *Doubt*,  
 That you from *Me* this cheerly Message brought.

## 137.

Out went the pious *Women* in a sweet  
 Distraction of loving *fear* and *joy* ;  
 The glorious *Miracle* did *fear* beget,  
 The blessed *News* new *Comfort* did display :  
 With *doubtful Certainty* they trembling ran,  
 And made this sutable Relation :

## 138.

Dear *Sirs*, O what, alas what shall we do !  
 The only *Relict* of our *Hopes* is gone ;

But where our *Lord's* sweet *Body* is, or who  
 Hath born it from the *Tomb*, God knows alone.  
 We with these eyes the *empty Grave* beheld ;  
 Which us with terrible *Amazement* fill'd.

## 139.

Indeed an *Angel*, if our *Fancy* did  
 Not cheat our ears, pour'd *Comfort* on our *Grief* :  
 He told us that our *Savior* from His *Bed*  
 Of death was *Risen* ; and to win belief,  
 Quoted His own Prediction : but whate'r  
 The matter is, our *Hearts* still beat with *fear*.

## 140.

Us He commissioned to warn you All  
 To *Galilee* ; the Place in which, He saith,  
 Your *Risen Master's Apparition* shall  
 Requite th' Attendance of your pious faith.  
 O that it might be so ! though He had set  
 Earth's furthest End for us that *Joy* to meet.

## 141.

So spake the *Women* : but the standers by,  
 Shak'd their wise heads at such *unlikely News* ;  
 And see, said they, the wild *Credulity*  
 Of female *Hearts*, when fancies them abuse !  
 How fine a story they can forge and fashion  
 Of no *Materials* but *Imagination* !

## 142.

Yet malgre this grim *Censure* ; wiser *John*  
 Fir'd at the *News*, thought not of *Galilee*,  
 But in *Love's* loyal disobedience ran  
 Hither, the present *Miracle* to see :  
 The same spur prick'd on *Peter's* fervency,  
 Who though he *Doubted*, would no more *Deny*.

## 143.

Unto their Prey no *Eagles* e'r could post  
 With speed more hearty ; no *Ambition* make  
 To Crowns and Scepters more impatient haste ;  
 No *Spark* to heav'n its venturous voyage take  
 With braver zeal ; than this religious *Pair*  
 Flew to observe the *empty Sepulchre*.

## 144.

But vivid *John*, in whose soft bosom reign'd  
 More flames of youth and more of gallant *Love*,  
 Quickly his Fellow-traveller outstrein'd  
 In *Ardor's* race : in vain old *Peter* strove ;  
 For though his *Tongue* were always forward, yet  
*John* had the nimbler *Heart* and fleetier feet.

## 145.

*John* first arrives : but strait arrested here  
 With awful *Reverence*, only sends his eyes  
 Into the bottom of the *Cavern*, where  
 The *Resurrection's Relicts* he espies ;  
 The *Linen Clothes*, which had the grace to kiss  
 The softer purer *Skin* of *Daintiness*.

## 146.

But then his greedy panting follower, in  
The wonted Boldness of his hasty Zeal,  
Entered the Tomb, and made *John's* meekness win  
Such courage that to this dear Spectacle  
He ventur'd in, and with joint Wonder there  
Gas'd and examined the *Sepulchre*.

## 147.

They gas'd and found the *Grave* that News attest  
Which *Mary* sighed had; their *Lord* was gone:  
But all His *Linen furniture* confest  
The business was in solemn order done;  
For they observed all the pieces lie  
Fairly disposed, and not tumbled by.

## 148.

If Fraud or Rapin thence convey'd him, why  
Prey'd they not on the precious *Linen* too?  
Why lingred they to leave it orderly  
Wrap'd up and plac'd? About this Riddle so  
Demurr'd these puzzel'd Souls, forgetting that  
Not Wit, but Faith ought to untie the Knot.

## 149.

At length with blind and anxious tears dismay'd  
They sigh'd, and scratch'd their heads, and home  
return'd.  
But *Magd'lene* who had thither follow'd, stay'd  
Still by the *Tomb*, to quench her heart which burn'd  
In Love's vast furnace: all the Springs which slept  
In both her Eyes, she bravely wak'd and wept.

## 150.

She wept and pity'd her prevented Spice,  
Which now breath'd short, and panting lay to see  
It came too late to be a Sacrifice  
To *Odour's* sweeter *Lord*: She wept that she,  
Her *Tears' Drink-offring* could present no more  
Upon His *Feet's* dear *Altar* as before.

## 151.

She wept, to think she could no longer thence  
Sip Happiness by her adoring Kisses;  
Nor tender to her most indeared *Prince*  
The homage of her consecrated Tresses:  
Her Lips, and Locks, and Self, no longer seem  
Her own, because she cannot give them *Him*.

## 152.

Had she the plenitude of whatsoe'er  
Th' idolatrous World adores, she still would be  
Poorer than naked *Poverty*, whilst here  
She nothing findeth but *Vacuity*;  
The *Gem and Soul of her Content*, which lay  
Treasur'd up here, alas was born away,

## 153.

For ever born away, for ought she knew:  
And how can *Mary* live without her *Life*!

No Mourning e'r so lamentably slew  
The *Turtle's Joys* in her disconsolate strife  
Of Love and Grief, when she her *Mate* had lost,  
As *Mary's* now a briney Tempest tost.

## 154.

Yet having prefac'd by this flood; again  
She look'd to read fresh cause of further Tears:  
But in the Tomb she spy'd new Splendor reign.  
*Two Angels* ready to outshine her Fears,  
And dry her cheeks, had taken there their seat,  
One at the Monument's head, one at the feet.

## 155.

They gorgeous were in festival array  
Round clothed in *Joy's colour, milky White*:  
*Woman*, what groundless ground makes you, said they,  
Becloud your brows in this fair scene of *Light*?  
Alas, cry'd she, what *Light* can ever cheer  
These eyes, whose *Lord* is laid I know not where!

## 156.

Her Springs here gush'd a fresh, and back she turn'd  
To give their crouding streams full liberty:  
But *Jesus's* heart, which melted, as she mourn'd,  
And answered every Tear by sympathy;  
Could let her gentle *Soul* suspended be  
No longer in this anxious Agony.

## 157.

For hither He in nimble goodness stept,  
That his dear *Weeper's* loyal eyes might see  
Their earned Spectacle: and, why she wept  
Was His soft Question, but blubber'd she,  
Blinded wth grief, could not discover who  
So courteously examined her *Wo*.

## 158.

Thus *Peter*, when he was discharged by  
His guardian *Angel* from the gloomy Jail;  
Could neither apprehend the Courtesy,  
Nor who vouchsaf'd to be his wondrous Bail;  
But though himself his freedom did enjoy,  
His Soul's and Body's eyes close *Pris'ners* lay.

## 159.

She took Him for the *Gardner* of the Place,  
And thus she sigh'd out her petition: Sir,  
If you have hence remov'd the *Corps* which was  
Interred here, O deign to tell me where  
Your haste has thrown 't aside; and I will strait  
For I at leisure am, upon it wait.

## 160.

Mine, mine shall be the care and cost to lay  
That *Jewel* in some comely cabinet.  
Thus pleaded She: nor did her Error stray  
Quite from the truth; though 'twere her *Master*, yet  
It was that *Gardner* too, who planted all  
That grows about this universal Ball.

## 161.

*That Gardner*, who betimes a-*weeding* fell,  
 Ev'n in the virgin spring of His Creation :  
 Th' encroaching *Weeds*, which on the *heav'nly Hill*  
 Aspir'd to overgrow the *new Plantation*,  
 Up by the roots He pluck'd in righteous ire,  
 And threw them thence into *eternal Fire*.

## 162.

*That Gardner*, who His lower Nursery,  
 Planted on earth, vouchsaf'd to visit ; where  
 The pois'nous Sprouts of rank Impiety  
 He tore away ; and, with most matchless care,  
 To make the Soil prove Fertile, every Bed  
 Both with His *Sweat* and *Blood* He watered.

## 163.

*That Gardner*, who contented was to let  
 The *Thorns* upon His temples rather grow,  
 Than they should vex the *Grafts* which He had set  
 In His own *bodie's Stock* ; *that Gardner* who  
 Indeed had taken up, and born away  
 What in the *Tomb* until this morning lay.

## 164.

But pitying *Magd'len's* honest Sorrow, He  
 Whose single potent *Word* all Clouds can clear,  
 In *Love's mild Tone*,—the only *Musick* she  
 Could cordially relish,—treats her ear :  
 Yet His *Salute* was near as *short* as *sweet*,  
 For only by her *Name* He her did greet.

## 165.

*Mary* in *Mary's* ear no sooner sounded  
 From *Jesus's* Lips, but to her breast it flew,  
 And with incomparable joy rebounded  
 Upon her wakened heart : She straitway knew  
 The blessed *Voice*, and clearer by her ear  
 Than by her eye she saw her *Lord* was there.

## 166.

And sure her tender-temper'd Soul must now  
 Have split with swelling triumph, had not she  
 Unlockt it strait, and let it freely flow  
 In torrents of exultant Piety :  
 Her *Love*, her *Life*, her *Heav'n*, when least she  
 thought,  
 Were all at *once* to her fruition brought.

## 167.

Which sudden Onset of complete Delight  
 Most cruelly-delicious prov'd ; for She  
 Gaped and panted, and in joyous fright  
 Staring upon her strange felicity,  
 Cry'd *Master* : but no more ; *ecstatick Passion*  
 Quite stifled all her following Oration.

## 168.

Resolved therefore that her lips should now  
 Speak for her *Tongue's* *Aposiopesis*, she

Her self ambitiously prostrate threw  
 And aim'd her Kisses at His Feet : but He  
 Smiling reply'd, forbear to touch Me ; I  
 Have other bus'ness for thy Piety.

## 169.

No haste, sweet *Mary* ; my Ascension is  
 At ample distance yet ; and loving Thou  
 Hereafter may'st present thy zealous Kiss :  
 Go rather to My pensive *Brethren* now,  
 And let their Sorrow know that I intend  
 Up to our *common Father* to Ascend.

## 170.

At this Injunction *Mary* needs must go,  
 Who on the *Angel's* errand went before ;  
 And yet her loyal Heart could not do so,  
 But still behind would linger, to adore  
 Her *lost-found Lord* : whom that she ne'er again  
 Might loose, her *Soul* she to His *Feet* did chain.

## 171.

Thus with the *News* she went, which ravish'd she  
 A thousand times repeated by the way ;  
 And looked back as oft the place to see  
 Where, when she left it, still she made her stay.  
 So Bargemen struggle with the Tide, and though  
 They one way look, yet they another row.

## 172.

This *Message* startled His *Disciples* ; but  
 The *Hubbub* of the City mov'd them more :  
 For by the *Watchmen* now the *News* had got  
 Into the Town, and knock'd at every door :  
 The *Highpriests* roused at the summons, call  
 A *common Council* and to plotting fall.

## 173.

Their heads they beat, and bolted every way  
 How they their now endanger'd fame might save ;  
 What Mist might damp the *Resurrection's* day,  
 And stop the open mouth of *Jesus's* Grave :  
 They mused long, but could no trick contrive  
 How He who lived might not *seem to live*.

## 174.

For *Belzebub*, who us'd to have his Place  
 In all their Councils, tardy came that day ;  
 His new-received *Wound*, and deep *Disgrace*  
 Upon his vanquish'd heart with terror lay ;  
 Yet loth he was the *Highpriests'* Malice in  
 His own dear Trade of Spight should him outrun.

## 175.

He rais'd his head, and wiped off the gore :  
 Three times he sighed, and three times he shook  
 His broken head and horns ; and then he swore  
 By his own *Might and Realm*, that though the stroke  
 Took him at unawares, yet *Jesus* had  
 Howe'r He *brav'd it out*, no *Conquest* made.

## 176.

And, had He been, said he, a *generous fo*,  
He would have *pitch'd the day*, and *pitch'd the field* ;  
With *trumpets' sound* He would have marched to  
The fight, and not His sly Design *conceal'd* :  
He would have challeng'd Heav'n and Earth to be  
Spectators of His noble chevalry.

## 177.

But lying to His *fellow-thief*, that He  
Would meet him strait in Paradise ; by night  
He hither stole, and by base *burglary*  
Broke ope my doors : though We with open Might  
In our *brave battle* gave Him *fairer play*,  
Advancing in the face of *Heav'n and Day*.

## 178.

'Twas at the best but a *Surprise*, and He  
Can only brag He found me *too secure*.  
A fault, I grant ; but such a fault, as ye  
Can spy in none but those whose hearts assure  
Them that their Strength transcends the orb of fears.  
Let me but know 't, and come He when He dares.

## 179.

Here finding he could stretch his Tether to  
*Jerusalem* ; lo all my *fiends*, he cry'd,  
You by this token instantly shall know  
How vain 's that *thievish Galilean's Pride*.  
The foolish *Carpenter* forgot His trade  
When He this *Chain* to bind great *Satan* made.

## 180.

This *wretched Chain* : which it shall serve to be  
The Tool of my Revenge ; for back will I  
To *Salem*, where my ripened Victory  
Attends my Coming ; never credit my  
Cunning or Power, if I these fetters lay  
Not on *His Subjects*, and hale home my Prey.

## 181.

His *goodly Doctrine* 'tis, that they must take  
His *yoke* upon their necks ; and for this once  
I care not if I patience have to make  
Them learn their *Lesson* ; that the fools from hence  
May be assured whether *I*, or *He*  
Who said *His yoke was light*, most *Liar be*.

## 182.

*Hell* cheer'd by *Belzebub's* fresh courage, peep'd  
Forth from its timorous holes : when lo, its *King*  
To justify his lusty boasting, leap'd  
Up from his Den, and through Earth's bowels flung :  
But at his heels, besides his *Tail's* long train,  
He drew the longer volumes of his *Chain*.

## 183.

Then cloth'd in unsuspecting Air, into  
The *Sanhedrim* he slips, and takes his seat

Next to the plotting *Highpriest's* elbow : who  
Strait felt his brains with politick counsel beat.  
He little knew his *Prompter* was so near,  
Nor heard him when he whisper'd in his ear.

## 184.

So well he lik'd the *Plot* he had conceiv'd,  
That confidently smiling, *Sirs*, said he,  
Think not this Cheater's Art has Us bereav'd  
Of Council's safe Reserve : it must not be,  
Whilst in this Consistory you assist,  
Whilst *God is God*, and *Caiaphas is Priest*.

## 185.

Are We the *Men*, and these our *Brains*, which have  
So toss'd Him up and down ; first to *His Cross*,  
Then *out of Life*, and then *into His Grave* ?  
And should our wisdom now be at a loss !  
Or shall ignoble *Nazareth* outvy  
Our learned *Salem's* known Sagacity !

## 186.

Full strange I grant the *Soldiers' Story* is,  
As in their staring eyes and startled hair  
Our selves too evidently read : but this  
Doth only for our *Policy* prepare  
*More worthy matter*, such as may befit  
The reverend *Sanhedrim's* profoundest Wit.

## 187.

To us this noble Task belongs : for why  
Should We whose sacred honor 'tis to sit  
In mighty *Moses's Chair*, not verify  
Our Title to our Power, by proving it  
On *Jannes's* and on *Jambres's Heir*, who thus  
Affronteth *Truth* and *Heav'n's*, in daring *Us* ?

## 188.

Indeed I hetherto believed that  
*Magicians' Power* with themselves had dy'd ;  
But since this one Example tells me what  
I ne'r could learn from all the World beside ;  
We must resolve, e'r it too rank be grown,  
This *Conjuration* to conjure down.

## 189.

If We to save our Credit's Soar should find  
No Cunning's Balme, the *Romans* would deride  
That violent Zeal in which we all combin'd  
To get this *Galilean* crucify'd ;  
And *Pilate* o'r our Guilt would triumph that  
His *hands* he washed from this *bloody Blot*.

## 190.

Nay our own *Bandogs* too, the *wide-mouth'd Crew*,  
Whose shameless *Bawling* brought about our *Plot*,  
May turn their boistrous Throats at Us who blew  
Their Rage's coals : sure they will ne'r be got  
To serve us with a *Second Roar*, if in  
The *first* they learn that they have cheated been.

## 191.

My final Council therefore is, that We  
From our own Purses raise our last Recruit.  
Believe it, *Money's* of that Potency  
That Miracles themselves cannot confute.  
Sure you have not forgot how strange a feat  
Poor *thirty silver pieces* wrought of late.

## 192.

And if that *silly Sum* so strongly wun  
His own *Disciple's* heart ; compute what may  
By fair well-limbed and fat *Bribes* be done  
Upon this *mercenary Guard*, since they  
Have no Relation, nor no Reason why  
They should be tender to maintain a *Ly*.

## 193.

I say, a *Lye* : and if you scruple't, pray  
Remember 'tis the way in which we went  
When witness we suborn'd Him to destroy  
Whom *Truth* could not impeach : but our *Intent*  
You know, aim'd only to assert our *Law*,  
And therefore then 'twas good ; and may be now.

## 194.

To you I speak who in our *Sacred Writ*  
No Strangers are : you know what *Abraham* did,  
And *Jsaac* too, when Need exacted it  
In *Gerar's* Court ; what *David* when he fled  
To *Nob*, and *Gath* : and if the *Saints* may ly,  
Who dares that Privilege to Us deny ?

## 195.

Yet let me say 't, *Selfe's* not so dear to me  
That with the cost of one *Untruth* I'd buy  
My Life's reprieve : but now we clearly see  
Our whole *Religion* at the stake doth lie ;  
Why should we by unthrifty Thrift be drawn  
To loose *God's Truth*, that we may keep our own ?

## 196.

Fear not, sage *Brethren*, *God* Himself allows  
These *Dispensations* : for otherwise  
He in requital had not built an House  
To shelter th' old *Egyptian Midwives' Lyes*.  
Indeed to th' *People Truth* we preach ; for why,  
Dull Souls, they know not when 'tis fit to *Ly*.

## 197.

Since then the *Soldiers' Mouths* no less are ope  
Than *Jesus's Grave*, the surest course will be  
Them with the *thickest stiffest Clay* to stop ;  
This is the only Bung and Seal which we  
Can clap upon them : and you need not doubt  
That *Truth* will ever through this Dam burst out.

## 198.

We'l bid them say, and if need urge them, *swear*,  
That whilst their tedious Watching made them nod,

His *Scholars*, who in ready ambush were,  
Favour'd by silent Night, the boldness had  
To take their *Master's Corps* away by theft,  
Though they the shrowd in craft behind them left.

## 199.

To them our Promise too we'l pawn, that we  
Will blanch the bus'ness so with *Pilate*, as  
To shield them from his frown : plain Equity  
Indeed ingageth us to make their case  
Our own, and with some *forgery* defend  
Those who by *Lyes* our Laws and Us befriend.

## 200.

When thus their cheating *Oracle* had spoke ;  
His Council highly pleas'd, and every one  
Into Applause and Acclamation broke  
In glad presumption that the *Feat* was done.  
In were the *Soldiers* call'd again, and told  
What they must do ; and forthwith shew'd the *Gold*.

## 201.

As when their *Mirrors* cunning *Fowlers* set,  
Whose gaudy lustre plays about the air ;  
The silly *Birds* regardless of the Net,  
Are suddenly inamor'd of those fair  
But fatally-insidious Baits, and fly  
With chirping joy to their captivity :

## 202.

So by the *Gold's* enchanting splendor They  
Tickled and ravish'd, gladly undertake  
Their cursed Task ; and snatching up their Pay,  
Into the Streets with *full-mouth'd Lyes* they break,  
*Railing*, and *banning* His *Disciples* for  
Their *stealing Jesus* from His Sepulchre.

## 203.

'Twas not one quarter of an hour, that we  
Borrow'd to ease our heavy eyes ; and yet  
So dextrous were they in their *Thievery*,  
They catch'd that very cue to compass it.  
Let all, they cry'd, who long complete to be  
In *Pilfering*, go to School in *Galilee*.

## 204.

The *credulous Vulgar*, without more ado  
Imbrac'd the *News*, and spread it all abroad,  
And still that *Slander* has the luck to go  
Current among the *Jews* ; who though to *God*,  
The *God of Truth*, they will no Credit give,  
These *hired Lyars* readily believe.

## 205.

And time may come, when *Albion's* woful eye  
Shall see this *Madness* plainly copied out ;  
When *Lyes alone* shall be adored by  
The strange wild Faith of its *plebian Rout* ;  
Who sooner will believe what *Soldiers* preach,  
Than what ev'n *Angels* or *Apostles* teach.

206.

But as the timorous *Disciples* now  
In cautious *Privacy's* dark nest lay hid ;  
Their tender *Master* so contrived how  
To manifest His *Risen Self* : indeed  
In *Galilee* He promis'd to appear,  
But He cannot their Joy so long defer.

207.

He with His Company an *holy Pair*  
Had at *Emmans* entertain'd to day ;  
Where, as He brake the *sacred Bread*, He tare  
From their beclouded eyes the veil away :  
And with like favour now He hastes to cheer  
His sad and thoughtful *Friends* assembled here.

208.

Here, where the Doors all being made as fast  
As locks and bars and fear could charm them ; He  
Whose sprightly Body through His tomb had past,  
Entred the house with like facility.  
They *slander'd* were abroad for *stealing Him*,  
But now He *truly steals* at home on *Them*.

209.

Yet, as excessive unexpected Bliss  
Swallows up dazell'd Faith in Ravishment ;  
So His *Disciples* all amaz'd at this  
Strange *Apparition*, mutually bent  
Their frighted eyes, and held their hands on high,  
Confounded in a silent Ecstasy.

210.

But *Comfort's King* unlocking then His sweet  
And gracious Lips, *Peace be among you*, said ;  
My *Promise* I in love prevent ; O let  
Not *Love* by being *wing'd*, make you afraid :  
'*Tis I, 'tis I* ; observe you not these wide  
*Tokens* both in my *Hands* and *Feet* and *Side* ?

211.

Why fancy you, that you some *Spirit* see ?  
These *Mouths* proclaim as much as I profess :  
You know a *Spirit* cannot *wounded* be,  
Nor wear such Marks of *humane Passiveness*.  
Come handle Me, and be assured well  
If not of what you *see*, of what you *feel*.

212.

But this Probation shin'd so fully, that  
It struck their Apprehension blind : away  
The mighty Torrent snatch'd their thoughts, and shot  
Them all into the gulf of *trembling Joy*.  
Thus those who gaze on *Phebus*, cannot see  
Him for his *too much Visibility*.

213.

So strange a thing's faint *Hope*, if unawares  
It be surpris'd by full *Fruition*, that

In fond ambiguous Jealousy, it *barrs*  
Out what it do's *possess* ; and aiming at  
Some proofs of what is absolutely clear,  
Transfigureth it self from *Hope* to *Fear*.

214.

But *Jesus*, their amazement to allay,  
Grew more familiar, and call'd for *Meat* :  
And of a *Fish* and Honycomb, which they  
Present Him with, disdaineth not to eat.  
Though *Paradise* its Sweets for Him prepar'd,  
He this *plain Diet* with His *friends* prefer'd.

215.

('Tis not the costly Taste of far-fetch'd Fare,  
Nor all the Kitchen's aromattick Art,  
That can embrate the Rellish of the Cheer  
To entertain the Palate of the Heart.  
*Friends friends alone* make Feasts indeed ; whose  
meats  
Though coarse, their sauce flows with the soul of  
sweets.)

216.

Then kindly angry He to *Chiding* fell  
That all this while their *Doubt* would not repent,  
Though of His Resurrection's Miracle  
He by eye-witness frequent Proof had sent.  
He *Chode* ; but with such rare and dainty art,  
That every Wound He made, was with *Love's Dart*.

217.

This done ; His *Peace* to them again He gave ;  
That *Peace* He purchas'd when He trampled down  
*Hell into Hell*, and *Death into the Grave* :  
When He seren'd His *Father's* gloomy *Frown* ;  
When *Heav'n* and *Earth's* wide *Disagreement* He  
Clos'd up, and chang'd to blessed *Amity*.

218.

Then breathing on Them with that noble *Breath*  
Which kindled Life's first Spark in *Humane Heart* ;  
The dearest *Gift*, said He, which ever hath  
To Man been deign'd, I here to you impart :  
'Tis *Heav'n's all-holy Spirit*, which shall now  
With mighty fervor in your bosoms glow.

219.

Henceforth, whose *Sins* soever *You Remit*,  
By this *great Patent* I My self *Forgive* ;  
And whom you *Bind* to Death's infernal Pit,  
They from your *Doom* shall purchase no *Reprieve*.  
As *Me* My *Father* sent, so send I you  
To be My potent *Deputies* below.

220.

This said ; into *Invisibility*  
He shut His *Bodie's* looks, and so withdrew.  
Yet They on *Love's* wings Him persud'd, and by  
*Faith's* Perspective still kept their *Joy* in view ;  
Ten thousand blessings pouring on His *Name*  
Who drown'd their *Sorrow's* flood in *Comfort's* stream.

221.

But *Thomas*, who mean time was step'd aside,  
 Returning now ; they met him at the door  
 Shouting into his ears the News's tide ;  
 Their *Lord's* great *Promises* they o'r and o'r  
 With every Circumstance at large repeat,  
 And how He shew'd His *Wounds*, and how He *Eat*.

222.

*Thomas* amaz'd at their Relation, stood  
 Staring a while, and musing what to say  
 In opposition of that swelling flood  
 Of most *unanimous Confidence*, which they  
 Stream'd forth upon his *Incredulity* ;  
 At last he stamp'd, and cry'd, *It cannot be*.

223.

Indeed the foul-mouth'd *Souldiers* rave, and cry  
 That We have stoll'n our *Master* from His Grave ;  
 Perhaps, to shelter their own Theft, and by  
 Calumniating Us, Themselves to save.  
 But can bold *Death* repent, and free Him whom  
 She held close Pris'n'r in a rocky Tomb ?

224.

I grant your *Fancy* may do much, and you  
 Perchance imagin all is true you say ;  
 But Sirs, is't reason my *Belief* should bow  
 To your *Imaginations* ? you may  
 By Probabilities persuade me far ;  
 But I no glimpse of them discover here.

225.

I am not so much *wiser* now at *Night*  
 Than I was in the *Morn*, as to admit  
 What then to your own *Prudence* seem'd so slight  
 That you no less than I rejected it :  
 Why must it *real* prove in *you*, which all  
 Of Us in *Magdalen* judg'd *Fantastical* !

226.

When with *these Eyes* those *Wounds* I have descry'd,  
 And div'd my Finger where the *Nails* went through :  
 When I have thrust my Hand into His *Side*,  
 And felt that in it no Impostures grow ;  
 I of your mind may be : at present give  
 Me leave not at a venture to *Believe*.

227.

At least let 's sleep on 't first ; a good night's Rest  
 May wake and cheer up our Consideration :  
 We better may the Day, than Darkness trust  
 With so abstruse a *Mystery's* Probation.  
 Or if you be in haste, yet grant that They  
 Who would be sure, may soberly delay.

228.

(Thus *Heav'n* in Love and Wisdom thought it fit  
 To let thick Clouds of Doubt objected be

Before the *Resurrection's Truth*, that it  
 Might fairer break from that Obscurity ;  
 And pierce all *Hearts of cold and faithless Stone*  
 As it the *Marble of the Tomb* had done.)

229.

Eight days in this imprudent Prudence he  
 Lay petrify'd : when lo, again their *Lord*  
 Through all their lock'd and bolted Privacy  
 To them His Presence pleased to afford :  
 Whose sprightly Coming, though it made them start  
 Perplex'd not as at first their roused heart.

230.

But *Thomas*, unto whom the Sight was new,  
 Afflicted stood with *quaking Joy and Fear* :  
 His *Master's* matchless Looks he plainly knew,  
 And yet his fancies odd and anxious were :  
 He blush'd, and then grew pale, and blush'd again,  
 And gave *cross Passions* at once the rein.

231.

When *Jesus* saw him on this dainty rack  
 Tort'ring his shamed Soul ; *Draw near*, He said,  
 And thine own Satisfaction freely take ;  
 Lo here My *Wounds* before thine Eyes display :  
*Repierce* thou them ; 'twill not be so much grief,  
 As to be wounded by thy *Unbelief*.

232.

This Condescent so conquer'd *Thomas's* heart,  
 That full Assurance threw him on his knees,  
 And thus he cry'd : *My God and Lord Thou art* ;  
 Not only by those *wide-mouth'd Witnesses*  
 Thy Servant is convinc'd, but also by  
 The *Heav'nly Sweetness of Thy Lenity*.

233.

I find that Thou eight days ago wert here  
 When foolish I so faithlessly was wise ;  
 Thou heard'st my obstinate Distrust outdare  
 The pregnant Witness of my *fellows' eyes*.  
 Thou heard'st what bold *Conditions* I set  
 Before my faith their *Story* should admit.

234.

O I believe dear *Lord*, and ready am  
 Thy *Wounds* to answer, and the like to bear  
 In spreading forth the glories of Thy *Name*  
 About the furthest Worlds as well as here :  
 Pardon my *tardy faith* ; it doth suffice  
 That I have felt those *Tokens with mine eyes*.

235.

I see, I see, and my Beatitude  
 Doth in this noble Vision consist :  
 see *my God* ; and though my Thoughts were rude  
 Before, and stubborn ; melted now, their best  
 And humblest Adoration, *Jesus*, they  
 At Thy dear feet most penitently lay.



## 236.

His *Lord* reply'd : Thou build'st thy faith upon  
Thine *eyes* ; (and happy 'tis thou canst do so :)  
But in how full a Stream shall *Blessings* run  
Into their pliant docile Bosoms, who  
    *Ne'er* saw these deep-writ Characters, and yet  
Shall to the Credit of their Truth submit !

## 237.

This said, He stepp'd into His *Secrecy*,  
And vanish'd from their wondering sight ; but yet  
With frequent love returned to their eye  
As His divinely-wisest self thought fit :  
    Yet with most eminence on *Tabor's Hill*,  
A comely Scene for that high Spectacle.

## 238.

But not *transfigur'd*, as before ; for now  
His proper shape was radiant Majesty :  
From *dull* and *mortal Dross* refin'd, you know,  
Out of His *Tomb* He sprang ; nor needed He  
    That *Heav'n* should ope its mouth to trumpet forth  
A Testimony of His splendid Worth.

## 239.

This was that solemn *Apparition* He  
On *Easter Morn* by *Mary* promised,  
That this appointed Theatre might be  
With plenty of Spectators furnished :  
    And so it was ; for His Disciples thither  
    Five hundred trusty friends had brought together.

## 240.

When to their *Hopes* they met upon the Mount,  
And more, much more, than their *Ambition's* aim :  
For *Jesus* op'd His lips, and let the *fount*  
Of potent *Sweetness* liberally stream ;  
    Which in the chanel of these Words upon  
The Heads and Hearts of His *Disciples* ran :

## 241.

The *Nerves* and *Sineus* of all *Power* and *Might*  
Which branch through *Heav'n* and *Earth* so far and wide,  
Here in this single *Hand* of Mine unite,  
And to My *royal Will* alone are ty'd ;  
    By virtue of which *Sovereignty* I  
Commit to you *complete Authority*.

## 242.

Go take your *Charge* ; whose noble bounds I make  
Coequal with the *World's* : My *Gospel* preach  
To every *Soul*, whose Bliss to reach them back,  
I on the cursed *Cross* My self did stretch ;  
    That in as large a *Circle* as the *Sun*  
The more illustrious *Beams* of *Grace* may run.

## 243.

Whoe'r despiseth your *great News*, and *You*,  
Shall answer with his *Life* that high *Disdain*,

And find his flaming Punishment below  
In *Desperation's* everburning Pain :  
    But He who to *your faith* his *own* shall give,  
As long's that other *Dying* is, shall *Live*.

## 244.

*Live*, and in *Life's* own dearest bosom, where  
All *Joys* and *Blisses* have their habitation ;  
Where no intrusion of Storms can tear  
The gentle Calm of absolute *Salvation* :  
    Where his *fruition* shall as far transcend  
As here his *faith*, all he can comprehend.

## 245.

Nor shall his *Glory* only *future* be ;  
*Miraculous Power* shall *here* on him attend ;  
Upon the stoutest boldest *Devils* he  
Shall invoke My *Name*, and make them bend :  
    From humane breasts his Word shall them expel,  
And force them howling home unto their Hell.

## 246.

*Babel's Confusion* shall not him confound,  
But every *Tongue* on his distinctly dwell  
That he My *Gospel* freely may resound,  
And every *Ear* with plain *Salvation* fill ;  
    I who created it, as eas'y can  
With Words as *Meat*, supply the *Mouth* of *Man*.

## 247.

In vain shall *Scorpions* bite him, and in vain  
Shall *Adders* sting him ; he as certainly  
Over all *Serpents* here on earth shall gain  
As over *Hell's* foul *Dragon*, victory :  
    By those *mysterious Stings* which I endured,  
He from their dangerous dint shall be secured.

## 248.

In vain shall *Poison* steal into his cup  
An ambush for his life to lay ; for he  
Cannot, though *Basilisks' galls* he drinketh up,  
Or *Sodom's Lake*, a prey to *Venome* be :  
    That *Cup* which on My *Cross* I drank shall make  
    Wholsome to him what ever *Draughts* he take.

## 249.

More *Virtue* than in Plants could ever grow,  
Shall flourish in his Hand ; the World shall see  
Those whom on desperate Beds Diseases throw,  
Thence into Health rebound, if once they be  
    But touch'd by him whose faith on *Me* relies :  
The grand *Physician* of all *Maladies*.

## 250.

But his *Initiation* must be  
By being *washed* in the potent *Name*  
Of *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghost* ; that He  
His orthodox Devotion right may aim ;  
    Remembering he by *Baptism* unto none  
Was consecrated, but the *triple One*.

## 251.

So spake their mighty *Lord*; and then withdrew  
Himself to let them feed and feast upon  
These Heav'nly Privileges He granted now  
To Earth, by faithful Meditation.  
Right dear He knew His *Presence* was, and yet  
He by Retiring more endeared it.

## 252.

The tender *Lover* thus with dainty art  
From his *more precious Self* sometimes retires;  
Alas not that he willing is to Part,  
But that more near Conjunction he desires;  
For love in Absence oft most Present is,  
And her soft Knot by Distance closer ties.

## 253.

But now the signal Time was come, when He  
Who cheer'd the *Earth* for *forty days* with His  
Bright *Apparitions*, meant that *Heav'n* should be  
Embellish'd with His glorious *Access*;  
That as Himself He nobly *raised* hither,  
So He might reach His *Resurrection* thither.

## 254.

His precious *Consorts* now again He met;  
And then, as loth ev'n unto *Heav'n* to go  
From their Society, to *Olivet*  
He walk'd them on with kind Discourse: When lo,  
Upon the mountain's top arrived, He  
Began in *Tone* and *Aspect* chang'd to be.

## 255.

Stir not, said He, from *Salem*, but attend  
The *Father's Promise* pawn'd to you by Me:  
That *Baptism*, whose strange Virtues far transcend  
*John's* poor and frigid Institution; He  
Baptiz'd with *Water*, but your Baptism shall  
In *Heav'n's* sweet *Spirit of fire* immerge you all.

## 256.

Erected at this solemn Item, They  
Fancy'd no less than Crowns and Scepters: yet  
Their erring Thoughts below the *Promise* lay,  
Hankring in Earth's dull sphere, and reaching at  
No more than what too worthless was for *Him*  
Their great *Ascendent Lord* to leave to them.

## 257.

We know, said they, that *Israel's* sacred *Crown*  
Is due to Thy sole Head, most fit for it:  
Is this the Time dear *Lord* when Thou wilt own  
And make Thy *Title* good? Shall we now sit  
On our inferior Thrones before Thy feet,  
And to the Tribes of *Israel* judgment meet?

## 258.

(Long Journeys thus when prudent Parents take,  
Though they their shiftless Babes their Blessing leave,

And for their maint'nance fair provision make;  
The fond dull-hearted Children further crave  
Some silly trifling Boon, or baby Toy,  
Follie's delight, and Wantonesses' joy.)

## 259.

*Jesus*, who at His parting could not chide,  
Passing their gross and secular fancies by,  
With true parental Gentleness reply'd:  
Those *Times* and *Seasons* which inshrined lie  
In *God's* own cabinet, too mystick be  
For you to dive into their Privacy.

## 260.

Yet Courage, O my *friends*! for clearly you  
Ten thousand other *Mysteries* shall see,  
By that bright *Spirit's* light which down shall flow  
On all your heads: Your Glory then shall be  
To go as *Heralds*, and My royal Name  
Through every Quarter of My World proclaim.

## 261.

This said; to *Heav'n* three times His eyes He cast  
Which thence as oft recoiled back upon  
His deep-amused *Darlings*: yet at last  
Remembering He could both be *here* and *gone*,  
His mighty voyage He resolv'd to make,  
And His *Disciples* leave, but not forsake.

## 262.

Hast thou not seen the glittering *Spark Ascend*  
With natural Lightness to its proper sphere?  
So glorious He, now having put an end  
To all His sweet and blessed Business here;  
Upon the Wings of His own *Purity*  
Began to mount up to His *native sky*.

## 263.

They started at the sight, and both with eyes  
And hands flung up in sudden fearful Joy,  
Labour'd to trace His wondrous Path, and rise  
After their *towering Lord*, who flew away  
With all their hearts: When lo they spy'd a *Clou*.  
'Gin 'twixt their *Ecstasy* and *Him* to croud.

## 264.

It crouded on apace, for fear to miss  
That honor which its gloomy cheeks would gild  
With more refin'd celestial Stateliness  
That on *Serenity's* brisk forehead smil'd.  
So fast it crouded, that the tired *Wind*  
Which would have born it, puffing came behind.

## 265.

All other *Clouds* which her Prerogative saw  
Grew black with Grief, and melted into tears:  
Forthwith the *Welkin* clear'd her dainty brow,  
Whilst pleasant *Day* with open eyes prepares  
Her *Admiration* to gaze upon  
The motion of a fairer sweeter *Sun*.

266.

But then this *Meteor* her soft shoulders bent,  
And meekly stooped to her *Maker's feet* ;  
Her pliant Volumes gathered close, and went  
Into the fashion of a Princely Seat ;  
That in a seemly Chariot *Jesus* might  
Take to His Throne His *most triumphant Flight*.

267.

The Golden Coach incas'd with *eastern Gems*  
And burnished with *living Fire*, wherein  
Great *Phœbus* in his brightest glory swims  
Through Heav'n's high chanel, never yet could shine  
With such clear credit, as this *Chariot* which  
*God's own enshrined Beauties* here enrich.

268.

All other *Clouds* at every busy *Wind's*  
Shrill whistle, in this nether troubled sky  
Are fain wildly to rove : this only finds  
An undisturbed passage fair and high,  
And strait to heav'n's illustrious Ceiling hastes  
Without the helping wheels of any Blasts.

269.

For since at first she by the courtesy  
Of heav'n's less potent *Sun* impow'd was  
To rise from earth with towering levity ;  
No wonder She can now more briskly pass  
Through all the Air's sublimest stories, when  
She on her shoulders bears the *Sun's own Sun*.

270.

*Earth* was indebted to those *Clouds*, till now  
Which op'd *Heav'n's Pantry*, and rain'd *Manna* down ;  
But *This* full Pay doth to the Spheres allow,  
Which to the *Angels* beareth home their own  
*Diviner Bread*, and by restoring more  
Than *Earth* received, nobly quits the score.

271.

That *Israel-conducting Cloud* which through  
The tedious *Desert's* windings mannaged  
So patient a *Pilgrimage*, must bow  
Its famous head to *This* : that only led  
The way to *earthly Canaan*, but *this*  
The gallant Convoy to the *heav'nly* is.

272.

As *Jesus* thus soard through the Air, He saw  
The Treasures of every kind of Weather,  
Of fair, of foul, of Rain, of Hail, of Snow ;  
Which did their homage to their *Prince* as thither  
His coach arriv'd : He bad them gently fall  
Upon His Earth, and kindly blest them all.

273.

So did He too, that sweetly-loyal *Quire*  
Of *Angels* which with *extending Songs* and *Vitium*

In delicate attendance did aspire  
After His *mounting Train* : Go gentle Things  
Said He, go rest your weary pinions ; I  
My other *Choristers* approaching spy.

274.

Lo, at the word, the *winged Legions*, who  
Flutter about the everlasting Sphere,  
And on the great *Creator's* errands go  
Throughout His World, appeared hovering there :  
Great was their number, and their glory great  
If they with *Jesus's* lustre had not met.

275.

Before His *Feet* their *Heads* made haste to bow,  
Press'd down with sweet *extremities of joy* ;  
That they without a *Vail's* assistance now  
His eyes' full Bliss might read, which till to day  
Lay hid to them in *too much light* ; but here  
Dressed in *humane mitigation* were.

276.

For though *some* of their *Quire* had long before  
Enjoy'd the happy privilege to see  
His *theanthropick Face* ; though *All* did pour  
Their high Applause on His *Nativity* ;  
This was the hour which Heav'n's *whole Host* at once  
Freely to view their *General* did advance.

277.

A dainty and long-study'd Song they had  
Prepar'd and tuned to a gentle Key :  
But this excessive Sight of Sweetness made  
Their *Acclamations* correspondent be :  
Their Wings and Hands aloud they clap'd, and rent  
With louder *Pœans* all the *Element*.

278.

But marking then His bright *Retinue*, which  
About Him shin'd like His *reflected Razes* ;  
They hug'd their *new Acquaintance*, since in each  
Ingenuous face they read their *Sovereign's Praise* ;  
For *Gratitude* had deep imprinted there  
Their glorious *Redemption's Character*.

279.

These were those holy *Souls* who long had lain  
At anchor in great *Abraham's Bay*, and there  
Looked and longed when their *Lord* would deign  
Them to their final Port of rest to steer ;  
To chase their *Mists* and *Shades* with His own Ray,  
And turn their *doubtful Dawn* to *Highnoon Day*.

280.

*Abraham* himself march'd in the head of them,  
And glittered with a *choise* and *leading Grace* ;  
*Prophets* were rank'd, and *Patriarchs* next to Him  
Each in their proper dignity and place :  
Then every *Saint* in order follow'd, who  
Worshipp'd in His *holy Spirit* and *Grace*

281.

*Guardian Angels* saw,  
to behold them there :  
ch long hath labour'd through  
x, to the Hav'n draws near,  
I heart with joy are fill'd  
ie Winds his Sails are swell'd.

282.

d a fair Recruit  
ts, which robbed were  
resuming to dispute  
campania waged War,  
2m *Tapers* fell  
ato the *Night of Hell*.

283.

of Delight were they  
stuating bosoms ran  
see themselves to day  
so near of kin.  
*Angels'* radiant Dresses,  
r Wings, or golden Tresses.

284.

ir *mean Original*,  
their poor *Dust and Clay* :  
*Honor* ; nor would they for all  
seen *Worms*, since mortal they  
ess gain'd the best of Worth,  
n ev'n by their *Earth*.

285.

oh might be sweetned by  
dst the *Masculine Troop*  
arned fingers fly  
beat those Accents up  
imbril echoed from among  
y, the *Female Throng*.

286.

ss too excessive grew  
s mighty flames to bear :  
like a Shadow shew  
ance might appear :  
ore were cleared, so  
content to vanish too.

287.

s'd. When lo a Croud  
n of her place  
'd to His foot, and bow'd  
ers, that their *Lord* might pass  
*best of heav'n*, and be  
ne in *comely Majesty*.

288.

ing the *Standard*, which  
i's and *Hell's* heart-blood was red,

And *charged* with the *Cross*, began to stretch  
It toward heav'n, and forward fluttered.  
In this Array the Triumph marched on,  
Abashing *Day*, and dazelling the *Sun*.

289.

Thus He who lately that *Procession* went  
Where cruel *Spight* and *Scorn* did Him attend,  
When He through *Salem's* streets was kick'd and rent,  
And through a *thousand Deaths* hal'd to His *End* ;  
Is now requited by a *March*, whose *Glory*  
Gilds those *Disgraces* of His *Passion's Story*.

290.

As to the Confines of the spheres they drew,  
His *Harp* and *Voice* their *Chanter* strein'd as high  
That ancient *Song of Honor* to renew,  
Which he had in prophetick Ecstasy  
Turn'd to a special and illustrious Lay,  
And sung aforehand to this noble *Day*.

291.

Eternal *Gates of heav'n*, said he, lift up  
Your cheerly *heads*, and know your *Holyday* ;  
As mine is now, so let your mouths be ope  
To entertain our universal *Joy* :  
'Tis *Glory's*, *Glory's native King*, who home  
To bring *That* and the sweeter *Heav'n* is come.

292.

'Tis *War's approved Prince*, whose matchless strength  
Hath trode down our and your fell *enemies* :  
Read but His *Banner*, where are writ at length  
The *ruby Tokens* of His *Victories*.  
Ope, ope, as wide's your heav'n can give you leave,  
And *Him much greater than all it*, receive.

293.

The *crystal Doors* no sooner heard the *Song*,  
But in obedient gladness echoed it ;  
Their everlasting Bars aside they flung,  
And their resplendent Portals open set :  
Strait through the mighty Gap a *Flood of Gold*  
Soft as the locks of *Phebus* downward roll'd.

294.

With that the *Musick of the Spheres* burst out,  
Pouring a Deluge of soul-ravishing *Lays* :  
With which a while though *David's* fingers fought,  
His mortal strings so high he could not raise ;  
*My Harp must yield*, he cry'd, but yet my *Heart*  
Shall in your loftiest Accents bear her part.

295.

Indeed those *Airs* are so refin'd, that none  
But purest *Hearts' spiritual Strings* can be  
Stretch'd to their *chords'* full compass : this alone  
That *Consort* is, to which the *Melody*  
You with the Name of *Musick* honor here,  
Is only *learned Gratings of the ear*.

296.

Thus to the silver Orbs they came : when lo  
The Stars all trip'd about, and danc'd for joy ;  
And as his Sphere the *Triumph* enter'd, to  
His Lord right meekly *Sol* resign'd the Day ;  
His brighter Lord, from whose original Beam  
He takes his *Light* as all the Stars from Him.

297.

But yet these gorgeous Stages only were  
The fairly paved *Way* and *Stairs*, which led  
Up to that fairer larger Palace, where  
Dwells *Light* and *Life*, and *Bliss*, and *Heav'n* indeed :  
And therefore *Jesus* through all these made haste,  
And only blest and gilt them as He past.

298.

When to the Crest of His Creation He  
Was now arriv'd, and saw the World below ;  
The mighty Gate of pure *Felicity*  
It self before its *Sovereign* open threw :  
Of living *Glories* strait appear'd a *Sea*  
Girt in no shoars but clear *Immensity*.

299.

What pompous *Powers* of *Ravishment* were here,  
What delicate *Extremities* of *Pleasure* !  
Th' unworthy Parallel injurious were  
By earthly *Paradise* if we should measure  
These everlasting *Sweets*, of whose Abyss  
All *Eden's Dainties* not the *Shadow* is.

300.

For never did the sharpest pointed Eye  
Which sparkled in the head or heart of Man  
Such *Miracles* of *Suavity* descry,  
As all about these splendid Regions ran ;  
Chanting those *Tunes* of *Bliss* no mortal ear  
Hath any capability to hear.

301.

And all these *Gallantries* enhanced now  
Their Excellence in most excessive Joy ;  
That this great *Hour* was come which would allow  
Them freedom their ambitious selves to lay  
In His triumphant Path, and nobler be  
By waiting on His sweeter Majesty.

302.

But through these vast *Expansions* as He went,  
Lo His Almighty *Father* came to meet Him :  
O *Psyche* hadst thou seen that *Complement*  
Of boundless *Love* with which He there did greet Him ;  
The Spectacle for ever thee had blest,  
And more than heav'n diffused in thy breast.

303.

Unfathomable Streams of *Jubilation*  
Attended on Him, bearing up His Train ;

A Flood of most excessive *Gratulation*  
Before Him roll'd ; but O how sovereign  
Was that impatient *Ingratitude*  
Of *Complacence* which issued from His Eye !

304.

On's *Son's* bright neck his radiant *Arms* He threw,  
And seal'd His lips with an enamor'd *Kiss* :  
His yearning bosom then wide open flew  
(That *Home* and *Center* of eternal *Bliss* ;)   
To bid Him welcome to that daintiest bed  
In which He us'd of old to rest His head.

305.

Come, come, said He, no more to part from hence ;  
My highest *Will* Thou hast completely done,  
And by Perfection of *Obedience*  
Approv'd Thy worthy Self *My only Son*.  
Eternity shall entertain Thee, and  
For Thy dear sake *Those* who about Thee stand.

306.

Henceforth I can behold *My World* below  
With comfort, which before displeas'd Mine eye ;  
For all its *blots* and *stains*, and *horrors* Thou  
Hast nobly turned into *Purity* :  
It shineth now, wash'd by the liberal Flood  
Of Thine illustrious all-cleansing *Blood*.

307.

I see Thy *Wounds* ; and I observ'd the *Shame*  
With which they were engrav'd on Thee ; but now  
With never-dying *Lustre* they shall flame,  
And on their *Gravers* one day *Terror* throw ;  
When guilty they again shall view these *Scars*  
Thou purchasedst in *Love's* and *Mercy's Wars*.

308.

The *Father* so : But then the *Holy Ghost*  
Who hand in hand along with Him was come,  
Renewed His *applauding Joy* ; whilst most  
*Mysterious Emanations* issuing, from  
His breast, *Love's Living Spring*, flow'd full upon  
The welcome face of *Heav'n's returned Son*.

309.

The surplusage of which *Effusion*, spread  
Its aromatick preciousness about,  
And with its bounteous Tide replenished  
Th' enobled Hearts of *Them* whom *Jesus* brought  
In triumph thither, evermore to be  
The glorious *Captives* to *Felicity*.

310.

This *Salutation* done : *Heav'n's Trumpets* sounded :  
Whose gallant Noise, with equal Majesty  
That *Hill* of all *Sublimity* rebounded,  
To which this more than royal *Company*  
Hastned their pompous March, and strait gat up  
To clear *Beatitude's* and *Honor's Top*.

## 311.

*Three radiant Chairs of awful beauty there  
Stand founded on secure Eternity ;  
Which with such mystick art united are  
That 'tis intirely One, as well as Three ;  
Three equal and distinguish'd Seats, yet one  
Essential and everlasting Throne.*

## 312.

Down in the *midst the Father sate*, and on  
His *left hand* His all-quickning *Spirit* ; but  
He at His *right* enthron'd His *mighty Son* ;  
On whose fair Temples He rejoicing put  
A *Wreath of Glories*, to requite those *Scorns*  
And *Pains* they ware with their late *Crown of Thorns*.

## 313.

The *ignominy* of His feeble *Reed*  
With *solid Dignity* to recompence,  
Into His right Hand He delivered  
A *Scepter* temper'd of *Omnipotence* ;  
And then erected high before His face  
His *fairer Cross* upon a diamond Base.

## 314.

As thus He mounted sate on *Triumph's Crown*,  
The *Peers* of that illustrious *Kingdom* came  
And at His *feet* their Coronets threw down  
In loyal homage, and themselves with them ;  
Begging His leave that their unworthy *Tongues*  
Might with His *royal Name* enrich their *Songs*.

## 315.

The *gracious King* (who knew no *Praise* could add  
To His enthroned *Self* ; but that the Bliss  
Would be their own alone, who to their *God*  
Offer'd encomiastick Sacrifice ;)   
To ease and crown their gravid Piety  
Grants their Request by His assenting Eye.

## 316.

Forthwith an *Anthem of ecstasick Praise*  
Broke from their lips and Heav'n's roof nobly beat :  
This brave Example spur'd the *Saints* to raise  
Their highest Tunes, and mingle in that sweet  
*Deluge of Triumphs* their *Applauses*, which  
Must flow as far's *Eternity* can reach.

## 317.

But His *Disciples, Psyche*, all this while  
Follow'd Him with their eyes : for loth they were  
To let the interposing *Cloud* beguile  
Their Looks' sharp Hunger ; nor could they forbear  
Their *Gazing* still, in hopes their *Sun* might break  
This *Veil* at length, and they *free prospect* take.

## 318.

When lo, two *Angels* all array'd in Snow  
A *courtuous check* thus to their Error gave :

Your Eyes in vain why do you upward throw ?  
What mean your ignorant staring Hopes, to crave  
A sight of Him who's towred higher far  
Above the *Cloud* than you beneath it are ?

## 319.

He on His *Heav'nly throne* is pitch'd, and you  
Must wait, till thence He thinks it fit to rise :  
'Twill not be long e'er He vouchsafe to show  
To yours and all the World's His royal Eyes ;  
And, as His journey hence He pleas'd to take,  
So on the *shoulders of a Cloud* ride back.

## 320.

Which said : the *Angels* posted home to share  
In their new *festival* above : and they  
Convinced by that *Item*, yielding were  
Back to *Jerusalem* to take their way ;  
But as their eyes returned to the ground  
The *final footsteps* of their *Lord* they found.

## 321.

And so may thy Affection too, for lo  
The precious *Characters* still here remain ;  
The *trusty Earth* would never let them go,  
Nor durst desire to smooth her face again,  
Which by these *Prints* was so embellish'd that  
Her self to be the *World's Base* she forgot.

## 322.

These dear *Impressions* his *Disciples* kisst,  
And taking so their leave, to *Salem* went ;  
Full little thinking that the simple *Dust*  
In keeping them would prove so diligent,  
That neither *Winds* nor *Storms* should them d  
Nor pious *Pilgrims* bear them from the place.

## 323.

A thousand greedy *Hands* their zeal have fill'd  
With this most *privileg'd Earth*, and held it more  
Golden than all the *glistering Sand* which swell'd  
The fame of *Ganges* or of *Indus's* shoar ;  
Yet still the *faithful Dust* with nimble care  
Supply'd and kept intire each *Character*.

## 324.

Nay when that Time shall come, as come it will,  
When *Christian Piety* shall courage take  
To rear a Temple on this sacred *Hill* ;  
Proof of their *holyer Worth* these *Steps* shall mak  
Refusing to forget the *Honor* they  
Were sealed with upon *Ascension Day*.

## 325.

Back will they kick into the Workman's face  
All his *entrenching Stones*, as oft as he  
With pavement's smoothness strives to trim the p  
And injure with his *earthly decency*  
Their *Heav'nly beauty* ; yea though he with mo  
Than Gold, or Pearls, or Gems should court th

## 326.

Nor shall he with his strongest *Roof* forbid  
 Their *prospect* towards His celestial Seat  
 Who stamp'd them here : their Eyes will know no Lid,  
 But make the beams recoil, the spars retreat,  
 And never suffer bold *Concemeration*  
 To dam the way of *Jesus's Exaltation*.

## 327.

Thus *Psyche*, have I made thee trace thy Lord  
 To His *last footsteps* through a thousand ways  
 With Mercy strew'd, and justify'd my word.  
 Thou seest what *Countermeasures* He deign'd to raise  
 Against *Sin's Batteries* : nor need'st thou fear  
*Hell's Spight*, now *Heav'n* thus arms thee for the War.

## 328.

For surely it transcends all fancie's reach  
 To think ev'n what *Desire* could further do ;  
 And these are those *divine Exploits* by which  
 His causeless foes thy *Spouse* contriv'd to woo :  
 Who signally deserves all *Love*, since He  
 Has prov'd His great *Self* nothing else to be.

## 329.

Nor durst I doubt, but thine own heart will say  
 Thy *Pilgrimage*, though long, is well requited ;  
 Since thou in it hast read a full *Display*  
 Of that with which all *Angels* are delighted.  
 Whose Souls then with sublimest triumph leap  
 When on these *Mysteries of Love* they peep.

## 330.

Here *Phylax* on his *Steeds* their harness threw  
 Who all this while were grazing on the Hill :  
 The meaning of that Warning *Psyche* knew,  
 And pray'd him on her knee, to tarry till  
 Like other *Pilgrims* She had taken leave  
 The reins to her Devotion to give.

## 331.

He smil'd and stay'd : when falling prostrate She  
 Innumerable Kisses heap'd upon  
 The *venerable Steps* ; and amorously  
 Mingled with every Kiss a Tear and Grone.  
 At length her Bosom with the *Dust* she fill'd,  
 And cry'd Go thou and my *foul body gild*.

## 332.

Then casting up to *Heav'n* her zealous eye,  
 After her *Spouse* a thousand thoughts she sent ;  
 To whom her panting Soul strove hard to fly  
 Upon the wings of lofty *Ravishment*.  
 But when she felt her self stick still to Earth,  
 Her breast she struck, and beat this Out-cry forth.

## 333.

Why may my heart *not be*, where most it is  
 O *Thou my dearest Life* ! O *Jesus*, why

Since Thou art mounted to the *Top of Bliss*,  
 And leav'st Me *dead*, have I not leave to *Die* ?  
 A *Ghost* so straitned was there ever found  
 As I, who am in my own body bound.

## 334-

I by Thy *Cross* and *Death* was wholly slain,  
 And by Thy *Resurrection's Life* I grew  
 No less intirely vigorous again :  
 But Thy *Ascension* doth my *Death* renew,  
 Since nothing of my *Life* poor I can find  
 But these bare *footsteps* left Me here behind.

## 335-

By these Thy *Psyche* cannot cannot live,  
 Though for Thy *precious sake* they'r such to me :  
 O no ! their *Worth* doth but more reason give  
 To long for most *inestimable Thee*.  
 If any *footstep* me can satisfy  
 It must be that which *next Thy foot* doth lie.

## 336.

Hast not profess'd, that *Earth Thy footstool* is  
 As well as *Heav'n Thy Throne* ? O mighty Lord  
 'Twill be Thy Handmaid's most accomplish'd Bliss  
 If thou to Me mak'st good Thy gracious *Word* :  
 Lo I, Thy *Dust*, the *footstool* crave to be  
 Of Thy now *Heav'n-enthroned Majesty*.

## 337.

High my Petition is, and bold, I know ;  
 And yet the worthless *Dew* must needs aspire  
 To *Heav'n* it self, when once it 'gins to glow  
 With *Phebus's* sprightly and attracting Fire ;  
 Can *Sparks* in their dull *Ashes* sleeping lie,  
 And not take leave to *venture at the sky* ?

## 338.

Alas, what is this *weary World* to me ?  
 What are the *silver Spheres* and *golden Sun* ?  
 Though Queen I reign'd of Earth's vast *Monarchy*,  
 At my sole Nod though all *Heav'n's wheels* would run ;  
 What were this *Empire* worth to *Psyche's* heart  
 Since *Thou* her only *Treasure* absent art ?

## 339.

'Tis not Thy *upper Paradise*, that I  
 Ambitious am to see, 'tis not Thy *Court*  
 Of *Angels*, though by *Phylax's* Company,  
 I guess their *Worth* ; 'tis not the *Pomp* and *Port*  
 That magnifies Thy *Throne* ; nor do I long  
 To dance to Thy sweet *Quire's* eternal Song.

## 340.

To that soft Calm of never troubled *Rest*,  
 Which smiles in none but th' *empyrean Bay*,  
 My wishes are not bound : To be possess'd  
 Of *Glory's Realm*, and sleep in *beds of Joy* ;  
 Are lofty things ; but yet, alas, too low  
 For me and my *Desires* to aim at now.

## 341.

My bosom pants for *Thee*, and *only Thee* :  
And couldst Thou be in *Hell*, I never more  
Would loose a looking up to *Heav'n*, but be  
Inamored of that *Abyss*, and poure  
My *longing Aspirations* downward, till  
I at Thy feet my *Vows* and *Soul* could spill.

## 342.

Why art Thou gone, and yet so strongly here !  
Why art Thou here, yet to such distance gone !  
Why dost Thou draw Thy ravish'd *Worm* so near,  
Yet banish her by Thy *Ascension* !  
Why must my *Soul* be kindled to a pitch  
Which she cannot permitted be to reach !

## 343.

O why art *Thou* so infinitely *sweet* ?  
Or rather, why must *We* that *sweetness* know  
If Thou dear *Jesu*, wilt not think it meet  
To these our *Fires* their *Fuel* to allow ?  
Away Thou flyest, and *forsaken We*  
Tormented lie ev'n by Thy *Suavity*.

## 344.

How shall I help this my excessive *Passion*,  
Or how can it this torture merit ? since  
Thine own strange *Love* profest *Immoderation*,  
And guilty was of *boundless influence* :  
In which soft *Sea of Fire* whilst drown'd I am,  
What can I do but *burn with answering flame* ?

## 345.

Ah blame me not, great *Lord* ; it is not I,  
But *Thou Thy Self* rebounding from my *Heart*,  
Who beat'st *heav'n* with this *Importunity*,  
And call'st for *Ease* for my *mysterious Smart* :  
Hadst Thou by *Love* not stamp'd Thy *Self* upon  
My *Soul*, Thy *Worm* had now let *Thee* alone.

## 346.

Remember what deep *Anguish* 'tis to be  
*Forsaken* ; O remember Thine own *Cry*,  
Which in Thy *Desolation* on the *Tree*  
Challeng'd Thy *Sire's Retirement* : May not I  
Resume Thy *Plea* ? My *God*, My *God*, why now  
Hast Thou abandon'd *Psyche* left below ?

## 347.

Upon this *Olivet* my *Calvary*  
I find, and to my *Cross* am *nailed here* :

Ten thousand pangs are revelling in me ;  
And full as many *Thorns* as planted were  
Upon Thy *Temples*, in my *Bosom* stick,  
There all the *bowels of my Soul* they prick.

## 348.

O *Love* ! why must thine *only Tyranny*  
The bounds of other *Cruelties* exceed ?  
Why will it not allow the *Courtesy*  
Of *Death* to thy poor *Vassals* who are *dead*  
By its *reviving Slaughters*, and desire  
*Free Holocausts* to be in thy *sweet Fire* ?

## 349.

Her *Passion* here above *Expression* tow'r'd,  
And left her flagging *Tongue* in *Silence* seal'd :  
Yet with resolved *Eyes* to *Heav'n* she soar'd,  
And by a *long Oration* there appeal'd ;  
Both *long*, and *fluent*, in th' *exuberance*  
Of *Tears*, the *streams of strongest Eloquence*.

## 350.

But *Phylax* having to her boiling *Heart*  
Thus far indulg'd, thought fit to cool it here :  
*Psyche*, said he, imagin not thou art  
Inamor'd deeper than His *Scholars* were  
Of their *Ascended Lord* : yet desolate they  
Warn'd by the *Angels*, meekly went away.

## 351.

Do Thou like *Warning* now receive from *Me* :  
On *heav'n* why nailest Thou thine eyes in vain ?  
Thy *Savior's* flown too high for them to see,  
Till on a *Cloud* He posteth back again ;  
Then shalt thou look thy fill of *Bliss*, and be  
To all thy *Love's Extremities* let free.

## 352.

Mean while thine *Adorations* and *Embraces*  
Thou on His *Name* and *Memory* may'st pour,  
Why should these bitterly-delightful *Places*  
Of *Mercie's Triumphs* longer rub the *Soar*  
Of thy soft heart ? Here on Her hand he laid  
His own, and raised up the *heavy Maid*.

## 353.

Then in his *Chariot* gently her he set,  
Who on the *Footsteps* kept her *hankering eye*.  
But instantly he mov'd his *Reins*, to let  
His sprightly *Courasers* know their liberty :  
Forthwith their *Mains' luxuriant Volumes* they  
Shook in proud haste, and galloped away.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

St. 6, '*Cashiering*'—noticeable early use of the word : St. 8, '*Halcyon*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v., for a full note : St. 26, '*attack*'=arrest—a legal term : St. 81, '*plum'd*'=plummed, i.e. sounded (as with plummet) : St. 85, '*Ejulation*'=lamentation : St. 96, '*Virtue*'=manhood, strength, valour : St. 97, '*triduan*'=three days : St. 99, '*Seivce*'=fine sieve : St. 120, '*bid*'=bided, appointed ? St. 129, '*Titan*'—odd but not uncommon importation of classical name and legend : St. 142, '*Censure*'—an example of the word passing into 'blame' from simple

'judgment' : St. 161, '*a-weeding*'=taking up weeds : St. 173, '*boulted*'=sifted : St. 189, '*Soar*'=sore : St. 190, '*Bandogs*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v. : St. 205, '*believe what Soldiers preach*'—another of the Author's frequent girds at Cromwell and the Commonwealth—see our Memorial-Introduction : St. 232, '*Condescent*'=condescension : St. 261, '*deep-amused*'=amazed, put into a deep muse : St. 276, '*their*' is misprinted '*our*' in the original : St. 283, '*astuating*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.—G.





## CANTO XVI.

### *The Supply.*

#### The ARGUMENT.

*That Absent Love might here be Present still,  
He on His dear Disciples' Heads His own  
Coequal Spirit from heav'n's lofty Hill  
Pours in a Wind's loud-rushing Torrent down ;  
And Pentecost in solemn State transfers  
From Jewish, to the Christian Calendars.*

#### 1.

**Y**E gentle *Souls*, whose ravish'd bosoms are  
Tun'd to the sweet and lofty Key of *Love* ;  
Whose flaming Thoughts can in the answering sphere  
Of pure and mystick Fire securely move ;  
Whose stoutly-paradoxick Essence founds  
Its dearest Health upon its deepest wounds ;

#### 2.

Ye whose brave Strength in Languishments can reign,  
Whose calmest Solace in Disquiet rests,  
Whose resolute Joy 's inhanc'd by cruel Pain,  
Whose daintiest life by daily Deaths subsists ;  
Ye who by Loss your secret Gains improve,  
And are not *what you are*, but *what you love* :

#### 3.

To You, most apprehensive you alone  
This *Preface* her abstruser self presents ;  
For though the Stoicism of Ice and Stone  
Which stupifies ignoble Hearts, prevents  
Her entertainment there : yet you can well  
And truly understand the *Truths* you feel.

#### 4.

Those torturing *Truths*, which too-too *Present* are  
And *Near*, in *Absence* and sad *Separation* :  
O cruel Names, which on a *Lover's* ear  
Beat more unsufferable Perturbation  
Than ever from the angriest Thunder's Roar  
Down on the soul of frighted *Guilt* could pour.

#### 5.

For what is *Love*, but that mysterious Glue  
Which joins—O no ! which *more* can do *than join* :

Which makes Two Hearts disdain themselves to view  
Longer as *Two*, and generously combine  
Into an Union so severely close  
That in the knot ev'n *Self* it self doth lose.

#### 6.

No such cold Things remain as *I* and *Thou*,  
No such loose-laced Words as *Mine* and *Thine* :  
*Thou* into *I*, *I* into *Thou* doth grow,  
Or rather *Thou* and *I* in *I* intwine.  
Both *Here* and *There* together strangely shut,  
*I* in *this bosom*, *I* the same in *that*.

#### 7.

*Mine* hates it self, until it self it feel  
Daintily nestling in *Thine's* dearer breast :  
And *Thine* is not at home till it can steal  
Its property into *Mine's* sweeter nest :  
Thus *Mine* and *Thine* into one *Mine* are run,  
Nor will *Love* know *more Possessives* than *One*.

#### 8.

Is 't for my *Friend* ? it is not mine to give ;  
O let him freely take what is *his own* :  
His wants must needs my Interest derive  
Unto himself : then let it be my *Crown*,  
My *Fame*, my *Life* ; I cannot lose, nor miss  
What will be *more mine own* in being *His*.

#### 9.

Doth golden Plenty wait upon His Pleasures ?  
I dare *Misfortune's* spight to make me *Poor* :  
For my Estate 's ensured in his Treasures ;  
Kept in his bank are my Accounts : the *more*  
I need, the more must He disburse, and be  
Malgre Disasters Envy, *Me* to *Me*.

#### 10.

Doth spiteful *Mirth* smile in my pleased eyes ?  
He by those Mirrours dresses his Delight.  
Do *Sorrow's* clouds in his horizon rise ?  
The same envelope mine in doleful night.  
No different things are such to Us, but *We*  
As willingly in Griefs as Joys agree.

## 11.

Wisdom sage and learned am ;  
 my Beauty gracefully doth shine ;  
 Dishonor owns, and I His Fame ;  
 'Tis his, and his Diseases Mine :  
 And He always in my Journeys is,  
 Retirement I my Home possess,

## 12.

His Thoughts, and His are my desires :  
 My faithful Bosoms pant and heave ;  
 My Fervor all our Motions fires ;  
 My Heart with Heart embraces interweave :  
 Words can ne'r express, *emphatick Sighs*  
 plain, and *most intelligible Eyes*.

## 13.

For joy our happy selves to find  
 My soder'd than our Tongues can tell :  
 See our Rhetorick, and look our mind  
 Another ; till the Spectacle  
 Fully reflects us both, that He  
 Beholds himself in Me.

## 14.

Give the Soul of Sweetness thrilling be  
 My *Riddle* ; still it doth create  
 First of more Content amidst this Sea  
 Action ; still our Bosoms beat  
 My ambition to be nearer yet,  
 In they in straitest Union be knit.

## 15.

Listening *Discord* they agree,  
 Singing which should with the best Embrace  
 Most-nearly-precious Enemy,  
 My strain what most excessive was :  
 My Strife, whose venturous Ardors prove  
 'Tis *no end of Superlatives in Love* !

## 16.

In the *Marriage of souls*, which are  
 Led by true and genuine *Affection*,  
 My Delight's supremest purest Sphere ;  
 Each of fancy, or Poetick fiction  
 With due horror paint that strange Vexation  
 Boils in *Absence* and in *Separation*.

## 17.

Remove me of my Beauty, and untie  
 My veins ; undress me, of my skin ;  
 My Joints ; unlace my nerves ; and try  
 My tenderest membranes to unpin :  
 Nothing still you leave me since I find  
 Myself at home, and in my Heart my *Mind*.

## 18.

Do not snatch my friend, my friend away,  
 My dearest All you quite dearest me ;

Upon my Heart, my mind ; my Life, you prey :  
 And in this loss what Comfort can assist me !  
 My Soul you split, you cleave my Bowels, and  
 My *Sweetest Essence* quite in sunder rend.

## 19.

Mistake me not ; though here I now appear,  
 O I am nothing less than here ; for I  
 Intirely am confin'd and chained there  
 Where e'r it be that *My most Mine* doth lie.  
 Trust, trust sad Truth : 'tis but my shadow this ;  
 With *Him*, with *precious Him* my Substance is.

## 20.

Feel not my Pulse, nor ask me *How I do* ;  
 Such Questions only mock my Loss and Me :  
 Go where I am ; to my *Soul's Jewel* go,  
 Where your Demand can clearlyest answer'd be :  
 By his Disease or Health you best shall tell  
 Whether unhappy I be Sick or Well.

## 21.

Nay lose no grave Discourses on my Pain,  
 Which no Philosophy has wit to cure :  
 Wisely you preach, but that you preach in vain ;  
 Nor can my wedded loyal Ear endure  
 New Counsels to embrace, since *He* is gone,  
 Whom I espous'd for Oracle alone.

## 22.

Peace idle *Musick* ; thy concurring Strings  
 With jarring discord grate my widdow'd Heart.  
 No harmony, say I, whoever sings,  
 Unless my dearest Solace bears his part.  
 Airs are cold Wind, but where soul-charming *He*  
 Inflames the Tune with cordial Suavity.

## 23.

Remove that Banquet, whose choise Dainties be  
 But bitter Memorandums of my Wo ;  
 Whilst every Viand feeds my Memory  
 With thoughts of how much sweeter sweets I now  
 Bereaved am, and left to famish here  
 Far far from *Him* my heart's sustaining Cheer.

## 24.

Walk if you will ; I no Delights can gather  
 In all that thickset Garden of Content :  
 Those spicy Beds whose smiles invite you thither,  
 Choke my Approach ev'n with their odorous sent :  
*He* He's my *Paradise* ; whence being thrown,  
 All Earth to me with Thorns is overgrown.

## 25.

Y' are out again : nor will the Theatre  
 Find me more Company than yon dark Grove :  
 Though rivited in thickest Throngs I were,  
 I still through woful Solitude should rove :  
 Still I'm alone, yea singler than alone ;  
 In *Absent Him* I from my self am gone.

## 26.

When *Titans*' wheels have roll'd him under Night,  
Her Widdowhood so sadly sits upon  
The loyal *Marygold*, that from the sight  
Of all the World she willing is to run :

She shuts her curtains, down she hangs her head  
And leaves her self so long['] her spouse is fled.

## 27.

*My friend's* my *Sun* ; and what 's this World to me  
But Night and Blackness, seeing He is set ?  
Wonder not then my hanging head to see,  
My senses' windows clos'd, my Spirit 's put  
To bed ; alas, but not to rest ! and this  
My house of flesh and bone grown Tenantless.

## 28.

Kind Brothers, gentle Sisters, O how fain  
My Arms would meet and hug your Courtesy !  
But strange Impossibility's great Chain  
Forbids me that Delight, since *dearest He*  
In whose embrace alone I sweetness taste  
Beyond my vainly-panting reach is plac'd.

## 29.

*Brothers* and *Sisters* are no more to me  
Than empty Names and handsome Skins of Joy :  
Talk not of *Blood* ; of all Affinity  
Love's is the nearest : and now *He's* away,  
All all my Kinred 's lost, and you to me  
Are strangers by meer Consanguinity.

## 30.

Tell me no more that my arrived Ships  
Have brought the East to make my Riches rise  
Fuller and fairer ; for *His* Absence nips  
That springing Wealth ; *His* West seals up mine eyes  
To eastern Joys, and no *Returns* can be  
Gainful, but that which brings *Him* back to me.

## 31.

I grant my Crop is fair, and well content  
Is *Ceres* to lie crouded in my Barn :  
But ah, what pleasure can I thence resent  
Who famish'd am amidst my plenteous Corn !  
That swelling store but mocketh my Distress ;  
My Barn is full, my Bosom empty is.

## 32.

Do, if you please, think me and call me *Mad* ;  
For I alas, find I am more than so :  
Madmen lose nothing but their wits ; and had  
My Loss no further reach'd, my present wo  
Had not been infinite ; but wretched I  
Of Head and Heart and all deprived lie.

## 33.

Never was lunatick lymphatick Wight  
So cruelly Distracted, as poor I,

Who thus am torn and flung far from the light  
Of mine own eyes ; far from the Kiss of my  
Own lips ; far far from *Him* who needs must be  
In spite of *Distance* Nearest still to me.

## 34.

Discredit not the Strangeness of my Pain  
By bowing it to any Parallel ;  
Nor let the rack'd dismembred Men complain  
That they on Earth are damn'd to *suck an Hell* :  
There, only *Composition's* rent, but I  
This sad Division find in *Unity*.

## 35.

I am not I ; nor know I what I am :  
A monstrous *Nothing* for my self I find.  
O how comes Emptiness so full of flame,  
Which scorches and devours my absent mind !  
O Me, not Me ! Why may my Pangs not end  
In mine own Inanition ! O *my friend* !

## 36.

This is the *fury* of the *sober Lover*  
Whene'r the fuel of his fire's away ;  
In this impatient Phrensy he boils over  
The brim of whatsoe'r strives to allay  
His Desolation ; nor dares he be  
Content, till his *more precious Self* he see.

## 37.

Let not Amazement then on *Psyche* gaze ;  
Her Passion's violence no more then suits  
With *Love's* Decorum : *Love* enacted has  
This brave Self-torture, whose excess confutes  
All Comforts in that Bosom, which is left  
Quite of her *Soul's* intirest *Soul* bereft.

## 38.

For 'twas not after any *Mortal friend*  
That now her labouring heart did pant and reach :  
O no ! her restless Aim was to ascend  
After *Ascended Jesus* ; who with such  
Infinitude of Sweetness drew that she  
Could not in this contention finite be.

## 39.

This swell'd the Billows of her sighs so high,  
That soon they overwhelmed *Phylax's* Haste ;  
Drown'd all the Nighings of the *Courasers* by  
A louder Tempest ; a new Bridle cast  
On their loose Reins : and by a mighty Shock  
Broke the Wheels' Speed, and blew the Chariot back.

## 40.

For now the tender-hearted *Angel* grew  
So deep a sharer in the Virgin's Pain ;  
That to aswage his own in hers, he flew  
To *Salem's* cordial Spectacle again ;  
Steering his smoaking Steeds' cloud-cutting feet  
Into Content's dear Harbor, *Olivet*.

41.

*Psyche* forthwith levell'd her hasty Eye  
Against the venerable *footsteps*, and  
Shot her heart thither fether'd with a sigh  
Of pious Joy : then darting out her hand  
And Head, her fervor hug'd and kissed what  
(Being distant still) she hug'd and kissed not.

42.

When *Philax* thus : sweetly-afflicted Dear,  
Disparage not thy *Lord's* Magnificence  
By deeming that those empty *footsteps* there  
Are all the Tokens *Love's* triumphant Prince  
Did on the *Spouse's* loyal hearts bestow,  
Whom, though on earth, He would not leave below.

43.

No : His most bounteous Wisdom found a way  
To make them be in Heav'n e'r they come thither,  
By not enduring that His Heav'n should stay  
For them above, but come aforehand hither :  
It came, and taught *Beneath* to be on *High* ;  
It came, *His Absence* fully to SUPPLY.

44.

Sit then soft Soul, sit down ; for Rest may here  
Be reap'd, ev'n in this World of Restlessness.  
Sit down, and I to entertain thine ear  
Will such a feast of royal *Comfort* dress,  
As shall compel thy hungry heart to say  
All Dainties are not with thy *Lord* away.

45.

Mark that bare head of yonder Mountain : 'twas  
Once cover'd with a House ; until the Broom  
Of *Vengeance* swept away proud *Salem's* grace,  
And made for righteous Desolation room :  
That scene it was were *Jesus's* bounty chose  
The *Comedy of Comfort* to expose.

46.

For His Disciples, though no longer they  
Could hold *Himself*, yet kept they His *Command* :  
Not dreading in that Town to fix their stay  
Where thousand foes their Valour did attend.  
What Dangers could afflict their stay with fear,  
Who waited for the Promis'd *Comforter*.

47.

And yet they challeng'd not the Wrath of Spight  
With broad defiance ; but in sober Care  
Array'd their Resolution to fight  
If to the battle they inforc'd were.  
As valour's stain it is, and shame, to fly ;  
So, needlessly to seek an *Enemy*.

48.

Into that House they manag'd their Retreat,  
And gallantly their Hold they fortify'd

With *Unanimity* : strong Guards they set  
Of *Prayers* and *Watchings* ; and on every side  
Themselves secured with a moat of Brine  
Fed by no other Springs but their own Eyn.

49.

Well-furnished they were with Ammunition,  
With shields of *faith*, with fiery darts of *Love* ;  
Besides a plenteous Stock of sound Provision  
To dare all Perils' siege ; for from above  
Being at first with *Hope* supplied, they  
Fed on that hearty Diet Night and Day.

50.

*Hearty* it was, and able to maintain  
The fortress of their Life and Health : but yet  
Their breeding Solace in its birth was slain,  
Because the *Promise* which had fir'd their great  
Zeal's Expectation, cold delays did make,  
And now the *ninth Day* held them on the rack.

51.

Alas how shall their wearied Anchor bear  
The Tempest of the *Tenth* ; which with more sadness  
Will on their Patience beat, because they are  
Summon'd by it to publick solemn Gladness :  
To pensive Them the joyous *Pentecost*  
Its own renown'd festivity hath lost.

52.

O how the most unseasonable *feast*  
Insults and laugheth at their Desolation !  
For since the *Bridegroom of their Souls*, who blest  
The Palate of their hearts with Contentation,  
Away is flown ; fast, fast they must, though they  
At *Plenty's* proudest board sit down to day.

53.

And fast they will, now He would have them fast,  
Whose Pleasure feasts them when they most abstain :  
His *Will* their *Banquet* is ; nor dares their Taste  
But please its loyal self in any Pain  
His wholesome Love provides ; like bitter sauce  
The sweetness of His sweets the more to grace.

54.

Resolved thus ; with cheerful Sadness they  
Look'd up, and faced *Pentecost's* fair Dawn :  
When *Jesus*, weary of His own delay  
A brighter festival hastes to pour down ;  
A festival which by the sacred power  
Of fuller sweets that other might devour.

55.

The *Angels* started at the wondrous sight ;  
All Heav'n was mov'd and quak'd with mighty joy ;  
In sunder shivered with sacred fright  
The spheres laid open an Illustrious way,  
And fain through their own gap would have descended  
And on the progress of their *King* attended.

## 56.

For leaping out of His eternal throne,  
Where He with equal Majesty did shine  
Together with the *Father* and the *Son*,  
Th' almighty *Spirit* bowed His divine  
Highness to this low journey; for He went  
Though sent by Them, yet, by His own Consent.

## 57.

And that His Progress might embraved be  
By all the Port of bright Magnificence;  
Master of His own Ceremonies He  
Himself contriv'd the way how to advance  
His Coming down; since He descended now  
Not to Descend, but Rule and Reign below.

## 58.

Through that soft Air which fills the boundless Sea  
Of highest Heav'n, though no rude Tempests roar,  
Yet dainty *Gales* of potent Suavity  
Their storms of everlasting Odours pour;  
Which Blisse's Calms more calm and gentle make,  
And in deep Joy the Souls of *Angels* wrack.

## 59.

All these He summon'd to attend His Eye  
By an imperious Beck; and nimble They  
By Prest Obedience making their reply,  
Flew to His glorious foot, and panting lay  
In greedy expectation to know  
How by His service they might nobler grow:

## 60.

When *Sovereign* He from their delicious Throng  
Cull'd all the choicest *Breaths* He saw excel  
In Pleasure's wealth, or Speed's impatient wing,  
Or Power's nerves: which as they 'gan to swell  
To goodly Multitudes, He into one  
Conspiracy of Closeness bad them run.

## 61.

Forthwith their yielding Essences they clung  
Into such strait submission, that now  
They find their various selves quite lost among  
Themselves; nor can they any longer blow  
Their *several ways*, but fitted are to fly  
About no bus'ness but of *Unity*.

## 62.

Which when their *Lord* observ'd, you now, said He,  
Shall learn, that 'tis not *Height* that maketh Heav'n;  
To My celestial Realm *beneath*, with Me  
You shall the honor have to stoop: for ev'n  
On lowest earth I mean My Throne to found,  
And spread My Empyreum on the Ground.

## 63.

This said; full in the lap of that fair *Wind*  
He pitch'd Him down, and there His Chariot took:

To which He meant no Coursers' help to bind,  
Which through the mighty Road away might smoke:  
A Coach of Wind no borrow'd Swiftmess needs,  
Being it self its own most speedy Steeds.

## 64.

But yet e'r this *Almighty Traveller*  
Set forth, much more of Heav'n He pleas'd to take:  
A glorious *Altar* its four horns doth rear  
Before th' eternal Throne, and holier make  
The sacred Hecatombs it beareth, by  
Its own inestimable Purity.

## 65.

For all its radiant Metal temper'd was  
Of *Clarity*'s own thrice-refined Soul:  
But since the poverty of Language has  
No richer Word, we are constrain'd to fowl  
Its gallant Beauties, and its Splendors fold  
Up in the dim unworthy name of *Gold*.

## 66.

Yet though the golden Pile with fairer beams  
Than horns did flame, the *Coals* enthron'd on it,  
Pour'd out a flood of more illustrious streams,  
Dazeling the metal'd Eyes of their own Seat.  
Strong was the *fire*, yet amorously mild;  
Deeply it burnt, yet harmlesly it smil'd.

## 67.

For with a Ray, shot from His quickning Eye,  
LOVE kindled it at first; and ever since  
It gratefully maintains the gallantry  
Of its most blessed birth: the Excellence  
Of sweetest *Vigor* in the Bonfire keeps  
Its court; in every Spark *Life's fervor* leaps.

## 68.

Let any of these *Coals* bestow a kiss  
On mortal lips, the ardent Complement  
With Heav'nly Eloquence will stigmatize  
The blessed Mouth; nor shall the stout Consent  
Of *Learning's* opposition break the force  
Of that inflamed Tongue's sublime Discourse.

## 69.

But if it burns its passage through the breast,  
The Heart with nature's pulse no longer beats;  
But with the fulness of new Life opprest,  
Lab'reth and panteth with immortal Heats;  
Yielding bright proofs, that Heav'n's high fire's no less  
Unquenchable than that of Hell's Abyss.

## 70.

The *Sovereign Spirit* from this fair *Altar's* sphere  
Listing two Troops of choise serenest *flames*,  
Together coupled them all pair by pair;  
Then severing by a Cleft their upper beams,  
Their radiant roots into one stock he clung,  
And form'd each Two like One divided Tongue.

## 71.

In splendid equipage He mustered  
All these before His sprightly Coach, that they  
Might graceful Tapers be to light and lead  
His great Procession's Pomp ; which to the Ray  
Of far inferior *Titan* for a golden  
And flaming Convoy, scorn'd to be beholden.

## 72.

Appointed thus, His royal March He 'gan,  
Needing no Trumpets' throats the News to tell ;  
The gallant Pæans of His *vocal Van*  
To all the Orbs proclaim'd the Spectacle :  
*Heav'n* summon'd by the strong Alarm, awoke,  
And all its twinkling Eyes did thither look.

## 73.

Into Amazement's Deep old *Nature* started,  
And there stood staring on the wonderous sight  
In which She read her own great Statutes thwarted  
By *Him* whose Mandate first had set them right ;  
Seeing brisk *Lightness* its strange Progress rending  
Through *weight's* dull road, and *wind* and *fire*  
descending.

## 74.

As in the speed of furious Sweetness this  
Greedy Procession down it self did croud ;  
By sudden fragor's vast Impetuosity  
The Air's calm Ocean all was overflow'd :  
Which Noise's flood broke ope that *House*, and there  
Thy *Lord's Disciples* overwhelm'd with fear.

## 75.

Not with that slavish fear which strikes the stroke  
Of Vengeance upon guilty Hearts before  
The whip can touch them ; but with Dread whose Look  
Starts into joyous Hope ; a Dread which more  
Afflicts with piercing Comfort than with Pain ;  
Which pinches, but by breaking of the Rein.

## 76.

The blustering Language of the Coach they heard,  
And fully understood from whence it came ;  
By which their Expectation's Bliss appear'd  
Before its Apparition : had no flame  
Lighted the noble Truth, yet plain the case  
They found, that *Heav'n* upon them rushing was.

## 77.

But as their eyes they lifted up to meet  
Their glorious Hopes, th' authentick Attestation  
On their brave faith its radiant signet set :  
In broke the mighty *Wind of Consolation*,  
With all the *Lightning's* graceful Troop, and on  
Their Heads each flaming *Tongue* strait took its throne.

## 78.

The blessed *Breath* its vigor roll'd about  
The wondering *House*, and every corner fill'd ;

Yet suffered no Blasts to straggle out,  
And blow on *Jewish*, or on *Pagan* field :  
*Heav'n's Spirit* hither deigned to resort,  
And only here He means to keep His Court.

## 79.

What though its Walls be poor ; what though the Room  
As yet be scant ? the simple fabrick is  
His *Holy Church*, His sublunary Home,  
His sweet though but His earthly Paradise :  
Though other Piles be fair, *God* chooseth none  
To be His Temple, but His *Church* alone.

## 80.

The fond Schismatick and Heretick fry  
Flatter their conventicling Cells in vain,  
As if the sneaking Arms of Privacy  
The great and *Catholic Spirit* could contain ;  
Or *He* in snarling several Sects could dwell  
Who *Union's* is and *Peace's* closest Seal.

## 81.

Indeed with *Wind* their Houses filled are ;  
But empty Wind, or full of baneful breath ;  
Breath much of kin to that contagious Air  
Whose bosom stuffed is with gales of Death :  
Breath of immortal Plagues, which pierceth through  
The breast and heart, till Souls to hell it blow.

## 82.

Nay several Breaths together bluster there,  
And all the Card of Winds in battle meet :  
Whence by the Tempest of their monstrous War  
They upon Cities, Churches, Kingdoms beat,  
Till into mad Confusion's gulf at last  
Wrack'd friends and foes, and their own selves they  
cast.

## 83.

O that the foolish World so far would learn  
Its own felicity as but to know  
The soil that bears it ! could they once discern  
That in the Church's mount it groweth, how  
Could madness be so mad as once to think  
To find it in a conventicle's sink ?

## 84.

But to display the Plenitude with which  
The *Spirit's* vast Magnificence did store  
His dear *Ecclesiastick House*, the reach  
Of *Seraph's* largest Eloquence, nay more,  
The glorious Compass of the *Tongues* which thus  
Attended it, too scant and narrow is.

## 85.

Yet noble were those *Tongues* : whose *cloven* fashion  
Their temples crown'd with due Significance,  
Who were by this sublime Inauguration  
Made *sacred Princes of all Lands*. Not chance,  
But just and *Heav'nly Reason* did bestow  
These *flaming Miters* on the *Church's* brow.

86.

*Mitres*, whose bright Prerogative as far  
Outshines old *Aaron's* golden Coronet,  
As purest *Evangelick Glories* are  
Above the sphere of *Legal Beauties* set :  
Most reverend *Miters*, which ingraved were  
With greater Holyness than triumph'd there.

87.

This shape's fair Points right gloriously maintain  
Due opposition to Hell's ugly *King* :  
These *Princes* destin'd were above to reign,  
For ever, *He* beneath : and answering  
In head and feet their several Kingdoms, now  
They *Cloven* are above, and *He* below.

88.

Nor must th' Ambition of the *forked Hill*  
Which higher than it self proud *Greece* doth lift,  
By *Cirrho* or by *Nissa* parallel  
The loftier Honor of this splended *Cleft* :  
Here here in multiplicity the true  
*Parnassus* his most learned Top doth shew.

89.

Here dwels not that thin family of *Nine*  
Fictitious *Sisters*, whom kind *Poets* first  
Devoutly fixing in their fancie's shrine,  
With Praises and quaint Admirations nurst  
Into fond *Deities* ; and then desir'd  
By what themselves had made, to be inspir'd.

90.

O no ! a Brood of *Graces* numberless  
And really divine, which hatched were  
By th' everlasting *Dove's* pure warmth, in this  
Illustrious habitation Tenants are :  
*Graces* with whose enthusiastick Heat  
Both breasts of *Poets* and of *Preachers* beat.

91.

For these fire-crowned *Saints* convened here  
Where Heav'n's grand *Trumpets*, chosen to proclaim  
Round *Phebus's* circle unto every ear  
The glories of a fairer *Titan's* Name :  
And now Heav'n's *Breath* was ready come to teach  
The World-alariming *Trumpets*, how to Preach.

92.

And this unclouds thy doubting, *Psyche*, why  
On these *Disciples' heads* this Embleme sate :  
No Badge so truly proper to imply  
The signal Glory of their Charge, as that :  
Talk not of Beauty, Wealth or Pedegree ;  
What but a *Tongue* the Preacher's Crown can be ?

93.

This with meet emphasis declares that they  
Are His Embassadors who is the *Word* :

Their Errand's Peace ; nor seek they to array  
Themselves in Steel, or trust to spear and sword ;  
Compounded all of Sweetness is their might,  
As being sent to *Treat*, and not to *Fight*.

94.

*Religion* knows no stern Artillery,  
But in her *Tongue* her gentle Powers reign ;  
*Prayers* and *Persuasions* her Engins be,  
Prepared pure unbloody Bays to gain :  
Her *Master's Death* suffices her, and she  
No other *Wounds* desires to make or see.

95.

Her own dear Veins She rather will expose  
To quench the barbarous Thirst of any steel,  
Than broach and quaff in others ; with her foes  
More kindly She than with her self will deal,  
And struggles at her own Life's price to give  
Them happy power eternally to live.

96.

Shame then, the dregs of shame all poured be  
On their bold Souls, who shall hereafter by  
The Ammunition of Barbarity  
*Religion's* peaceful Quarrel fortify ;  
Who not by *Prayers*, but *Armies* shall beseech,  
Who not by *Tongues*, but *Canons' Roar* shall preach.

97.

Whose *Church* shall grow so *Militant* indeed,  
That it by nothing but by *War* can stand ;  
The flames of whose hell-kindled Zeal shall feed  
Upon and quite devour the *Altar* ; and  
Its wild Combustion spread to Court and Bar,  
Till Throne and Laws in Ashes buried are.

98.

'Tis true, these *Tongues of Pentecosts* were all  
Compos'd of fire, but fire serene and mild ;  
Which corresponding to the festival,  
With harmless fervor on these *Preachers* smil'd :  
Bright were the flames, yet did not scorch but gild,  
Covering their Temples with a radiant Shield.

99.

Resolv'd to sport it in a Summer's Eve  
Thus did of late the merry *Lambent fire*  
An innocent Kiss to thine own Tresses give ;  
A Kiss which still thy ravish'd thoughts admire,  
Being so tender that it could not by  
Thy touch be felt, but only by thine Eye.

100.

Yet though those *flames* on this Assembly sate  
With unconsuming delicacy ; They  
Approv'd themselves victoriously hot,  
When through the World their might rent ope its way  
And burnt so bright from East to West, that it  
On a-light fire with Zeal all Nations set.

## 101.

With *sacred Zeal*, which made all Dross its Prey,  
 All Dross of Ignorance, of Superstition,  
 Of atheous Grossness ; and refin'd the Clay  
 Of *humane Nature* into a condition  
     So richly pure, that on its holy face  
     Splendidly legible *God's Image* was.

## 102.

Nor prov'd their *Heat* less useful than their *Light*,  
 Which poured out meridian *Grace's Day*  
 Upon the Depth of that Soul-blinding Night  
 Of Sin in which all Countries groping lay :  
     For *Piety* forthwith awoke, and read  
     Heav'n clear and plain, and what way thither led.

## 103.

Has *holy Fame* not acted to thine ear  
 That old Exploit which grav'd *Shinar's Plain*  
 On *Memorie's* eternal pillars ? where  
 The deep and dreadful Item stands, to rein  
     All mortal *Pride's* bold speed, and fright *Ambition*  
     Into remembrance of its frail Condition.

## 104.

All several Tongues as yet were One, nor did  
 Distinction of cross Dialects estrange  
 This Colony from that ; no Sense lay hid  
 In an exotick Dress ; no Climate's change  
     Created need of an Interpreter  
     To speak again what once was spoken there.

## 105.

When *humane Race*, who freely now could trade  
 With one another's Minds, together laid  
 Their heads and plots, and politically mad  
 Consulted how to make their fears afraid,  
     To fortify their Strength, to teach their *Pride*  
     To rise, and Union not to divide.

## 106.

The *drowned World* so deep had sunk into  
 Their jealous hearts, that though the *King of Fate*  
 Shot them Assurance from his splendid *Bow*,  
 On their own Council's anvil still they beat,  
     And hop'd to hammer by their Wisdom's work  
     Some surer larger Refuge than an *Ark*.

## 107.

For all in Parliament most gravely met,  
 And having popular *Nimrod* chose to be  
 Their learned Speaker ; cunning he, to get  
 By his sly Bait of *outside Honesty*.  
     Power's prize his proud-hearted-burning thirst to slake,  
     With looks demure the *wild House* thus bespake :

## 108.

Henceforth all private Thoughts farewell, adieu  
 Mine own Estate, my Fame, my Liberty ;

*Nimrod* must have no more to do with you  
 Than with the *Publick* you *the same* can be :  
     My Life's *without* me now, nor can I feel  
     My proper Health but in the *Common-weal*.

## 109.

How miserable were my Gains, could I  
 Shift for *my Self alone*, when all my dear  
 And rational Kinred must exposed lie  
 To cruel *Chance's* insolent career ?  
     How could my Life its Name to me maintain  
     Who must in every one of them be slain !

## 110.

That therefore no *Dispersion* may unty  
 Our *Common Bodies'* joints, and ope a way  
 To Disolation's full-tide injury ;  
 I here propound, what I will first obey ;  
     Let it enacted be, that All combine  
     Their Purses and their Hands in one Design.

## 111.

In one Design, to build a *City*, where  
 Against all fears we may our selves immune :  
 And in that City's heart a *Tower* to rear  
 Whose chance-defying Top shall not endure  
     To be o'looked and controlled by  
     Proud Clouds, or at the Thunder's mercy lie.

## 112.

A Tower whose head amidst the Spheres shall dwell,  
 And with a starry Crown imbellish'd be ;  
 A Tower which may befriend the Heav'n's as well  
 As Earth, with bravely firm Security ;  
     And higher than Rain's empire, scorn the froth  
     Of any *Deluge's* impatient Wrath.

## 113.

Bold *Nimrod* so. The silly Senate all  
 Voted his Motion strait into a Law,  
 And then about their insolent Work they fall,  
 And mounts of Slime and Brick together draw ;  
     Unto a barbarous depth they dig, and set  
     In hell their heav'n-aspiring Fabrick's feet.

## 114.

That Expedition then their Work might crown,  
 They with their Morter mix'd their willing Sweat ;  
 The long-breath'd Sun was tir'd, and laid him down  
 Before their daily Task would Rest admit ;  
     Nor could he out of bed so early be  
     As they, who higher vow'd to climb than He.

## 115.

O how much easier might they have ascended  
 To heav'n's fair Hill, would they have gone the way  
 Which Heav'n it self had oft to them commended !  
 The possible and ready way, which lay  
     Not o'r the dangerous tops of *highlook'd Towers*,  
     But through *Humility's* safe shady bowers.



## 116.

As now the monstrous *Pile* began to rise,  
 One story climbing on another's back ;  
 The *Workmen's* swelling Joy first through their eyes,  
 Then through their lips in haughty triumph brake :  
 Loud were their Acclamations, and beat  
 The Stars, which now their Tower presum'd to threat.

## 117.

God heard the saucy Noise, and challeng'd by  
 Its importunity, came down to see  
 How far the Madness of Impiety,  
 To her own ruin clambering would be :  
 He came, and saw th' outrageous Work, and how  
 Proud *Dust* above its Earth aspir'd to grow.

## 118.

This made Him His just Indignation seal  
 Sure on their *Tongues* which call'd His Vengeance down :  
 The troubled *Builders* strait a-staring fell,  
 Deeming all Ears were deaf except their own,  
 Or that their Fellows' wits grew dizzy by  
 Their rearing up this Edifice so high.

## 119.

This man gives Brick, when that for Morter calls,  
 This cries, a Hammer, that a Ladder brings ;  
 A-swearing this, and that a-Laughing falls  
 To hear his Neighbours thus miscalling Things :  
 This Prays, that Curses his Commanding ; and  
 This Rails, and that his Praises doth commend.

## 120.

A hideous Combustion of Voice  
 Amaz'd the Air ; and each one wonder'd why  
 He spake so loud, and yet could make no noise  
 To any of the gaping Standers by ;  
 Whose Senses equally astonish'd were  
 To find they heard not what they still did hear.

## 121.

Confounded thus, away their Tools they threw,  
 And all their Hopes which with their Tower had swell'd ;  
 Being inforc'd to study out a new  
 Manner of Architecture, which might build  
 More useful *Castles in the Air* than this,  
 And raise of Words a various Edifice.

## 122.

For in this clamorous hurlibury tost,  
 They saw their Language which till now had run  
 In one smooth chanel, miserably lost  
 Into a maze of more than seven times ten  
 Ragged Meanders, where the vexed Sound  
 Alas, an harsh and troubled passage found.

## 123.

This fatal Curse made every Country be  
 Barbarian to one another, and

To mighty cost put Humane Industry  
 Their silliest Neighbours how to understand :  
 On sprucest *Wit* this stamp't the name of fool,  
 And sent profoundest *Learning's* self to School.

## 124.

This forc'd through many tedious sweating Years  
 The patience of the earnest Student ; who  
 Consumed with a thousand pallid Cares,  
 Amidst his painful Work could nothing do.  
 For to enrich his Tongue, his Brains he brake,  
 And aged grew e'r he had learn'd to speak.

## 125.

Strange scrambling Alphabets this multiply'd,  
 And to an Art improv'd Necessity ;  
 Each parted Tongue this did again divide  
 Into Eight several Stations, and by  
 Unworthy *Grammar's* busy Niceties  
 All generous Apprehensions exercise.

## 126.

Yea *Grammar* too found all her Laws too weak  
 To govern Language's extravagance ;  
 Such odd and unruly *Idioms* did kick  
 Against her settled Discipline, and prance  
 So wildly through Expression's fields, that *Art*  
 Was fain to play the child, and conne by heart.

## 127.

But *Pentecost's* miraculous Virtue now  
 By cloven *Tongues* did *Tongues' Division* heal,  
 And teach all different Languages to flow  
 From single mouths ; which happily repeal  
 The fate of *Babel*, and can fully rear  
 A loftier Tower then was designed there.

## 128.

For these brave *Architects* impowred were  
 The royal fabrick of the *Church* to raise :  
 A fabrick which though its foundation here  
 In low and scorn'd Humility it lays,  
 It mounts above the Clouds in sacred pride  
 And in the Heav'n of Heav'ns its head doth hide.

## 129.

A fabrick whose Materials scatter'd lay  
 Both in the East and West, the South and North ;  
 Which though no more than simple *Dust and Clay*,  
 Yet far excell'd the *Parian Marble's* worth,  
 And those fair *Stones' whose sparkling eyes with sweet*  
 And bright *Good Morrows* rising *Titan* meet.

## 130.

These all both live and breath, and are endow'd  
 With vigor which on *Time's* proud Sithe can tread :  
 For in the bosom of this *dusty cloud*  
 Are pure immortal Souls enveloped ;  
 Which, since the *Church's* Pile *Spiritual* is,  
 Suit fairest with the glorious Edifice.

## 131.

And O, what power of Art's requir'd to hew  
And square and polish Spirits! *Psyche* this  
High Workmanship's rare difficulties shew  
That more than Man the *Master-builder* is.  
He is indeed; and these Disciples now  
Felt with no less than *God* their bosoms glow.

## 132.

Though flaming Tongues perch'd on their heads, yet in  
Their breasts the mighty fire its furnace chose:  
There, there th' eternal *Spirit* his divine  
All-quickning fervor's plenitude let loose;  
Which swell'd its Dwelling with impatient Bliss,  
And strain'd their heart-strings to Delight's excess.

## 133.

As when the Harvest with a plenteous Crop  
Of smiling streams augments his teeming store,  
*Jordan* grown bigger than himself, flings ope  
The bounty of his Arms on either shore;  
And deluges of kind Embraces spreads  
Over the beauties of his neighbour Meads.

## 134.

So in this time of *Grace's Harvest* now  
These sacred *Souls* were stuff'd and stretch'd so high  
That all their bosoms' banks proved much too low  
To bridle in their floods' immensity:  
The working Torrent broke their lips in sunder,  
And drown'd all *Salem's* ears in holy wonder.

## 135.

(For sooner shall the fire refuse to burn,  
The golden Sun to chase out leaden Night,  
Earth's Lump to stand, Heav'n's nimble Wheels to turn,  
Th' inamor'd Needle to affect the sight  
Of her dear North; than all the World shall slake  
Their Tongues' career whom Heav'n inspires to speak.)

## 136.

They Spake; but hampered and scant'd now  
No longer in the *Syrian* Speeches' pale:  
All Sounds to them in champagne lay; and through  
That open Race they scoured, to forestal  
Bold *Ignorance's* Plea, and make't appear  
That All might learn, who would not stop their ear.

## 137.

Nor were they common murmuring Rills which broke  
From their Lips' fount, but highest floods of Praise:  
Heav'n's mighty *King* they for their Subject took,  
And bravely ventured their first Essays  
On *Love's Omnipotence*, whose Wonders they  
In most courageous faith and Zeal display.

## 138.

Forthwith a noble Auditory on  
These all-longu'd *Preachers* thronged to attend;

For from the rising to the setting Sun  
Devotion's bus'ness did to *Salem* send  
All pious hungry Hearts to feast it here,  
With sacred *Pentecost's* most solemn cheer.

## 139.

Here *Lybia* with *Cappadocia* met;  
*Egypt* and *Media* saw *Pamphilia* here;  
Here *Parthia* and *Pontus* crowded *Creet*;  
With *Elamites* here *Jews* surrounded were;  
*Mesopotamia* here kiss'd *Phrygia*, and  
*Arabia* here took *Asia* by the hand.

## 140.

Had any been too great and proud to come,  
Imperial *Rome* on those high terms had stood;  
Yet she disdained not to travel from  
Her Pomp and mingle with this common flood:  
All which were welcom'd by a nobler feast  
Than by *Mosaick Rites* was ever drest.

## 141.

A Feast so strangely sumptuous, that they  
Can nothing but their deep Amazement feed;  
The *Elamite* his wonder doth bewray  
Unto the *Jew*, the *Lybian* to the *Mede*.  
All loose themselves in dubious fancies, and  
Astonish'd are because they Understand.

## 142.

The *Babylonian Workmen* wracked were  
In less devouring Deeps of Ecstasy  
Those unintelligible Sounds to hear  
Whose breath blew down their bold Conspiracy;  
Than these admiring Nations, now they know  
Plainly what spoken is, yet know not how.

## 143.

Up fly their puzzell'd hands and eyes and voice,  
And thus they cry: What, O what do we hear!  
Did e'r from any single fountain choise  
Of every Liquor flow! what Root can bare  
All tribes and kinds of Herbs and flowers, and make,  
A goodly Garden grow on one poor Stalk!

## 144.

Yet lo, those numerous Varieties  
Of disagreeing Languages, by which  
Each Country shut from one another lies  
Beyond Communication's friendly reach,  
All flourishing in reconciliation here  
Upon the tips of single Tongues appear.

## 145.

And were not these strange *Orators* all bred  
In dull and simple *Galilee*? Yet we  
Find more than learned *Athens'* treasured  
In *Ignorance's* clownish Progeny;  
Which them both *Linguists* doth and *Doctors* make,  
For they as marvelously Teach as spake.

## 146.

Home to our hearts they piercing come in our  
Own Dialects, and print their Sermons there,  
Leaving our most convinced Souls no power  
Of contradiction : O how Heav'nly-rare  
Is that Magnificence of Mercy they  
Like *God's* own *Trumpets* royally display !

## 147.

What Miracles of News ; what Oracles  
Of bliss-begetting Truths are these, by which  
We learn how bright *Divinity* a Dress  
Of Clouds put on ; how *God* was pleas'd to pitch  
His Tent on Earth ; and how *Immensity*  
Shrunk into Dust, and deign'd a *Babe* to be.

## 148.

How mighty *Jesus* shin'd so fair, ev'n by  
His dim Condition, as away to chase  
Each misty Type and shady Prophecy  
Which muffled up till now Religion's face :  
How most oppressed *He* triumph'd, and though  
Both poor and scorn'd, *Heav'n's Kingdom* rais'd  
below.

## 149.

What sacred Laws *He* for that Realm enacted ;  
In what stupendous Deeds His Power did reign ;  
How *He* His *twice six Deputies* elected ;  
How *He* His *Spirit* promis'd to sustain  
Their faint frail flesh in that grand Office, and  
Their Patience arm'd that Promise to attend.

## 150.

How by His *dying Breath* *He* blew down *Death*  
And undermin'd *Corruption* in His Grave ;  
How *Hell* *He* lower trode, when 's foot's brave Wrath  
Into the *Dragon's* brains due Vengeance drave ;  
How *He* the third Day cancell'd *mortal fate*,  
And to the World op'd *Resurrection's* gate.

## 151.

How gloriously besmear'd with Conquests, *He*  
Encoached in a thriambeutick Cloud  
Returned home ; how Heav'n's sublimity  
In loyal reverence to His Coming bow'd ;  
How *He* resum'd His Sovereign Throne, and there  
*Honor's* own earned Crown on 's Temples ware.

## 152.

The pious *Strangers* by these Admirations  
Eas'd their oppressed hearts. When *Hell's* black *King* ;  
Whose ever-jealous ear caught all Mutations  
Which through the coasts of startled Nature run,  
Rous'd his mad head, and shook the snaky hair  
And fiery horns which sadly stared there.

## 153.

The fragor of the Heav'nly *Wind* he heard,  
Which rent his sturdy throne and stouter heart

Into suspicion that some stronger Lord  
Had seized on his Realm's superior part,  
And blown away his power to maintain  
His dearest Title of *Air's Sovereign*.

## 154.

This fir'd his speed, and he to *Salem* flew  
To see what most he fear'd and hated most :  
Where those fair troops of flaming *Tongues* through  
new  
Terrors and Doubts his dazzell'd fancy tost,  
And fry'd his brains in pangs, because they did  
Not burn but burnish this *Assemblee's* head.

## 155.

Not all the seizings, shrieks, grones, yellings, which  
To damned ears his hideous Hell apply,  
Had ever jarr'd upon his Soul with such  
Sad harshness, as that blessed Melody  
Of all-agreeing Languages, which through  
Th' *Apostles' Heav'n-tun'd lips* distilled now.

## 156.

Nor was the Theme of their most sweet Discourse  
Less bitter to his fell malicious Taste ;  
For by *divine Love's* wonderworking force  
He into fetters felt his fury cast,  
And those Exploits he heard proclaimed here  
The History of his own Ruins were.

## 157.

But that which with more cruel anguish tore  
His venomous Soul, was to observe how all  
This *Conflux* in astonishment before  
This Miracle's bright face made haste to fall ;  
Ne'r struggling by fond prejudice to slight  
What they could not resist by Reason's Might.

## 158.

His breast he smote, he stamp'd, his lips he bit ;  
Three desperate sighs he fetch'd ; three times he try'd  
His tortured impatience forth to spit ;  
But was as oft repulsed by the Tide  
Of gloriously-convincing power which he  
Saw shining in this *sacred Prodigy*.

## 159.

Recoiling then into his belking heart  
Thus his indignant Fury there he chewed :  
Fy *Belzebub* ; shall thine immortal Art  
Of Spight and Wrath so poorly be subdued,  
That silly *Fishermen* should catch thy Prey,  
And empty send thy Plots and Thee away !

## 160.

Shall *Galilean Tongues* the credit wrest  
From thy renowned *Oracles*, and draw  
Astonish'd Nations to adore that *Christ*  
Who galls his Subjects with an iron Law ;  
Whilst fooled Thou ingrateful Man to please  
Lin'st thy Commands with silken downy Ease ?

## 161.

What boots it Thee Damnation's King to be,  
If thy vast Realms depopulated lie ;  
If thy presumed Slaves revolt from Thee  
And to thy hated *Rival's* standard fly ;  
If Emptiness must fill thy *Fails of Pain* ;  
If all thy sulphury Gulfs must flame in vain !

## 162.

Canst thou with patience be a Devil, and yet  
Behold how in this new converted *Rout*,  
(Who for his *Churche's* Pile, themselves as fit  
Materials, to the *Carpenter* have brought,) Thy heedless Earth is tainted by the strong  
*Christ-bred* Contagion, swelling every Tongue !

## 163.

Thus murmuring in his fretful self ; at length  
His Wrath and Craft trode down his fear ; and He  
Vowed to tenter Desperation's strength,  
And deepest Hell's profounder Policy,  
Rather than any of those Tongues should grow  
Famous by preaching his Pride's Overthrow.

## 164.

*Wind* is but *Wind*, though puff'd from Heav'n, said He,  
And what care I for what was with it blown ?  
Great *Satan's* Tongue is full as fiery  
As those which now these *Galileans* crown :  
Yea and from Heav'n it fell as well as They,  
Why then, why should it fear what those can Say ?

## 165.

'Tis true, their Might is mightier than their own ;  
For Heav'n's grand *Spirit* nestles in their breast ;  
(Though with more credit, sure, He might have shown  
Himself abroad, and chose fair Honor's List.)  
But am not I, brave I, a *Spirit* too ?  
Yes ; and will make my *Rival* find it so.

## 166.

And since in ambush He His strength hath laid,  
(Whether in fear to pitch a field, or no,  
Let others judge :) it never shall be said  
But I at His own play will meet my Fo.  
I'd rather win by open battel ; yet  
Rather than loose, I'll fight by secret Wit.

## 167.

He to His cost shall quickly find, that I  
Can my *Disciples* too *inspire* ; nor shall  
His *Tongue's* admired Multiplicity  
Outpreach my Orators. Shall Words appall  
Me, who ne'r stoop'd to Deeds ? forbid it my  
Immortally-rebellious Gallantry.

## 168.

Well beat my Pulse ; well belk'd my noble Brain ;  
Brave *Triumph's* March in my own heart I feel :

My Plot's as sure and safe, as my Disdain  
And Wrath are just : all foolish Doubts farewell.  
Thus having brag'd his *Blasphemies*, the *Feind*  
With hideous gladness smiled in his mind.

## 169.

Then having spy'd out an unhappy Knot  
Of unbelieving Souls, who stared there  
And scratch'd their musing heads ; himself he shot  
Deep into their unguarded bosoms, where  
He tainted to such rampant strength their *Doubt*  
That from their lips the raging Venom wrought.

## 170.

O fond Mistake ! cry'd they : where are your eyes,  
Your Reason's eyes, ye blind Admirers ! Why  
Must all the world by your rash Ecstasies  
Run headlong into credulous Foolery ?  
Shall every Country else besotted be  
By,—which of all's the silliest,—*Galilee* ?

## 171.

Is't such a tame and sober Age, that you  
A pack of Drunkards never saw but here !  
Alas poor *Fishers* ; they have only now  
Taken too great a Draught : their Brains which were  
With Water more than Wine acquainted, feel  
What 'tis with new strange Elements to deal.

## 172.

Perhaps 'twas *Pentecost's* Festivity  
Which tempted them into this jovial Fit :  
But they began the Feast too soon ; or by  
Rude headlong Joy outran their Wits, and it.  
By this, had they a Temple there, you see  
What goodly Feasts they'd keep in *Galilee*.

## 173.

The *Wine* was new, and news, and woo'd their Taste  
With such strong complement, that yielding They  
The pleasant smiling sparkling *Nymph* embrac't  
With wanton greediness ; and threw away  
The tedious thoughts of their old Nets and Pains  
When once imprison'd in her dainty chains.

## 174.

What cause of Marvel is it then, that they  
Who thus were stuff'd and stretch'd, at length run over ;  
That working *Must* would not the bung obey,  
But on the Vessel's brim its strength discover !  
That brim's their lips, on which the surplusage  
Of their mad fullness foams its drunken rage.

## 175.

What wonder e'r fool'd sober hearts, to see  
The *Menades* rapt into Ecstasies  
When ravish'd by their raging *Deity*  
They lost their virgin sense ? And do not these  
Intoxicated *Priests of Wildness* now  
With *Bacchus's* vitious virtue overflow ?

## 176.

What though their Legs no staggering betray?  
This drunken Fit works only upwards; and  
What gross and fuming burdens oversway  
Their Brains, you by their mouths may understand:  
For their unweildy Tongues reel to and fro,  
And stumbling through a thousand Dialects go.

## 177.

Or if *Wine's Spirit* too unlearned seem  
To prompt so many Languages; why may  
That other *Spirit* not have tutor'd them  
Who taught their *Master* strength! 'tis less to *Say*  
Than *Do*: If He by *Belzebub* could break  
Hell's Laws, against them why may These not *Speak*?

## 178.

Old *Satan's* cunning and hath often found  
The way his great *Creator's* steps to trace;  
A gainful Trick, and which hath fairly crown'd  
His hellish Projects with an heavenly Grace.  
If *God* once preach'd by *Balaam's Ass*, why may  
Not *Satan* do as much by *These* to-day?

## 179.

But clearly to uncloud your Stupor, let  
A little Sleep but cool these *Linguists'* brain;  
And they from their evaporated Wit  
Will wake into their silly selves again:  
These *Fishers* then will all as silent be  
As their mute *Preys* they hunted in the Sea.

## 180.

Thus rail'd this slanderous Crew: and *Satan*, who  
Had roared through their throats this Calumny,  
Presum'd to hope the *Miracle* was so  
Smitten and blasted, that it needs must die.  
Fond Devil! who though beat from heav'n to hell,  
Will still conceit he with his *God* can deal.

## 181.

As when bold Malice contumely spits  
Upon th' *Embassage* of some glorious Prince,  
The generous *Embassador* forgets  
His own, and putteth on his *Sovereign's* sense;  
Whom stoutly he asserts, and from the face  
Of his great Interest wipes all Disgrace:

## 182.

So *Heav'n's twelve Legers* now affronted by  
This foul Reproach which on their *God* did bound;  
Pluck'd up their loyal Zeal, and lifting high  
Their most undaunted heads, dispensed round  
About their railing Foes an awful Look,  
Which to their *Lye*, resolv'd Defiance spoke.

## 183.

Their *Captain* then, He whose faint Tongue of late  
Into Apostasie's base safety sneaked;

That cowardly Retreat to expiate,  
The powers of faithful Bravery awaked,  
And full in *Slander's* face led up the Van  
Of strong though naked Truth; and thus began:

## 184.

O most mistaken *Jeus*, lend me your ears,  
And fill'd with *Bliss* I'll pay them back again:  
Wer't *Wine's* wild Energy which domineers  
In our O how unjustly slander'd brain;  
Yet would it quit your cost to hear us speak  
Since *Verity* from *Wine's* free lips doth break.

## 185.

But ask your eyes, and they will tell you Day  
Is young and has but crawl'd three steps as yet:  
And can *Suspition* dream We would betray  
Our early hours to Night's foul bus'ness? let  
All Histories of Monsters ransack'd be,  
No morning *Drunkards* you inroll'd shall see.

## 186.

Yet if you wash from Drunkenness's Name  
The guilty blot of carnal Luxury;  
We own the Word, and fear not any shame  
That can attend on such Ebriety.  
That Drunk we are, we willingly profess,  
But not, as you suppose, by *Wine's* excess.

## 187.

'Tis not the blood of Grapes which swells our veins  
And makes our tongues so glib: O no, the *Wine*  
Whose sprightly vigor in our bosoms reigns,  
The gallant issue is of th' heav'nly *Vine*;  
Whence pressed but this Morning, down upon  
Our heads and hearts in living streams it ran.

## 188.

Long since, your reverend *Joel's* piercing eye  
Discover'd this intoxicating Day;  
When drunk with sympathetick ecstasy  
This sacred Rage of ours he did display.  
O blame not then our Tongues nor Brains, since We  
Are thus distemper'd ev'n by Prophecy.

## 189.

He, noble He, foretold, how in the dry  
Old age of Time, his *God* abroad would set  
Th' alquickning Fountain of Immensity  
To cure the languishing World's Drought, and let  
The Deluge of his mighty *Spirit* flow  
Down on parch'd gasping bosoms here below:

## 190.

How this most cleansing Flood should wash the eye  
Of every Age and Sex so bright, that they  
Through gloomy Closets of futurity  
Should light themselves by their own searching Ray;  
And traffick in the deepest Mysteries  
Of holy Visions, Dreams, and Prophecies.

## 191.

This, this, that strange *Effusion* is which now  
Our blind illiterate Ignorance hath drown'd ;  
This from our heav'n-instructed tongues doth flow  
In every Dialect's right-tuned Sound.

Our Souls *this Wine* enflames ; and thus are We  
Drunk with mysterious Sobriety.

## 192.

When *Slander* at this high Apology  
Chain'd in inevitable Muteness stood :  
Further to reach his blessed Victory,  
The conquering *Saint* on in 's Oration rode,  
And on his now ingaged Auditory  
Full volleys poured of his *Master's Story*.

## 193.

Which Charge so smartly wounded them, that they  
Fling up their Arms, and Quarter, Quarter cry ;  
No longer they dispute, but meekly pray  
For life and pardon : nor could all the sly  
Recruits which *Satan* stole into their breast,  
The sense of this their Overthrow resist.

## 194.

Three thousand Souls thus at one single Cast  
This lately-vilified *Fisher* caught ;  
Whom from their Unbelief's rough Deep, to most  
Serene and happy Baptism's streams he brought ;  
And sent back frighted *Belzebub* to quake  
Ev'n in the bottom of his burning Lake.

## 195.

This early Conquest's grand Experiment  
Doubled their Privilege's former sense  
On these *Disciples'* hearts : the full extent  
Of that dear Promise their *ascending Prince*  
Pawn'd to their Widdowhood, perform'd they see :  
Now they invested are in *Potency*.

## 196.

In *Potency* ; and in such pure *Delight*  
That *Joy's* own Soul's not more content than they :  
Indeed all *Pleasures* seem'd to take their flight  
On *Jesus's* wings, when hence He tow'd away.  
But now in their own ravish'd breasts they find  
Heav'n's and Earth's *Comforter* Himself inshrin'd.

## 197.

Whole Oceans of Jubilations beat  
And foam'd upon their bosoms' swelled shore :  
Their former selves they sought amongst those sweet  
Extremities, but found themselves no more :  
The Men were lost in joyous Perturbation,  
And all their Essence turn'd to *Exultation*.

## 198.

This *Solace's* divine *Contagion* spread  
Upon all Contraries its conquering might ;

With Honor, *this* disgrace imbellished ;  
*This* candied bitterest Tortures with Delight ;  
*This* sow'd the Smiles of Life and pleasant Grace  
Thick in the furrows of Death's frowning face.

## 199.

Nor could all *Persecution's* Troops forbid  
These *Heroes'* March, whose valiant *Jollity*  
Through all Distress, and Straits and Anguish rid ;  
Which muster'd stood to stop their Victory.  
Their Heav'n they sweetly antedated here,  
Whilst from their eyes was wiped every Tear.

## 200.

Great was this glorious Bliss. But, *Psyche*, know  
A royaler Prerogative than this  
On their selected Souls was sealed now :  
As wide 's *Heav'n's Kingdom* their Dominion is ;  
Both East and West 's their Jurisdiction, and  
They sacred *Princes* are in every Land.

## 201.

On twelve fair Thrones they sit in heav'nly state,  
Judging the Tribes not of that *Israel* which  
Is scanted in poor *Canaan*, but that  
Whose equal bounds the World's wide margin reach ;  
*Spiritual Israel*, link'd to *Abraham* by  
The surest bands of Faith's Affinity.

## 202.

So absolute 's their Legislative Right,  
That what they once establish for a Law,  
Not all the Votes of Hell, not all the Might  
Of contradicting Earth can overthrow :  
For in this style run their great Statutes, *Thus*  
*It seems good to the Holy Ghost and Us*.

## 203.

And little thinks *Heretick madness*, she  
At *God* Himself lifts up her desperate heels,  
Whene'r her proud Opiniasstrete  
Against Ecclesiastick Sanctions swells :  
For this almighty Spirit came not now  
To visit, but inhabit here below.

## 204.

T' inhabit here, as long as *Here* is here,  
Till *Dissolution's* gulf this World devours :  
Although this *royal Twelve* have chang'd their sphere,  
And in a higher heav'n are fix'd than yours ;  
Amongst their Successors *He* still abides,  
And always at their Council-Board Presides.

## 205.

But as these Wonders with ecstastick joy  
Embrav'd and feasted these *Disciples'* hearts ;  
Behold another Miracle's bright Ray  
Fresh Delicacies of Amazement darts :  
Their heads' dim region they enlightned find  
No less than was th' horizon of their mind.

## 206.

For their faint Memories' low-seated Cells,  
Which fogs and mists had dammed up before,  
This searching *Spirit* with pure Brightness fills;  
And rouses their Astonishment the more  
To see how in their Brains' unlikely West  
That Claritude vouchsaf'd to choose its East.

## 207.

Hast thou not seen, when courteous *Titan's* beams  
Pour his bright bounty through the Summer air,  
How in the golden bosom of his streams  
Thick shoals of Atoms swim? About this fair  
Irradiation's Scene thus scudding here  
Millions of *Memorative Figures* were.

## 208.

And those not thin and starv'd, not blind, or lame;  
Not crude and embryo Notions; no shreds  
Of half-lost Things; no open-eyed Dream;  
No slow-pac'd Topicks, whose dull tedium leads  
Poor Recollection long long ways about,  
And often seeks what needed not be sought:

## 209.

But fair and full Ideas; which were all  
Muster'd in Method's rational array;  
Off'ring their ripe and perfect selves to fall  
Into the gatherer's eye without delay;  
And telling brisk *Anamnesis* that she  
And all her pains henceforth might spared be.

## 210.

Drawn up in fairly-ranged Bodies here  
Appear'd those mighty *Precepts* which of late  
Preach'd in the Mountain's awful Pulpit were  
When Truth's and Power's grand *Prince* the Doctor  
sate.  
Precepts which far outshined those which broke  
From thundering *Sina's* head in fire and smoke.

## 211.

Here in their several Troops and Squadrons all  
Those Sayings and Expressions marshall'd were,  
Which from His venerable Lips did fall,  
Whether He taught, or prais'd or chode, or tare  
Out Devils and Diseases, or with smart  
Threatnings, alarm'd the dull obdurate Heart.

## 212.

Here in a sweet Reserve all smiling stood  
His Promises and Benedictions: from  
His Baptism's streams down to His own Side's flood  
Whate'r He spake, found here its proper room:  
So did His new-raisd Tongue's Discourse, which now  
Reviv'd again and march'd in open view.

## 213.

The smallest Syllable, and lesser Point  
Fail'd not their due appearance here to make:

The massy bulk of heav'n and earth shall faint  
And fade to nothing; but no Words that break  
From His dear mouth who is th' almighty Word  
In black Oblivion's pit can lie interr'd.

## 214.

Thus, thus the *Gospel* first was writ, and in  
Thus many Copies: which soon after by  
The same great *Spirit's* providential Pen  
Transcrib'd in quadruple Epitomy,  
Sure to perpetual Memory treasur'd are  
In Piety's authentick Register.

## 215.

Wonder not then, that no Conspiracy  
Of Earth's bold envy, or Hell's madder spight  
Could blast the growth of *Christianity*;  
Which flourish'd by no mortal Vigour's might,  
But by th' eternal *Spirit*, who power can give  
(And who alone,) to Life it self to live.

## 216.

*He* potent *He's* her Soul, and fortifies  
Her heart's inexpugnable garrison:  
Whence He to every Part sends due supplies  
Of vivid heat and chearful Motion:  
No Members so remote, but still *He* warms  
And hugs them in His Influence's arms.

## 217.

*He* warms and hugs them, if they kick and fight  
Not with His Favour's patience; nor by  
Sin's black cold puddle strive to *quench* the bright  
Flames of His Grace's Importunity:  
If by rebellious spight they *grieve* not Him  
Whose sweetness works to solace worthless Them.

## 218.

Retort thine eyes into thy Self, my Dear,  
(For thou a Member of this Body art,)  
And mark by strict examination there  
How matters tuned are in thine own heart:  
Thy heart, I know, will answer, that it beats  
Less by its own than by this *Spirit's* heats.

## 219.

Those Heats of His are they to which thou owest  
The speed of this thy sacred *Pilgrimage*,  
Far more than to these fiery *Steeds*: nor knowest  
Thou how to travel to the final Stage  
Of thy celestial Hopes, unless the blast  
Of this great *Spirit* help thy zealous haste.

## 220.

Forget not then how happy is the debt  
Which thy best Thanks to *Pentecost* engages:  
The royal Feast is not expired yet,  
Nor has long *Time* cool'd its heav'n-kindled Rages,  
Which here will surely flame till all this *All*  
By fatal fire into its ashes fall.

221.

The *Angel* ceased here, in hopes that he  
Had quenched now his *Pupil's* sacred thirst :  
When with exultant tears bedewed, She  
Into her wonted Zeal's impatience burst,  
Crying, O LOVE, how how shall finite I  
Contain thy ravishing Immensity !

222.

Was't not enough that thy Magnificence  
Sent *Phylax* down from heav'n to Comfort me ;  
But thou must pour a greater *Spirit* thence  
Than any of the winged Hierarchy ;  
That *Spirit* which enlivens heav'n with bliss,  
And all our *guardian Angel Phylax* is !

223.

Was't not enough, O matchless Sovereign  
Of most inestimable Bounty, that  
Thou climb'st Thy Cross in valiant disdain  
Of Shame and Torment, and refusedst not  
To give Thine utmost *Blood* for me, but Thou  
Must thus Thy mighty *Spirit* too bestow !

224.

Do, sweetest Conqueror, if Thou canst, do more  
To triumph over Thy thrice-vanquish'd Slave :  
Lo here most potent Thee I challenge, for  
I fear no heavier Chains than these I have :  
Under Thy Love's whole Tyranny I groan,  
Nor could Omnipotence do more than 's done.

225.

Yet shall not this profoundest Project prove  
Sufficient thy poor Vassal to deceive ;  
Nor must the greatest Tokens of thy Love  
Seduce my Loyal Languishment to leave  
Thirsting and panting after precious *Thee*,  
And drink full Solace from their Suavity.

226.

How cowardly is his Affection's Heat  
Which can by any Present from his Friend  
Be tam'd and pacify'd, and fail to beat  
With ferventer Desire ! Let *Jesus* send  
Me what He will, or can, His Gift shall but  
Whet and enrage my soul *Himself* to get.

227.

Because this *Paraclete* the Fountain is  
Of sacred Comfort, therefore dare not I  
Pitch my Contentment's final rest in His  
Divinely-satisfying Company :  
He but augments my Debt, dear *Lord*, to Thee,  
And makes my love's impatience fiercer be.

228.

Poor *Psyche's* heart why draw'st Thou by so great  
And irresistible a Cord as *He*.

Yet strangely still averse, wilt not permit  
This violence to hale me home to Thee ?  
Why must the Giver of mysterious Ease  
The *Comforter* Himself my pains increase ?

229.

Not for the price of thousand heav'ns would I  
A stranger to His blessed Influence be :  
Yet in Desire's deep furnace this doth fry  
My soul together, *Him* and *Thee* to see.  
Art *Thou* not one with *Him* ? this then I crave,  
That *Thee* I may not want whilst *Him* I have.

230.

O pardon my Unsatiableness,  
Since *Thou* thy self alone art cause of it :  
Though *Pentecost's* vast Plentitude should press  
Its feast of Joyes into my bosom, yet  
I should but famish'd be the more until  
I my Desires might at thy fountain fill.

231.

As long's this cruel Distance puts a bar  
'Twixt *Psyche* and her *Jesus*, woful she  
Is torn and sever'd from her self as far  
As groveling Earth from Heav'n's sublimity.  
O most prodigious Rack, which thus canst spar  
My life, and yet my heart in sunder tear !

232.

Might I but die, how would I thank my pain !  
But I am that strangely-massacred She,  
Who sport for Death to make, must still be slain,  
Yet still survive, destroy'd afresh to be.  
Help, help, dear *Phylax*, for my *Lord* is deaf ;  
Unriddle thou my Smart by some Relief.

233.

Thus groaned she. But her wise *Guardian* now  
Seeing her Passion's Cunning drew Dismay  
From *Comfort's* purest *Spring*, forbore to throw  
Forestalled Council in her headlong way.  
'Twas now too late to stop the Torrent's rage,  
Which yet Diversion might perhaps aswage,

234.

He therefore to her ear made no reply,  
But seal'd his silent Answer on her lip :  
Which Kiss she welcom'd with a loving sigh,  
And hopes of something more in it did sip.  
But soon she saw that what her Expectation  
Took for the Preface, prov'd the whole Oration.

235.

For nimble He strait by his shaked Rein  
Unto his *Courser's* signifies his mind ;  
And they, whose fierceness all this while in pain  
Had stood and stamp'd, now snuff'd the scorned *U*  
Louder and swifter than whose stoutest wing,  
In needing triumph through the clouds they fli



## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Stanza	45, ' <i>Comedy of Comfort</i> '—see Glossarial Index, <i>s.v.</i> , for a full note.	Stanza	151, ' <i>thriambeutick</i> '—see Glossarial Index, <i>s.v.</i>
..	59, ' <i>Prest</i> ' = ready.	..	159, ' <i>belking</i> ' = belching, swelling.
..	74 and 153, ' <i>frangor's</i> ' = frangor's.	..	163, ' <i>tenter</i> '—see Glossarial Index, <i>s.v.</i>
..	80—see our Memorial-Introduction on this Churchly slander of Nonconformists.	..	168, ' <i>belk'd</i> ' = belched, swollen, as before.
..	101, ' <i>atheous</i> ' = atheistic.	..	181, ' <i>Interest</i> ' = interest — earlier, contemporary, and later spelling.
..	110, ' <i>enacted</i> '—misprinted 'anacted' in original.	..	182, ' <i>Legers</i> ' = ambassadors.
..	136, ' <i>pale</i> ' = boundary or limits.	..	203, ' <i>Opiniastrete</i> ' = opinionastray or opinionativeness.
..	142, ' <i>admiring</i> ' = wondering.	..	218, ' <i>retort</i> ' = bend. G.



## C A N T O X V I I.

### *The Cheat.*

#### The ARGUMENT.

*Leaving his Psyche, careful Phylax arms  
With wholesome sage Advice her tender breast ;  
Yet by the Venom of Heretick Charms  
Demurely baited, down She sits a guest  
At Error's board ; and by the treacherous Cheer  
It quite devoured, which She swallow'd there.*

#### 1.

Thus snatched from her *Paradise*, where She  
No interdicted Fruit as yet had tasted ;  
Poor *Psyche* groans, and counts her self to be  
Exil'd to woful Thorns and Bryars : blasted  
Were her late florid Joys, which knew not how  
On any ground but *Palestine* to grow.

#### 2.

And sits the *Holy Land* so high and dear  
In pious Souls' esteem ? What Tongue can then  
Thunder sufficient Vengeance out, to tear  
Th' ignoble Sloth of those unmanly Men  
With equal indignation, who have let  
Vile *Pagan Powers* from *Christians* ravish it.

#### 3.

O who can patient be to see the grand  
*Memorials* of th' adored *Incarnation*  
Basely inslav'd to barbarous Rudeness, and  
*Faith's Soil* become an *Infidel Plantation* :  
Whilst *Palestine* is now no longer known  
By our *Redeemer's Footsteps*, or *our own* !

#### 4.

Could this prodigious *Shame* digested be  
By *Roman Hearts*, when on their Empire's throne  
No other *Prince* was culminant but *He*  
Whom all the best of *Bayes* attended on ;  
Who like a Bank against the Torrent stood  
And turn'd the *Gyant* into *Sarus's* flood :

#### 5.

Whose mighty Hand sent bold *Rasates* down  
To his eternal Night : who from the brow

Of stern *Cosrhoes* shook off his Crown ;  
Before *Syrhoes* cancell'd nature's Law,  
Improving Vengeance, that the *Tyrant* by  
A *Parricide* dispatch'd, might double die :

#### 6.

Who wip'd the *Roman Ignominy* out,  
When he three hundred *Eagles*, which had long  
Been mew'd in *Persian* cages, nobly brought  
In triumph back, and bad them fly among  
Their fellow *Ensigns*, and as freely gaze  
As any of the brood, on *Phebus's* face :

#### 7.

Who not these *Banners* only did redeem,  
But ev'n *Redemption's royal Standard* too ;  
Which he could then so preciously esteem  
That he himself its *Porter* turn'd, and so  
Made all his Empire stoop to that which He  
Upon His shoulders bore to *Calvary*.

#### 8.

Alas *Heraclius*, how has *Heresy*  
Atchieved what all *Persia* could not do !  
How has it made thine *Eagles'* pinions be  
Only of use to *flie before thy Fo* !  
Whilst one of *Christ's* great *Wills* thou tak'st ;  
In vain *thine own* thou hopest to enjoy.

#### 9.

Lo how the Monster *Mahomet's* black Fry  
Like numerous Locusts from the pit of Night  
Crawle into *Palestine*, and there defy  
The blasted Powers of this *Monothelite* :  
Lo, they are to the *holy City* come,  
And *Haumar* robs him of his *Savior's Tomb*.

#### 10.

This rais'd in reverend *Sophronius's* breast  
A mighty Storm of Agonies, to see  
His venerable *Salem's* walls possess  
By *Saracenic Impiety* ;  
And *James* his sacred *Seat* become the throne  
For curs'd *Apostasy* to reign upon.

## 11.

He sigh'd and weep'd, and finding no Relief  
From Heav'n or Earth to slake his Lamentation,  
Resign'd himself to his victorious Grief,  
And drown'd in his own Tears, fulfill'd his Passion :  
For why should I live longer here, said he,  
Still to be slain by what mine eyes must see !

## 12.

And now the *Land of Milk and Honey* lay  
For more than four long Ages overflown  
With *Mahumetick Poison* : till a Ray  
Of vigorous *Christian Gallantry* shot down  
From heav'n, and by the *Ermite Peter's* breath  
Blown to a Bonfire, flam'd with *holy Wrath*.

## 13.

With *holy Wrath* it flam'd in many a Breast,  
But most in brave *Bolonian Godfrey's*, who  
In steel, and stronger Resolution, drest,  
Burnt with desire to meet his *Pagan Fo* :  
His *Lorain* can no longer hold him, He  
Has vow'd *another kind of Duke* to be.

## 14.

His *consecrated Legions* he leads ;  
And in their eyes their *Quarrel* to display,  
Fair in his goodly streaming Standard spreads  
The *bloody Cross* : whose dreadful beauty They  
Beheld with reverend Joy, and cried, *We*  
Though in thy *tincture*, ne'r will shrink from *Thee*.

## 15.

The *Turkish Moon* grew paler than before,  
And in a cowardly eclipse drew back,  
When this bright *Banner* Terrors 'gan to pour  
Upon her dazel'd face, and passage make  
To *Victory*, who always waited there,  
And never fail'd to bring up *Godfrey's* Rear.

## 16.

To *Christ's* soft yoke from *Turkish* galling Lore  
Thus lesser *Asia* was reduc'd ; and now  
The only Cries of *Salem's* Woes implore  
Great *Godfrey's* Sword Fame's final crop to mow :  
Nor must those other *Jebuseans* hope  
This *David's* conquest by their Fort to stop.

## 17.

Brave Indignation Him forbad to see  
That Theatre in barbarous bondage, where  
The World's Redemption acted was : for He  
Soon rescu'd it, and taught the *Pagans* there  
What *Occidental Arms* could do, whose eyes  
Beheld their own *East* set, his *West* arise.

## 18.

Right *Christian Hero*, O how due to Thee  
Was sacred *Salem's* Crown, and more than this ?

How justly wears thy pious *Victory*  
Both Martial and Poetick Laurels' dress ;  
Whilst thy illustrious Name and Glory reigns  
Both in the World's Applause, and *Tasso's Streins* !

## 19.

Those *Streins* in which thy heightened Valour takes  
Not *Salem* only, but *Eternity* ;  
In which with louder life thy Trumpet speaks,  
Because blown by a *Muse* whose Blast can fly  
Beyond *Judea's* bounds, and nobly dares  
Alarm the Admiration of all ears.

## 20.

But when by Death *Heav'n* sent for *Godfrey* home ;  
*Baldwin*, his brother both in Piety,  
And Blood, and Might, supply'd his royal Room.  
*Sidon* and *Ptolemais* felt what He  
Could in Religion's heav'nly Quarrel do,  
And so did *Egypt's* sturdy *Caliph* too.

## 21.

He to his cousin *Baldwin* left his Crown,  
And his entailed Gallantry with it :  
Witness the routed *Turks*, and *Antioch* thrown  
In flat submission at his conquering feet.  
What though to *Persia* some renown he lost ;  
His gains upon *Damascus* bare that cost.

## 22.

Then *Turine Fulco* to this Scepter rose,  
But by 's unhappy Fall drop'd it upon  
His unripe Son, his *Baldwin* ; over whose  
Surprised Powers stern *Noradine* began  
Proudly to triumph, but was soon compel'd  
His stollen Laurel back again to yield.

## 23.

Brother, and heir both of his Throne and Praise  
Was *Almerick*, a Prince of active Might ;  
Whose sword grew fertile in triumphant Bays,  
And glittered with Glorie's awful light.  
All *Ascalon* beheld its noble flame  
When he from conquer'd *Alexandria* came.

## 24.

*Baldwin*, his worthy Son, succeeded, and  
A long tough war with *Saladine* maintain'd ;  
Till Leprosy subdu'd his martial Hand,  
And what force vainly tugg'd for, Weakness gain'd.  
Then chose he for his trusty Deputy  
Since Fate would have him choose, *Joppean Guy*.

## 25.

Next him, his nephew *Baldwin* climb'd the throne,  
But quickly tumbled from his royal sphere ;  
For undermining *Guy's* ambition  
Had vowed no Superior to bear :  
Which stung the Earl of *Tripoly* so deep,  
That he in desperate Plots his Wrath did steep.

26.

With *Saladine* he deals, and wins so far  
In his proud hopes, that he persuades him to  
Conjure against the *Christians* in a War  
Which soon achiev'd their total Overthrow.  
Just *Heav'n* this 'Talion did decree,  
That Treason Treason's deadly Scourge should be.

27.

In *Piety's Metropolis* anew  
Thus Barbarism came to domineer :  
Which rous'd the *Western Emperor*, and drew  
Devoted Legions to attend his War.  
Surprised *Syria* at his presence quak'd ;  
'Twixt fears and hopes the startled *Turks* were rack'd.

28.

But as this generous *Frederick* in his Might  
Rode fairly on, his Courser's fatal Fall  
Plung'd down his Lord into the sudden night  
Of Death. When lo his noble *Son*, by all  
The Army chosen General, persued  
His Father's steps, and where he went, subdued.

29.

But what can Virtue do, when Fates oppose !  
Against this hopeful *Son of Valour*, who  
Had taught the stoutest of his Pagan Foes  
How hopelessly they Him assailed, lo  
The Plague took arms, and in his warlike heart  
Fixt her unseen and most untimely dart.

30.

*French Philip* then, and *English Richard* came,  
And with new *Western Bravery* made good  
That mighty Loss : the Lightning of their fame  
Flashed before their Swords ; for like a Flood  
Incurag'd by two Torrents meeting, They  
Swallow'd up their Resisters, and their Way.

31.

But *Discord*, that avow'd eternal Fo  
Of high Designs, turn'd *Philip* back again ;  
Yet *Richard* still for *Salem* means ; where though  
He had with *Cyprus* bought his right to reign ;  
Home was he summon'd from his foreign Wars  
Timely to still his *Albion's* loud Jars.

32.

To *Salem* then new *Western Heros* sped,  
By *Saladine's* decease invited thither.  
Fair smiling Hopes their Landing flattered,  
But strait their Sunshine turn'd to lowry weather :  
For lo, the *Austrian Duke*, and *Saxon*, by  
Their own deaths caus'd their Partie's hopes to die.

33.

And yet undaunted *Montfort* with his brave  
Selected *French*, disdain'd back to start ;

Till he good reason to the *Panims* gave  
To grow so tame and kind as to impart  
Peace to the *Christians*, granting their desire  
Of freely holding *Ptolemais* and *Tyre*.

34.

Mean while a glorious Conspiracy  
Of new-fir'd Princes to their Standards stream :  
*Henry*, Count of *Saint Paul* : of *Campany*  
*Theobald* ; of *Flanders Baldwin* ; and of *Breme*,  
*Gualter* : of *Lovane*, *Henry* ; *Boniface*  
Of *Monferrat* : all cloth'd in steel and brass.

35.

And these their march strait toward *Salem* bent,  
Till, by the *Grecian Quarrels* turn'd aside  
On *Ducas* they their holy Zeal mis-spent ;  
And finding then fit fuel for their Pride,  
Forgot the Butt of their devout Design,  
And took no longer aim at *Palestine*.

36.

The mighty Plunder of the *Eastern Throne*  
Takes up their care to try who most could snatch :  
Of Islands some, some the Dominion  
Of Cities, Provinces, or Countries catch :  
Yet Fortune's and the Armie's love bestow  
The vanquish'd Empire's crown on *Baldwin's* brow

37.

But *Montfort's* Truce expir'd : *Germany*  
Conjur'd again into the Holy War,  
Of which stout *Brennus* had the conduct : He,  
Whose Coming through the *Pagans* shot such fear,  
That they to buy it off agreed to yield  
Up whatsoever in *Palestine* they held.

38.

But vain Ambition lost this offer'd Prize,  
Whilst sudden Hope of conquering *Egypt* throws  
So thick a mist before the *Christians'* eyes,  
That unto *Cair* the blinded Army goes ;  
Where they with *Nilus's* Floods besieged round,  
Their sacred Enterprize untimely drown'd.

39.

Yet *Frederick* his *German Eagles* spread,  
With which again he into *Syria* flew.  
The royal *Birds* no sooner fluttered  
About the *Sultan*, but his Trust they slew :  
He hast's to yield, and totally resign  
Unto the *Christians* their dear *Palestine*.

40.

Thus when to his Imperial Diadem  
This conquering Prince had wedded *Salem's* Crown  
He *Raynold* honors with his Vice-roy's Name,  
And brings his Triumph home. But soon the frown  
Of *Fortune*, or of *Fate*, blasted what He  
Had nobly brought to such maturity.

## 41.

For when the heav'n's had roll'd five years about,  
 Lo *Raynold* dies, and *Salem's* Bliss with Him ;  
 The *Templer's* Insolence such Falsehood wrought  
 As *Christians'* Faith doth worst of all beseeem :  
 Their Breach of truce their punish'd selves deceives,  
 And *Salem* unto *Egypt's Sultan* gives.

## 42.

Yet holy *Lewis* with his Frenchmen strook  
 New fright into the *Panims'* souls ; for they  
 At his illustrious *Oriflambé's* look  
 Unto his Victories gave ample way ;  
 Offring him *Salem*, *Palestine*, and more  
 Than *Christians* own'd in *Syria* long before.

## 43.

But fatal Counsel (and which ill became  
 Th' *ecclesiastick Oracle* to give)  
 Inveigled him against the glorious stream  
 Of his own willing Happiness to strive :  
 And thus refusing what he came to gain,  
 Himself he lost, and only found a Chain.

## 44.

For overborn by *Egypt's* armed Tide  
 He to the *Sultan* prov'd a captive Prey.  
 Yea when set free again in vain he try'd  
 His new Adventure's strength ; for by the way  
 Both on his Army, and Himself, a dire  
 Contagion empty'd out its deadly ire.

## 45.

His Quarrel *Edward*, *England's* sprightly Prince  
 Took up and lost none of the *English fame* :  
 What Palms had this stout Hero pluck'd from thence,  
 Had his confederate Princes timely came !  
 But whilst unworthily they lingred, He  
 Return'd, and left behind *ripe victory*.

## 46.

To gather which, imperial *Rodolf* sent  
 The forward Prince of *Megalopolis* :  
 A noble General He, and bravely bent ;  
 But yet against the bold impetuosity  
 Of stern-fac'd *Mamelukes* too weak to stand,  
 He yields his neck to wear a Captive's band.

## 47.

These unsuccessful Expeditions' shame  
 Awak'd the *Christians'* utmost indignations ;  
 Who in religious Throngs to *Syria* came  
 With hopes as high as were their Preparations ;  
 Yet both by baneful Pride invenom'd were,  
 Which soon atchiev'd more than the *Turks* could dare.

## 48.

For as fond Huntsmen, riding to the chase,  
 Wrangle and quarrel for the *Lyons*' skin

As yet uncaught, until their Strife increase  
 To such Intemperance, that their whole Design  
 It undermines, and makes them readier to  
 Chase one another, than that common fo.

## 49.

So here the *Christians*, who all hunting went  
 For *Salem's* Crown ; before the Prize they gain,  
 Into disputing factions are rent  
 About their right and title there to reign.  
 Not one but thought his Plea the best, and each  
 Eagerly caught that which was still to catch.

## 50.

The Kings of *England*, *Cyprus*, *Sicily*,  
 And *France* ; the *Pisans*, *Florentines*, and *Pope* ;  
 The Prince of *Antioch*, Count of *Tripoly*,  
 The *Genovese*, and the *Venetian's* hope,  
 So did the *Hospitals*, and *Templers* too ;  
 That Justice could not, durst not, say them No.

## 51.

Thus while this cursed *War of Contestation*  
 Protracts the *Holy one* ; the Soldiers, who  
 Grow, like their Weapons, rusty by Cessation,  
 No other business finding now to do  
 But to be Wicked, through each neighbour town  
 Run havocking and plundering up and down.

## 52.

At these unmanly Wrongs the *Pagans* grew  
 Both in their Rage and in their Courage high ;  
 And *Vengeance* joining with their Legions, flew  
 Upon their quarreling foes' Impiety,  
 Till by a quick and general Defeat  
 All *Christians* out of *Syria* they beat.

## 53.

They beat them out of *Syria*, and out  
 Of all that fertile Bravery, whereby  
 Their frequent Armies they to *Salem* brought  
 With fresh Recruits of zealous Piety :  
 Their Courage now lies dead and cold at home,  
 Which us'd to live about their *Savior's* Tomb.

## 54.

Yet not so dead, but it revives again  
 Into a Life much worse than Death ; since *They*  
 With most unchristian Rage have learn'd to stain  
 Their Swords in one another's blood, and play  
 The *Turks* among themselves, whom they were wont  
 More nobly from their *Syrian* Dens to hunt.

## 55.

The *Cross* must now against the *Cross* be spred,  
 (Blush Heav'n and Earth at this !) and they who are  
 To *Peace's King* in strict allegiance bred  
 Be barbarized by a mutual War ;  
 Tearing that gentle Legacy which He  
 Dearly bequeathed to their custody.

## 56.

ho are in one *sacred Body* knit  
 tick Union, no foes will seek  
 ir fraternal *Members*; and forget  
 hilst on them their salvage spight they wreak,  
 ender *Head* feels every Wound and will  
 up each drop, which of his Blood they spill.

## 57.

Il good eyes which see this horrid shame  
*istians* digging christian bowels up.  
 hat pretence can we the *Pagans* blame!  
 urs, our own dire Wars, our mouths will stop.  
 ator them, and shew their Rage the way:  
 suck Christian blood, why may not they!

## 58.

at the thousand part of those dear veins  
 ar'd to be broach'd in *Palestine*,  
 wash'd out both our Cowardize's stains,  
 ick *Mahometism*: yea *Greece* had been  
 emed also, and no longer lain  
 aning slave under a pagan chain.

## 59.

that Power of Policy, of Wrath,  
 s, of Horse, of Men, and stronger Gold,  
 in our self-destroying *Britain* hath  
 been lavish'd out, when *England* sold  
 Bliss to Misery, with provident  
 pious Ardor been in *Syria* spent:

## 60.

at blind Madness of our costly Zeal  
 joined in a *Covenant* to destroy  
 urche's and the Kingdom's glorious weal,  
 ee its venturous fervor to employ  
 at true *Tyrants*, and been christened  
 a just and holy *League* indeed;

## 61.

ilty Swords had now not blushed in  
 al blood: nor had our wretched Bays  
 'd with English Sighs and Curses bin;  
 lem's face had shin'd in freedom's rays,  
 from her long-press'd neck th' unworthy Yoke  
 ttomanick *Barbarism* been broke.

## 62.

was *Psyche* *Salem* to forsake  
 our Banners thither to advance:  
 look'd back her long Adieu to take  
 eeping eyes and blubber'd countenance;  
 when the Hills she could no longer spy  
 Blindness now, say'd She, lock up mine eye.

## 63.

th such potent passion did she breath  
 gh-clogg'd Word, as made her *Phylax* start;

For lo, the pallid characters of Death  
 Star'd in her daunted face, and every Part  
 Ghastly proclaim'd her soul was thither fled  
 From whence her Body now was hurried.

## 64.

In application of his cordial Powers  
 Had not her dextrous *Guardian* nimble been,  
 His *Psyche's* eyes in these their amorous showers  
 Had their own final deluge found, and seen  
 No more for ever: with such boundless rage  
 Acts *Love*, when female bosoms are his stage.

## 65.

(And ask me not, What makes this Passion prove  
 So bravely stubborn in the softest hearts?  
 Thy self the Answer feel'st, if genuine Love  
 On thee e'r tried his mysterious darts.  
 If not; 'tis vain to tell thee Riddles which  
 Pose all but deep *Experience's* reach.)

## 66.

But quick as is the influence of Light,  
 New vigorous Spirits he breaths into her breast;  
 Which thrilling through her veins, chas'd out the night  
 Of languid Cold from its congealed Nest;  
 And wak'd her blood, bidding it rise, and thaw  
 Her cheeks, and lips, and forehead's frozen snow.

## 67.

*Psyche* look'd up; but toward *Salem* bent  
 Her fruitless eye, and then she groan'd anew.  
 Courage my Dear, said *Phylax*, be content,  
 Thou all hast seen in *Salem* worth thy view.  
 'Tis time that to thine *Albion* thou thy great  
 And holy Pilgrimages now relate.

## 68.

'Tis time to check those Distances which make  
*Britain* a stranger unto *Salem*; time  
 That thy narration others teach to break  
 Though still at home, through all this foreign Clime;  
 Whilst they, attending what thy tongue declares,  
 Travel not by their feet, but by their ears.

## 69.

As when a friend unwelcome things propounds,  
 His other Self (who has no power to be  
 Right-down displeas'd at whatsoever sounds  
 From those beloved lips, which faithful He  
 Holds dearer than his own,) displays the smart  
 In his Eye's mirror, of his wounded heart:

## 70.

The dainty anguish of her loving Look  
 Thus *Psyche* open lays to *Phylax* view;  
 That he might read in that pathetick book  
 How this *Return's* Alarm her Comforts slew.  
 But when he seem'd that language not to ken,  
 Her lips thus to interpret it began:

## 71.

Between two Deaths, which shall poor *Psyche* choose !  
 'Tis death my *Guardian's* motions to resist ;  
 And death, religious *Salem's* sweets to loose :  
 And but of one poor Life am I possess.  
 Yet had I more, my straits were still the same ;  
 For all were due to *Thee*, and all to *Them*.

## 72.

O dear *Protector* of my Joys, and Me,  
 Divide not now thy Charge : Had I not been  
 Conducted hither by thy Piety,  
 Mine eyes had ne'r adored *Palestine*,  
 Nor been enchanted by the precious Graces  
 Which have indear'd these consecrated Places.

## 73.

I had not now forgot, or scorned all  
 The World beside ; which is but Dirt indeed  
 To this pure Soil ; whose Riches justly call  
*Tagus* and *Ganges* poor ; as being bred  
 By his prolifick Heav'nly rays alone  
 Whom *Righteousness* owns for her Sovereign Sun.

## 74.

And of these Jewels must I robbed be  
 By none but dearest Thee ! Had open foes  
 Thus absolutely wrack'd and ruin'd me,  
 I might have grapled with my single Woes ;  
 But springing now from unsuspected Thee  
 Much more than double all my losses be.

## 75.

Ah what has *Albion* that can entertain  
 A soul from *Salem* snatch'd, from *Salem*, which  
 Queen in the World's heart chosen was to reign ;  
 Whilst *Albion's* Clime doth us her Vileness teach :  
 Whom nature threw into the West and sought  
 How from the Universe to kick her out.

## 76.

*Arimathean Joseph's* Tomb indeed  
 Is there, that something that poor Isle might have :  
 But O, the sight of that, will only feed  
 The fire which burns me for his *other Grave*,  
 His *other Grave* in which my *Spouse* did lie  
 Far far from *Britain* whither thou wouldst fly.

## 77.

When in the loftiest Air the Whale can live,  
 When in the bottom of the Sea the Lark,  
 When *Cancer* can to Winter welcome give,  
 When Highnoon can inhabit in the Dark,  
 When *Britain* can to *Salem* shipped be,  
 Then may it prove a fitting Home for me.

## 78.

But until then, I only thither go  
 Bearing my woful Carcase to my tomb,

Since thou sweet-bitter friend wilt have it so,  
 And not vouchsafe in *Palestine* a Home  
 For now most-banish'd *Psyche*. Here a stream  
 Of tears flow'd down from her, and softned Him.

## 79.

Nay I am not so hard says he, but I  
 Can melt by fewer drops of thine than those :  
 Come, wipe thine eyes, for thou shalt instantly  
 Live in those Joys thou hold'st it death to loose.  
 With that, he slop'd the Rein, and wheel'd about  
 And smiling *Psyche* back to *Salem* brought.

## 80.

She smil'd ; but sober He confess'd no signs  
 Of jollity at this Returning ; for  
 By his profounder judgment he divines  
 That *Land*, however *holy*, would to her  
 Scarce prove a trusty Sanctuary, since  
 His and her Master's summons call'd her thence.

## 81.

Yet He, still true to his own *guardian Care*,  
 A fitting Mansion for the Virgin sought ;  
 A mean and private House, retired far  
 Both from Temptation's and from Tumult's rout :  
 Which he replenish'd with plain, but pure  
 And Piety-becoming furniture.

## 82.

But when the sweetness of his Court'sy here  
 Had settled her ; his brows he sadly knit,  
 And cry'd, with earnest awful Looks, my Dear,  
 Thou seest what order I have took to fit  
 Thy longing and thy Lodging too ; but now  
 A gift more useful I'll on Thee bestow.

## 83.

'Tis my *Advice* ; of which th' hast greater need  
 Than here to sojourn ; for thy fixing here  
 Doth all that mystick mighty danger breed,  
 Which by thy life I thee conjure to fear.  
 Thy life at *Salem* is in peril, which  
 Had been in *Albion* out of Danger's reach.

## 84.

Where Waters fairlyest smile, and smoothest flow,  
 The deepest Gulfs beneath in ambush lie ;  
 Where in their briskest beauties Roses grow,  
 Of Thorns springs up a thick Conspiracy ;  
 All Poisons then most active are and bold  
 When they are lodg'd in pompous Pearl and Gold.

## 85.

Sweet *Paradise* was not so safe, but there  
 The worst of *Serpents* in its Sweets could dwell :  
 And though to Thee Heav'n seems descended here,  
 Yet even in *Salem* thou may'st meet with Hell.  
 I grant the *Serpent* here was slain, but yet  
 Their fragments Snakes know how again to knit.

## 86

Trust not their glittering skins, which wooe the eye  
 With gorgeous baits ; for thick Enchantments are  
 Enammel'd in their out-side Bravery,  
 And holy Traps and Treacheries they wear ;  
 With wiley art they wind about, and glide,  
 And into unsuspecting holes they slide.

## 87.

Trust not their Tongue (which is indeed a Sting.)  
 Though fairly tipp'd with golden Courtesy  
 All Heav'n roll'd up in Promises it bring,  
 And Wisdom's winning Sweetness. Was not, *ye*  
*Shall be as Gods, discerning good and evil,*  
 A gallant word? yet minted by the Devil.

## 88.

Let it thy *Wisdom* be to take due heed  
 Of being wiser than thy *faith* ; beware  
 That no capricious Longing make thee feed  
 On outside Learning's baits ; but wisely fear  
 The lurking holes of *Heresy*, least thou  
 Besotted prov'st by Coveting to know.

## 89.

Remember, here thy *Spouse* was once betray'd ;  
 Remember, here three times he was deny'd ;  
 Remember, well thy self a feeble Maid ;  
 Remember, thy *Agenor*, and thy *Pride* ;  
 Remember, what Rebellion fir'd thy *Passions* ;  
 Remember, *Aphrodisius's* Protestations.

## 90.

Remember, what from *Charis*, and from *Me*,  
 Thy Soul receiv'd ; and let no *Siren's* song  
 Bewitch those ears with killing harmony  
 In which the blessed Tunes of Heav'n have rung.  
 Watch well this Humor of thy Zeal which may  
 Its overweening self and Thee betray.

## 91.

Lock up these Counsels in thine heart, and there  
 Safe let them lie for me till I come back.  
 Thy Trust and Love shall hence to me appear  
 If of these Pawns thou faithful care shalt take ;  
 These Pawns, which will my guardian Wings supply  
 Though from thy presence far away I fly.

## 92.

Away I must ; for this *Heav'n's* pleasure is,  
 And therefore must be mine, and should be thine.  
 I business have abroad ; but by this Kiss,  
 (And here he took his leave,) the truth of mine  
 Affection, *Psyche*, on thy lip I seal :  
 Keep this Impression safe, and so farewell.

## 93.

Away this Word, and He, together flew :  
 For now the *King of Souls* thought fit to teach

*Psyche* how little of her heart she knew,  
 Who thought it raised past Delusion's reach.  
 To her own *strength* she now was left, that she  
 How short it fell of that stout Name might see.

## 94.

But when her *Guardian* thus outflow her view,  
 On her most sudden Desolation she  
 Star'd round about, and 'gan her cheeks to dew.  
 But strait revolving that her heart was free  
 With her obtain'd Abode to satisfy  
 Its curious fervency, she ceas'd to sigh.

## 95.

Then in a modest Veil her face she hid,  
 Leaving her eyes but room her way to see ;  
*Zeal* furnished her feet with wings of *Speed*,  
 And on she made amain to *Calvary*,  
 Afresh her Savior's Tortures to lament ;  
 Not thinking that to *her own Cross* she went.

## 96.

Thus *Peter* with too venturous Piety  
 Crouded into the *Highpriest's* dangerous hall,  
 To view and to bewail the Tragedy  
 Of *Jesus's* injur'd Innocence : but all  
 The fruit his Boldness reap'd him, was, that he  
 Deny'd Him whom he took such pains to see :

## 97.

Mean while, all pious Hearts' eternal *Fo*,  
 Who to intrap them keeps perpetual watch,  
 Observing her without her *Guardian* go,  
 Judg'd this his only time his prey to catch :  
 He posted to a special *Fury's* den,  
 Whose Snakes all started up as He rush'd in.

## 98.

But whilst rous'd She in thousand hisses spoke  
 Her Sovereign's welcom : Peace my Child, say'd He,  
 Part of my Errand's Haste, and cannot brook  
 These Complements' delay : I have for thee  
 A piece of service, which will better prove  
 How much thy Father *Satan* thou dost love.

## 99.

*Psyche*, a thing to *Jesus's* wonderous dear,  
 (And therefore full as odious to Me,  
 Who by his Love am always pointed where  
 I ought to shoot my Spight,) is that coy She  
 Whom though my Craft hath often baited, yet  
 Back in my face the poison still she spit.

## 100.

I *Aphrodisius* and *Agenor* sent,  
 And genuine Feinds they prov'd themselves to be ;  
 About their hellish work they wisely went,  
 And faithfully they ply'd their Treachery :  
 But yet, good Devils, their fair-driven Plot,  
 So cunning was that Wench, they finish'd not.



## 101.

And yet this Art in her poor silly brain  
Was never bred ; O no, abus'd we are ;  
And *Heav'n*, though We to it give fair and plain  
Defiance, underhand maintain's this War.  
There thou long since had *Psyche* drowned seen  
In sulphure, had it not for *Phylax* been.

## 102.

He, base unworthy Spirit as he is,  
Not only stoops to *Christ* (which gallant We  
Of old disdain'd, and still that Scorn profess)  
But with intolerable flattery  
Turns Page to *Dust*, and blusheth not to bow  
From heav'n to wait on this vile Worm below.

## 103.

Had he not better nobly Fall'n with Us,  
And kept the Credit of his *highborn Mind* ;  
Than crouch, and sneak, and curry favor thus  
Of that proud *Tyrant* ? Can an *Angel* find  
*Christ's* love and smile, worth being hackn'd down  
Far more below himself than we are thrown !

## 104.

For my part, were I freely now to choose,  
I would accept the bottom of my Hell  
And hug Damnation ; rather than with those  
Ignoble *Sons of Earth* a Servant dwell.  
Those *guardian Angels* think We cursed be :  
Fools, who perceive not their own *Slavery* !

## 105.

They boast, Heav'n's *King's* their Sovereign ; and I  
Take these confessing Vassals at their word :  
But, I'll maintain 't, 'tis greater Dignity  
To have him for my *Fo*, than for my *Lord*.  
They brag that Heav'n's their own, and Blissess Hill ;  
Why I have more than so, I have *my Will*.

## 106.

And so have they, if you'll the Fools believe,  
Who say *Their Master's Pleasure is their own*.  
But may not any Slaves say so, and give  
Their Angel-ships the Lie ? By my dread Crown  
I swear, it is my bitterest agony  
To think such Dastards are of kin to Me.

## 107.

But now, my Daughter, *Phylax* is away ;  
His servile Deligence thou need'st not fear ;  
Left to her Self his *Pupil* is to day,  
And therefore left to us, if with due care  
Thou play'st thy part ; for on thine Industry  
Alone I build thy hopes of Victory.

## 108.

She now is crawling up to *Calvary*,  
The hill which more than Heav'n it self I hate ;

And therefore scorn in person to come nigh  
That cursed Place. It stands not with the state  
Of royal and immortal *Lucifer*  
To smell the stink of *Jesus's* Sepulchre.

## 109.

But for thy Father's sake and service Thou  
This once shalt stop thy nose and venture thither :  
Where thou a subtle chain of Snakes shalt throw  
About that peevish *Wench*, and hale her hither.  
So at her cheated *Spouse*, and *Her*, both I  
And Thou will laugh out our Eternity.

## 110.

His foaming lips he closed here, which beat  
The flood of flaming sulphure back into  
His monstrous throat. Strait at his burning feet  
His damned *Daughter* took her leave ; and so  
With headlong fury rushed through the Earth,  
And mingled with the Air in breaking forth.

## 111.

In this she flew above suspicion's eye,  
And shot her unseen self into the breasts  
Of divers Mortals, where she formerly  
Had entertainment found : but now her Nests  
She feathered anew with greater store  
Of treacherous Powers than there she left before.

## 112.

Her Policy was so profound, that She  
For *Psyche* laid her Nets in others' hearts ;  
Which she imbellish'd by the bravery  
Of most refined sublimated Arts.  
To cheat poor Birds, by craftiest Fowler's wit  
Such dangerous Decoys were never set.

## 113.

For though She were the nasty Center, where  
All Lines of ugliness and Horror met ;  
The looks of Beauty she knew how to wear,  
Making dissembled Faith appear so sweet  
That she the wisest and most piercing Eyes  
Had often blinded by quaint Fallacies.

## 114.

Oft has she forc'd such Graces to unite  
In her Attire, that *Truth's* inamoring face  
Hath shin'd with less Command ; oft has the sight  
Of her bewitching Mirror, from the Glass  
Of Heav'n the credit won, and made her be  
Or God, or more at least *Believ'd* than *He*.

## 115.

But now the *Virgin* at the *doleful Mount*  
Arrived was, resolving at her dear  
*Redeemer's* Crosse's foot to ease the fount  
Of her impatient gravid Eyes : but there  
A strange *Devoto* prepossest her room,  
Who yet of her own Errand seem'd to come.

OVE'S MYSTERY.

And with the Stranger in such love she fell  
That at his honored feet she bowed down :  
She bowed down, and little thought that then  
She stoop'd to enter her *forbidden Gin*.

124.

But as the wary Seaman, when he spies  
The amiable Mermaid floating nigh,  
Turns from the dangerous Bait his jealous eyes,  
Hoiseth his Sail, makes haste his oars to ply :  
So this *Devoto* seeing *Psyche* there  
Confess'd and fortify'd his holy Fear.

125.

For starting at the unexpected sight,  
Shield me, my blessed *Guardian*, said he :  
*Satan*, whose Craft with everlasting spight  
Disturbs the course of zealous Piety,  
Hath, to facilitate my Molestation  
In this fair *Damsel* sent me my Temptation.

126.

Ill hast thou chose thy scene, *mistaken Maid*,  
For this is *Purity's* own Theatre.  
In vain hath all inamoring Grace array'd  
Thy cheeks and eyes to court Desire ; for here  
No Love can live, but unto *Him* who hath  
Quickned it by His dear and potent Death.

127.

Hence therefore, hence, and seek thy putid Prey  
Where rampant Lust in furious bonfires reigns :  
Thy Beauty's Lustre must not thaw its way  
Thorough my tame and now long-cooled veins.  
How know I but thou art some fair-dress'd *Feind*  
To make me foul ? and here himself he *sign'd*.

128.

Ravish'd with this religious Jealousy  
Thy Handmaid, Sir, said *Psyche*, hither came  
Upon that Errand which thy Piety  
Hath here dispatched ; in that very room  
I purpos'd my devoted Sighs to blow  
And make mine Eyes their liquid duty know.

129.

My bounteous *Lord* took my Intent, I see,  
For actual Deed ; and hath rewarded it :  
He knew no Blessing could more welcome be  
Unto my heart, than this which here I meet :  
For this art Thou, in whom I plainly read  
The love of *Him* who of my soul is head.

130.

I heard thy holy Sighs and hearty Groans  
As up to heav'n from thy sweet breast they flew ;  
I heard thy generous Lamentations ;  
And by those genuine characters I knew  
That *Jesus* had by his soul-conquering Dart  
Engrav'd Heav'n's best Impression on thy heart.

## 131.

I thank thee that thou wert of me afraid ;  
 Such pious fear I reverently admire :  
 Yet be assured Thou hast met a Maid  
 In whom there glows no embers of black fire.  
 No, no : my heart abhors such guests as those  
 Since she tricks of *Aphrodisius* knows.

## 132.

I might indeed have been, what you suspected,  
 Foul *Satan's Agent*, and a *Feind* of hell ;  
 Had our dear *Lord* His worthless *Worm* neglected,  
 And not seal'd sure on Mine His blessed Will.  
 And so might'st Thou, had He not spread above  
 Thy helpless head the banner of His *Love*.

## 133.

That *Love*, which wheresoe'r I find it shine  
 Must humblest reverence from my heart command.  
 Wonder not at my Case, but make it thine,  
 And think how thou could'st possibly withstand  
 Thy charming Self : if I immodest be,  
 Like Love will pardon Love's immodesty.

## 134.

Yet 'tis no Boldness with th' attractive *Sun*  
 To fall in love ; or with, what lovelier is,  
 Pure *Virtue's* face : what ravish'd I have done,  
 To Thee, great *Jesus* gave me leave to His  
 Own self to do ; O then no more admire  
 That I grow warm, now I come near thy fire.

## 135.

My Warmth is pure, as is its Spring in Thee,  
 And doth as much adulterous Heats detest :  
 For only on thy zealous Piety  
 The hunger of my chaste Desires I feast.  
 I am a Stranger here, and hither come  
*Religion's Merchant* from my *British* home.

## 136.

But in this *Land of Holiness* I meet  
 Such rare, such price-transcending Wares, that I  
 Desire my native *Albion* to forget,  
 And where my *Savior* did, both live and die.  
 Me thinks I here am nearest *Him*, who is  
 Whither I live or die, mine only Bliss.

## 137.

Yet not so near, but mighty Distance still  
 Doth interpose, and *Him* divide from Me :  
 Witness the sacred *Marks* on yonder Hill  
 Engrav'd to His *Ascension's* memory.  
 And how shall *Psyche* meet *Him* now, but in  
 Some *Saint* in whom His Image here doth shine ?

## 138.

Wherefore some heav'n-inflam'd Companion I  
 Would gladly gain, with whom my Soul might live

In holy Friendship's sweet society,  
 And mutual Heats of Zeal from him receive.  
 And since Heav'n puts you in my way, O be  
 True to your self, and you'll be kind to me.

## 139.

This said : sometimes to *Him* her pleading Eye,  
 Sometimes to Heav'n she turn'd ; and by that mute  
 But most mysterious Importunity  
 Solicited her earnest-bashful Sute ;  
 By yielding Silence wisely urging more  
 Strong arguments than she had spoke before.

## 140.

Mov'd with her soft Expressions and her Tears  
 (For these flow'd out as thick and fast as they.)  
 The Man gives credit unto both, and cheers  
 His clouded looks, and cries, O happy day  
 Which to my admiration shew'st a Breast  
 Of heav'n's pure *Dove* the chaste and comely Nest.

## 141.

Pardon dear *Stranger*, pardon my Mistake,  
 And be no longer in *that Name* to me.  
 The best amends I can, I vow to make  
 To my misprised slander'd Piety.  
 I at thy bounteous Offer catch, and will  
 Both thy Desires and mine own Joies fulfil.

## 142.

Rare are those *Friends* as Birds of Paradise  
 But seldom seen in this unworthy Earth,  
 Whose hearts in one no other Cement ties  
 But heav'nly Zeal and Love. O were my Worth  
 As great's my Vileness, that thy Servant might  
 With equal Court'sy this of thine requite !

## 143.

If by the royal Law of Love's great *Lord*  
 Precious in our esteem our Foes must be ;  
 What what Embraces must we then afford  
 To them who us outvy in *Charity* !  
 Come gentle Soul, and this chaste token take  
 That to thy Wish my heart I pliant make.

## 144.

Here by an *holy Kiss* (for that of old  
 The Symbole was of *Christian Consent*.)  
 He seal'd his words : then taking reverent hold  
 Of her right hand, he down the Mountain went,  
 Leading her to his Dwelling ; whither she  
 Trip'd cheerly on, and fear'd no Treachery.

## 145.

(Into the Vulture's Nest thus flies the Dove ;  
 Thus to the smiling Shelves the Ship doth run ;  
 The Stranger thus into th' enchanted Grove  
 Hastes for delight ; Thus to the fatal den  
 Of fairest-tongu'd Hyenas skips the Lamb ;  
 The Child thus leaps into the playing Flame.)

146.

Arrived there ; *Authades* (such his Name,  
And such his Nature was,) prays her that since  
She in a busy season thither came,  
She would attend with friendly patience  
What might not be deferred : but, said he,  
The Work though great, will soon dispatched be.

147.

In his eighth journey now fair *Phebus* ran  
Since his *Firstborn Authades* did enjoy ;  
Who by the Rule of his Religion  
Was bound to *Circumcise* the Child that day :  
Which with a consecrated knife of stone  
He did, and gave his own Name to his Son.

148.

The *Infant's* wound the softer heart did lance  
Of *Psyche*, who strait wept, and knock'd her breast,  
And testify'd her sad Impatience.  
But watchful He perceiving how his Guest  
Disrelished her Welcome, to her stept,  
And, weeping first, demanded why she wept ?

149.

So when the bleating Sheep in *Samuel's* ear  
Proclaim'd the Sin of his rapacious *Prince* :  
At which the pious *Prophet*, vex't to hear  
What heav'n and He did hate, took just offence ;  
Remorseless *Saul* pretended still that he  
Admired why the *Saint* displeas'd should be.

150.

She made in sullen silence her Reply  
Compos'd of Frowns and of complete Disdain ;  
Till forc'd by his mild Importunity  
She gave her angry Tongue a liberal rein :  
Shame on my credulous Love, which thus, said she,  
Bewitch'd me to the Den of *Heresy*.

151.

Are you the Man who crouched to the Place  
Of *Jesus's* Cross with such profound regret ?  
How come you now to wear a *Jewish* face,  
And with your *Circumcision* Whittle cut  
Your *Christian* mask in pieces ? Blind were I,  
As was your *Zeal*, this Fraud could I not spy.

152.

Had you believ'd that *Jesus's* blood was shed  
To wash the stains of all the World away,  
Your cruel *Heresy* had not made red  
Your Infant in his needless blood to day ;  
Who had been purer, in the gentler stream  
Of holy *Baptism* had you drenched him.

153.

Upon the *Christian's* God you faun in vain  
Whilst thus you mock His *Merits*, and prevent

Those high Prerogatives of Power which reign  
In His all-clean all-cleansing *Sacrament* :  
For how can you be to *His* service true,  
Yet dare to consecrate your Son a *Jew* ?

154.

I see what reason my wise *Guardian* had  
To be so jealous of my *Staying here* ;  
Why he so solemnly appeared sad  
When I was merry and refus'd to fear.  
He knew black *Satan* would himself array  
In Light, my too soft Softness to betray.

155.

Here she was flinging out. But flattering He  
By *Christ's* great *Cross*, and by His greater *Na*  
Pray'd and conjur'd her pious Charity  
His unexamin'd Action not to blame ;  
But to defer her Censure, and to hear  
With patience, how he could his Cause decla

156.

Such power breath'd from that high Contestatic  
On *Psyche's* tender heart, that she relented :  
When expert He, with crafty commendation  
Of her mild Candor, told her he repented  
That by a Declaration's Preface He  
Had not made way to that Solemnity.

157.

Her to a private chamber then he brought,  
That no Disturbance might his Ends prevent ;  
And by all ceremonious Service sought  
To calm her angry thoughts with kind content ;  
For, on a silken couch when she was set,  
With softer language thus he 'gan the feat :

158.

Sure now dear *Stranger*, thou art quit with me,  
And hast repaid me in my proper Coin :  
For Hell's foul Agent I suspected Thee,  
Thou for an Heretick dost me define.  
But I recanted ; and if Thou do so,  
Quit on the other side we may be too.

159.

If headlong Jealousy for Proof should pass,  
What thing so perilous were as *Innocence* ?  
How deplorable was our *Saviour's* Case  
When *God*, a *Devil* deemed was ? and whence  
Shall we acquit His wise *Apostles*, who  
In this fond World's esteem for Fools did go

160.

Thou prov'dst not what my sudden fear did spe  
Nor am I such as thine did me present,  
*Truth* can, if heard, her self transparent make,  
And never fail'd to yield compleat content  
To those whom *Prejudice's* poison had  
Not first envenomed and partial made.

## 161.

Know then, that I am one of those whose breasts  
Are consecrated to that *Lord* whom Thou  
Alone adorest ; and permit no guests  
To thrust in thither, who will not allow  
That gentle *Sovereign* His throne to rear  
And reign without all contradiction there.

## 162.

The poor contemptuous Place whence glorious He  
Vouchsaf'd His Surname to assume, is that  
Whence, imitating His humility,  
We draw our common Title : wonder not  
That *Christian*, we forbear ; too high it is ;  
Plain *Nazareen*, our Ambition doth suffice.

## 163.

Before the Dictates of His royal Law  
With universal Meekness we submit ;  
Whilst others but by halves will deign to bow,  
As Umpiers, not as Subjects unto it.  
All hard and costly Precepts they refuse,  
And leave that burden for the slavish *Jews*.

## 164.

They tell the World, that they a Patent have  
Writ in the stile of *Christian Liberty*,  
By which heav'n's *King* to them Commission gave  
To break the bonds of *Legal Slavery*.  
A wise King sure the while they make Him, who  
Allows them what His Law forbids to do.

## 165.

And is not this a choise *Religion*, where  
No more is left for any Charge or Pains?  
Cunning and thrifty its Professors are,  
Who in their own hands moderate the Reins  
Which on their necks should lie ; who, as they please  
Dispose their *Discipline* to their own ease.

## 166.

And yet 'twere well, would they their Charter show  
Which constituted them *Free States* ; or but  
Declare what in the *new-delivered Law*  
Doth check and disannul the *Old one* ; that  
The World might satisfaction gain, and We  
Be made Partakers of their Liberty.

## 167.

For we know no such thing : but this we know  
That *Jesus*, who is Author of the *New*,  
Was Institutor of the *Ancient Law* ;  
And upon *Sinai's* head His trumpet blew  
To wake the drowsy World's obedient ear  
Unto the Precepts which He thundred there.

## 168.

And did He then Retract the *Rite* He had  
Before ordain'd ? was *Circumcision* there

Repeal'd, and *Abraham's* Badge decre'd too sad  
A load for *Abraham's* faithful *Sons* to bear?  
O no ! such Changings inconsistent be  
With wisest *God's* Immutability.

## 169.

Like His pure *Self*, His *Laws* eternal are,  
And need no Reformation or Corrections :  
Our inconsiderate *Lawgivers* here  
Infect their *Laws* with their own Imperfections,  
And both may mended be : Which surely 'tis  
Blasphemous pride to say of *Him*, or *His*.

## 170.

But of His *Laws* the surest Explication  
Is His *Example* : What did righteous He  
When fitted by His blessed Incarnation  
He could, like Us, to them a Subject be?  
Did He not set the seal of His own Blood  
To *Circumcision* that this *Law* was good ?

## 171.

His *Presentation* in the Temple shews  
His clear Submission to that *Statute* there ;  
No less exactly than the strictest *Jews*  
He solemniz'd the *Festivals* which were  
Legally sacred ; and though Death drew near,  
Still spar'd He time to keep the *Passover*.

## 172.

Let *Error* cast the blustering scare-crow Name  
Of *Heresy* on this our genuine *Zeal* ;  
We trust we never shall repute it shame  
His steps to tread who is our *King* : nor shall  
The proud World beat our Resolution down,  
Since *Christ* will His own Followers surely own.

## 173.

The *Gospel Laws* we equally embrace :  
And though my Son I *circumcised*, yet  
Him off I cut not from *Baptismal Grace* :  
We in that Laver too our Children wet,  
That in this double Sacramental stream  
Of blood and water they to *God* may swim.

## 174.

We grant, that where the *Circumcision Blood*  
Blusheth not to oppose and useless make  
That venerable *World-redeeming Flood*  
Which from the precious Veins of *Jesus* brake,  
The Sacrament's heretical : but we  
Teach it more meek and mannerly to be.

## 175.

We bring it home, and tutor it to do  
Its homage nearer than it did of old :  
We use it as th' officious Usher to  
The *Mystery* which it at first foretold :  
We teach it to fore-run, but not prevent  
The nobler Stream of *Baptism's* Sacrament.

176.

If of too much Obedience now We seem  
 Guilty to Thee, convince us of our sin :  
 'Tis plain thou hast an hopeful pleasant Theme,  
 And easily upon our hearts may'st win,  
 If *Truth* fight with thee ; for what Mortal's He  
 Who by just Licence would not conquer'd be ?

177.

He ceased here. But as the loathing *Vine*  
 Though in the *Coleworts* she can plainly read  
 No hostile humor ; cannot but decline  
 Their touch, and any pois'nous Shrub or Weed  
 Will rather hug with all her Arms, than by  
 The least Embrace accept that Company :

178.

So *Psyche*, though she could not easily show  
 The venom of *Authades'* Sophistry ;  
 Yet her reluctant heart could not allow  
 What she could not confute : Much rather she  
 Can with fell Adders' hisses fall in love  
 Than his Discourse's dire design approve.

179.

For *Discontent* still gather'd up her brow,  
 Till nauseous *Neglect* stream'd from her eye,  
 Till on her *Guardian's* Word she chew'd ; and now  
 The Serpent had his pois'nous Suavity  
 Display'd, with scornful silence She reply'd,  
 And wav'd her hand, and turn'd her head aside.

180.

But *Logos* (as with *Thelema* he lay  
 Close in her breast,) prick'd up his jolly ear,  
 And drunk in all *Authades* had to say  
 With such delight, that he could not forbear  
 Now *Psyche* seem'd unsatisfy'd, to break  
 His itching mind ; and thus he freely spake :

181.

Madam, although the *Jewish Law* to you  
 Expired seems, yet that of *Courtesy*  
 'Tou needs must still to be in date allow :  
 And why will then your Looks transgressors be ?  
 Why with such glances of Disdain must they  
 Your gentle Entertainment here repay ?

182.

It was his Goodness mildly to digest  
 The Scorn which you at first upon him threw ;  
 And this new Kindness might deserve at least  
 Civil acceptance. Whether false, or true  
 You find his Arguments, you must confess  
 His Love unfain'd, his Carriage Christian is.

183.

And yet if *Logos* ever understood  
 What firm perspicuous Probations meant,

What Reasons solid were, what Topicks good,  
 What Demonstrations sound ; I must consent  
 That he hath none but such Materials chose  
 His strong Discourse's fabrick to compose.

184.

And, let me tell you, *Reason* is a Law  
 By *God's* own hand ingrav'd in every breast,  
 Which must no Change nor Antiquation know ;  
 A Law, which whosoever dares resist,  
 Rebels against *himself*, whom stamping under  
 His obstinate feet, he *Nature* tears in sunder.

185.

O strive not then more wise to be, than what  
 Is Wisdom's only Rule : *Authades* now  
 By Reason's genuine lustre shews you that  
 He walks in highnoon *Light* ; and why will you  
 Be groping still in *Darkness*, when you may  
 By his fair *Pharus's* conduct sail to *Day* ?

186.

Stung by this Check, *Psyche* began to groan :  
 When lo, her *Thelema* took courage, and  
 With most resolved count'nance, fastned on  
*Logos* his shoulder her imperious hand ;  
 Which shak'd him from his boldness into fear,  
 And summon'd to her words his humbler ear.

187.

Pert Sir, said she, do's it to you belong  
 The golden reins of *Psyche's* heart to guide,  
 That thus you stretch your magisterial tongue  
 To twit your Sovereign ? To compleat your pride,  
 Y' had best e'n take her throne, and make both me  
 And Her, attend your upstart Majesty.

188.

His soft smug words tickle your wanton ear ;  
 But to such easy Charms we must not yield :  
 Both *Psyche's* stomach is too weak to bear,  
 And so is mine, his gilded Dose, though fill'd  
 With sugard blandishments. Yet ask not, Why :  
 It is enough for Us but to *Deny*.

\* 189.

This peremptory sentence, at her feet  
 Threw *Logos* down, and held him quaking there :  
 Much wrong'd he thought himself, yet durst not beat  
 With vain Complaints his angred *Prince's* ear.  
 Themselves thus *Rebels* always injur'd deem  
 Because their *Kings* refuse to bow to them.

190.

*Authades* marking how his dainty Bait  
 Disgusted was, to heav'n lift up his eye,  
 And cry'd, Alass that dangerous *Deceit*  
 Should be suspected in *Truth's* arms to lie !  
 Yet, *Psyche*, dare not I disprove thy fear :  
 The wisest Souls, most jealous always are.

191.

And this thy pious Jealousy to me  
 So precious is, that it inflames my heart  
 With higher estimation of Thee  
 Who in Faith's bus'ness shie and tender art.  
 They who with headlong haste such Points receive ;  
 In truth do only *Fancy*, not *Believe*.

192.

I grant 'twas thy Unhappiness that Thou  
 Met'st with so faint a Disputant as I :  
 And sure our *Cause* were feeble, could it show  
 No better Pillars of its verity  
 Than my Abilities, which I confess  
 Are full as slender as That solid is.

193.

Yet why should *Truth* for my unworthy sake  
 Fail of her welcome in thy precious breast ?  
 Why should'st Thou pay so dearly for my Lack  
 Of Eloquence or Logick, as to rest  
 In that unfortunate Mistake content,  
 Which though I cannot help, I must lament.

194.

That word broke ope the fountain of his eyes,  
 Which in deceitful pity flowed down :  
 But smiting then his crafty breast, he cries,  
 Yet should I think *just Heav'n* on Thee hath thrown  
 The Punishment of this my Weakness, and  
 Because I'm dull, not let Thee understand !

195.

O no ! would'st thou to yonder house with me  
 But condescend to step, Thou clearly there  
 The Looks of *living Piety* should'st see,  
 And from an *Oracle* Resolutions hear.  
 If thou repent thee (which can never be)  
 Heap all the blame, I am content, on me.

196.

Blame me and rank me in the vilest list  
 Of toads and spiders : publish me to be  
 What most I hate, an *Enemy to Christ*,  
 To *Truth*, to *Goodness*, and to gracious *Thee*,  
 If *Satisfaction* stands not ready there  
 With heav'nly Light thy misty Doubts to clear.

197.

The solemn guise of this prest Kindness was  
 So potent that soft *Psyche* yields, and goes  
 With her fair-tongu'd Companion : Alas,  
 That facil Hearts should to themselves be foes  
 Whilst others they with facility befriend ;  
 That pliant Twigs should break, because they bend.

198.

But in that House, they at his Prayers find  
 A Man whom Age had covered with snow :

Yet noble fervor in his zealous Mind  
 With more than youthful Vigor seem'd to glow ;  
 So strong was his Devotion, and so high  
 In all expressions of Love's ecstasy.

199.

*Authades* at his back strait kneeled down,  
 And so did *Psyche*, much amaz'd to see  
 How far that old Devoto had outflown  
 The flagging pitch of her young Piety.  
 Such flaming prayers she never heard before,  
 Nor such impetuous Knocks at th' heav'nly door.

200.

Still still she looked when the spheres should ope  
 And to the longing Saint his *Lord* disclose.  
 She wonder'd that his Body flew not up  
 Whose towring Soul on such stout pinions rose.  
 It pos'd her thoughts to see his working Heart.  
 Stretching so high, did not in sunder start.

201.

With secret checks her languid Soul she chid  
 Which with such violence never yet did flame ;  
 Her Eyes hung down ; her Cheeks were overspread  
 With blushing (but with O how guiltless) shame.  
 Nor ravish'd less was *Thelema*, although  
 The *Nazareens* she had abhorr'd till now.

202.

But with confessing looks she here forgave  
 And praised *Logos* whom she chode before,  
 And jolly He grown insolently brave,  
 To see how *Fortune* her consent did pour  
 Upon his Verdict, hop'd that thenceforth He  
 In *Thelema's* own realm supreme should be.

203.

O *Looks*, and *outside Things*, how mighty are  
 And how substantial your Impostures, on  
 Unwarey Mortals, who their judgment square  
 By ear and eye, and those vain Rules alone  
 They borrow from the Senses' school, wherein  
 How many Beasts more learned are than Men !

204.

*Pseudagius* now three times bow'd down his face  
 In mystick Adoration, and arose.  
*Authades* strait in Reverence's pace  
 Step'd forward his sly bus'ness to disclose :  
 But *Psyche* pluck'd him back, and told him, He  
 So bold on her account now need not be.

205.

Pardon me Sir, said she ; my vanquish'd Mind  
 Convinc'd by how much more than Reason is !  
 In *Him* I such commanding Goodness find  
 That, though I would not, yet I must profess  
 That *Faith* which nobly authoriz'd I see  
 By such irrefragable Piety.

209.

His solemn eye to Heav'n *Pseudagius* cast,  
And cry'd, forbid it blessed *Jesus*, I  
Should not be kind to any whom Thou hast  
In thine own Favour deign'd to raise so high.  
In Thee, a Condescent, but nothing less  
In me a Worm who crawl below, is this.

210.

Which said ; in sober pleasantness he came,  
And grave acquaintance took of *Psyche's* lip,  
She, big with humble thanks, cry'd out, Who am  
Unworthy I, such holy Sweets to sip !  
Hadst Thou vouchsaf'd me but thy feet to kiss,  
That favour I had hugged as my Bliss.

211.

Thus cheated She her Misery admires,  
As doth the silly Fly the beauteous flame ;  
Little surmising what outrageous fires  
Reign'd in that Bait which look'd so mild and tame.  
Ne'r did she stand on such a Brink as this,  
And never feared less a Precipice.

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

Stanza 127, '*putid*' = mean, worthless : *ibid.*, '*sign'd*'  
= with the 'sinn' of the cross





## CANTO XVIII.

### *The Poyson.*

#### The ARGUMENT.

*The rankling Bane of Error on the heart  
Of heedless Psyche greater strength doth get :  
Fond Logos plyeth his capricious part,  
And stie Agyrtes works the deadly Feat.  
Phylax returns, and in his Pupil's eye  
Rakes up the nasty Sink of Heresy.*

#### 1.

NO more did wretched I ; who lately thought  
My self pitch'd safe on *Happiness's throne* :  
Ah slippery *Throne* ! how sadly hast thou taught  
My credulous Joys no more to build upon  
A mortal bottom, nor my Solace trust  
On what so soon falls into mouldring *Dust*.

#### 2.

O where shall I my just Complaint begin,  
Which must no Ending know ! How am I lost  
In *Sorrow's Maze* ! fain would my mourning Pen  
Vie with mine Eyes, and drop my Grief as fast :  
Fain would my *Muse*, to complement my Smart,  
Indite the *funeral Elegy* of my Heart.

#### 3.

But by the Ruins of my high Delight  
Such vast Confusion overwhelms my Mind,  
That it can prompt me nothing now to write  
But meer Perplexity. Thy pardon, kind  
Reader, thy pardon then : since 'tis not I  
Abuse thy patience, but Necessity.

#### 4.

I am not I ; O no, my *I* is gone,  
That precious *Self* who mighty value gave  
To worthless Me. What 'tis to be *Undone*  
None more profoundly knows than I, who live  
Torn and in sunder cleft, whilst lost I see  
That *Half* which was more than the Whole to me.

#### 5.

Sweet *Soul* how goodly was the Temple which  
*Heav'n* pleas'd to make thy earthly Habitation !

Built all of graceful Delicacy, rich  
In Symmetry ; and of a dangerous fashion  
For youthful eyes, had not the *Saint* within  
Govern'd the Charms of her inamoring Shrine.

#### 6.

How happily compendious didst Thou make  
My study when I was the Lines to draw  
Of genuine Beauty ! never put to take  
Long journies was my fancy ; still I saw  
At home my Copy, and I knew 'twould be  
But *Beauty's* wrong further to seek than *Thee*.

#### 7.

Full little knew the World (for I as yet  
In studied silence hugg'd my secret Bliss,)  
How facil was my *Muse's* task, when set  
*Virtue's* and *Grace's* features to express !  
For whilst accomplish'd Thou wert in my sight  
I nothing had to do, but *Look* and *Write*.

#### 8.

How sadly parted are those words ; since I  
Must now be *Writing*, but no more can *Look* !  
Yet in my Heart thy precious Memory  
So deep is grav'd, that from this faithful Book  
Truly transcrib'd, thy Character shall shine ;  
Nor shall thy Death devour what was divine.

#### 9.

Hear then, O all soft-hearted *Turtles*, hear  
What you alone profoundly will resent :  
A Bird of your pure feather 'tis, whom here  
Her desolate *Mate* remaineth to lament,  
Whilst She is flown to meet her dearer *Love*,  
And sing among the winged Quire above.

#### 10.

Twelve times the glorious *Sovereign of Day*  
Had made his progress, and in every Inn  
Whose golden Signs through all his radiant way  
So high are hung, as often lodged been ;  
Since in the sacred *Knot* this noble *She*  
Deign'd to be ty'd to (then how happy) me.

## 11.

Ty'd, ty'd we were so intimately, that  
 We strait were sweetly lost in one another.  
 Thus when two Notes in Musick's wedlock knit  
 They in one Concord blended are together :  
 For nothing now our life but musick was,  
 Her Soul the Treble made, and mine, the Base.

## 12.

How at the needless Question would she smile  
 When ask'd, what she desir'd or counted fit ?  
 Still bidding me examine mine own will,  
 And read the surest answer ready writ.  
 So center'd was her heart in mine, that She  
 Would own no wish if first not wish'd by Me.

## 13.

*Delight* was no such thing to her ; if I  
 Relish'd it not : the *Palate* of her *Pleasure*  
 Carefully watch'd what mine could taste, and by  
 That standard her content resolv'd to measure.  
 By this rare art of sweetness did she prove  
 That though she joy'd, yet *all her Joy was Love*.

## 14.

So was her Grief : for wrong'd her self she held  
 If I were sad alone ; her share, alas,  
 And more than so, in all my Sorrow's field  
 She duly reap'd : and here alone she was  
 Unjust to me. Ah dear injustice, which  
 Mak'st me complain That I was lov'd too much !

## 15.

Yet tenderest she, was no less stiff and stout  
 In *Virtue's* service : from our nuptial Bed  
 A lovely flower no sooner peeped out,  
 But it into the grave withdrew its head.  
 And let it go ; the *Method's* just, cry'd She,  
 My *firstfruits* are for *Heav'n* and not for Me.

## 16.

A second sprouted then ; who for a while  
 Flatter'd our Joys ; but withering in his bud,  
 Did only them the deeper beguile.  
 When lo, my valiant *Dear* discretely shed  
 Such moderate Tears as testify'd that she  
 Would *Mother* here and yet not *Woman* be.

## 17.

To loose the fruit, said she, shall not dismay  
 My heart, so long as it enjoys the *Tree* :  
 I am content the streams should slip away,  
 Since still the *Spring*, the *Spring*, remains with me ;  
 Whilst I th' *Original* at large possess,  
 Of two small Copies little is the loss.

## 18.

What wonder now that *Heav'n* was pleased this  
 Twice-tryed *Patience* doubly to requite ;

And for one Pair it snatch'd away, to bliss  
 Her afterward with two, on whom she might  
 Transcribe her virtuous self, and make them be  
 Her Soul's as well 's her Body's Progeny.

## 19.

And to this welcome task betimes she fell,  
 Moulding the soft and tender Wax ; on which  
 Of Discipline she clapt the early seal,  
 That it not Art might seem, but Nature : such  
 Was her *Indulgence's* sagacity  
 That on the *future* still she kept her Eye.

## 20.

Her tender *Twigs*, whilst fitted any way  
 To bend, she wisely bended to the best ;  
 And this was Upward, that thus thriving They  
 Might grow to *Heav'n*. How oft has she profess  
 'Twas not th' ambition of her prime endeavour  
 To have them live, but have them *live for ever*.

## 21.

Nor could her Servants scape her pious care,  
 Whom she more truly serv'd than they did Her,  
 Watching to keep them in religious fear  
 And in the bounds of sober Order : for  
 Unless their *God* they learn to serve, said she,  
 How can they faithful service do to me ?

## 22.

But o'r her self her watch was most severe,  
 Jealous of nothing more than of her heart.  
 Her richest *Virtues*, which admired were  
 By others' eyes, her own suspected : Art,  
 Art still she fear'd, and right profoundly wise  
 Judg'd artificial *Virtue* real *Vice*.

## 23.

And this such deep and bitter quarrels bred  
 Between her Soul and Her, that often I  
 Ran in to part the fray, and help her read  
 The Error of her Zeal : and though she by  
 Mine eyes resolved were to see, yet ne'r  
 So lothly kept She that resolve as here.

## 24.

For in her self meek She so much below  
 Her self was sunk, that all her high *Deserts*  
 From her own prospect vanished ; and though  
 Those *Graces* which imbellish'd others' hearts  
 Were to her reverent observation known,  
 Her own were not, because they were her own

## 25.

To *Heav'nward* open'd She her morning eyes,  
 And darted her *Devotion's* preface thither :  
 Before she rose, thus did she duly rise ;  
 And then gat up, and call'd her thoughts together,  
 Her *Matin's* sacrifice to kindle ; for  
 All *Offerings* but by fire did she abhor.

## 26.

Then for her morning's Draught, unto the spring  
Of life and bliss, the *Book of books*, she flew ;  
Which her with various Nectar furnishing,  
Sometimes she quaff'd the *Old*, sometimes the *New* :  
And knew both Tastes so fully, that 'twas clear  
The *New* at length was not the *New* to her.

## 27.

All *David* fairly she transcribed on  
The tables of her faithful Memory ;  
There likewise wrote she Soul-inamoring *John* ;  
Nor e'r was more exact Orthography.  
That from Love's Laws her Soul might never start,  
She thus had Piety it self by heart.

## 28.

But that her time might in the Chancel run  
Of pure Devotion, she for every day  
Cut out her holy work, by which alone  
She knew how Weeks both came and went away.  
Right *Christian Account*, which thus could make  
Her dearest *Jesus* be her Almanack.

## 29.

For by the *Wonders of His Love* did she  
Distinguish all the Week : She first descended  
With Him from Heav'n, and His Humility  
Traced to *Bethlehem* ; where she attended  
His simple Cratch, and learn'd those Poms to scorn  
In which true *Glory's Prince* would not be born.

## 30.

The next Day led her to that Desert where  
Grapling with *Hunger* and with *Satan*, she  
Beheld her *Lord*. The Third invited her  
To meditate His scorn and Injury  
When by His *Scholar* at a sordid price  
Sold and betray'd to bloody Enemies.

## 31.

Her thoughts were highly entertained by  
The fourth at that dear Board of purest Bliss,  
Which *Jesus* furnish'd with the Mystery  
Of His own Blood's and Bodie's Sacrifice.  
Deep in her heart, upon the fifth she strove  
To print the sacred Wounds and Death of *Love*.

## 32.

The Sixth, as duly found her at His Grave  
Embalming Him with sweet Devotion's spice.  
But on the Seventh, His Resurrection gave  
Her cheerlyest *Contemplation* leave to rise ;  
Nor could the Clouds convey Him from its view,  
For after His Ascension too she flew.

## 33.

And by this bless'd hebdomadary Round  
(The Heav'nly Orb which she on Earth contriv'd)

Weaned from our Worldly motions, she found  
Her circled self in solid Rest, and liv'd  
Above that Cheat which makes fond Mortals prize  
For true Content, heart-vexing Vanities.

## 34.

Her Soul resolv'd to keep its home within,  
And not dwell fluttering in her outward Tire :  
Her Rule was, what was fit, not, what was fine ;  
Not to be sold, but cloth'd, was her desire.  
Miscall it not ; it is, said she to me  
No *Suit*, unless it suits with my *Degree*.

## 35.

Preposterousness she counted it, to wear  
Her purse upon her back : yet with no less  
Abhorrence look'd she on that sordid Care  
Which blush'd not to appear in open Dress.  
Right prudently she cut her way between,  
Approving nothing Golden, but the mean.

## 36.

She ne'r took post to keep an equal pace  
Still with the newest Modes, which swiftly run :  
She never was perplex'd to hear her Lace  
Accus'd for six months old, when first put on :  
She laid no watchful Leigers, costly-vain  
Intelligence with fashions to maintain.

## 37.

On a Pin's point she ne'r held consultation,  
Nor at her Glass's strict tribunal brought  
Each Pleit to scrupulous examination :  
Asham'd she was that *Titan's* coach about  
Half Heav'n should sooner wheel, than she could pass  
Through all the petty stages of her Dress.

## 38.

No gadding Itch e'r spurr'd her to delight  
In needless Sallies ; none but civil care  
Of friendly correspondence could invite  
Her out of doors ; unless she pointed were  
By *Visitations* from Heav'n's hand, where she  
Might make her own in tender sympathy.

## 39.

*Abroad*, she counted but her Prison : *Home*,  
*Home* was the region of her Liberty.  
*Abroad* Diversion throng'd, and left no room  
For Zeal's set task, and virtue's bus'ness free :  
Home was her less incumbred Scene, though there  
*Angels* and *God* she knew Spectators were.

## 40.

Yet this Retirement's cloud ne'r overcast  
Those beams of leggiadrous Courtesy  
Which smil'd in her Deportment ; and exprest  
Full confutation of their Calumny,  
Who lumpish, sullen, and the source of all  
Affected Soureness, strict Devotion call.

41.

Nor was this sweetness partial, and design'd  
In complemental Gracefulness to vy ;  
But full as facil to the plainest Hind  
As to the courtlyest Gallant : Poverty  
She ne'r could count a reason of neglect,  
Who did so oft on *Bethlehem Cratch* reflect.

42.

This made her trade with such sincere delight  
In frequent Alms : her self she satisfy'd  
When she the Needy fill'd ; and that she might  
As ready be as was their want, she ty'd  
Her self to spare a weekly sum, and be  
Provided of a *Bank of Charity*.

43.

Nor did her sympathetick Soul with less  
Tenderness yearn the publick Woes to see,  
When bolster'd up with long-abus'd Success  
Sedition, Rapin, Murder, Perjury,  
Schism, Heresy, Rebellion, Usurpation  
Reign'd on the stage of this distracted Nation.

44.

But when the monstrous Tempest tam'd she saw  
To Peace's Calm ; when glorious *Charles* ascended  
His rightful throne, restoring both the Law  
Of Earth and Heav'n ; when Truth no more was branded  
For Superstition ; when the Church had to  
The Temple liberty again to go :

45.

Such was her Joy, as if the total Bliss  
Had been her own : for by the common Good,  
On her Particular she set the price ;  
And not contented with the vulgar Mode,  
Besides what flaming at her gate she had,  
True Triumph's Bonfire in her heart she made.

46.

Yet sadly cool'd that Fervor was, when she  
Observ'd how those who deeplyest were engaged  
To flie the Crimes whose importunity  
Had lately *Vengeance* rous'd, and *Heav'n* enraged,  
Back to their Vomit turn'd, as if their Peace  
Had only come to let them *Sin at ease*.

47.

How did she sigh ! to see fantastick Pride,  
Restless Ambition, studied Luxury,  
All in a fresh career eagerly ride ;  
Forgetting quite that injur'd Lenity  
To Fury boils ; that Justice, when constrain'd,  
New *Covenants* and new *Presbiters* can find.

48.

Oft did she chew this heavy Meditation,  
Crying, Are these the thanks and praise we pay

To Him who from the jaws of Desolation  
Snatch'd us ! did He the Rebels' powers destroy  
To make free room for our Contempt to swell  
And shamelessly against Himself rebel !

49.

This wean'd her weary heart from things below,  
And kindled it with strong desire to gain  
Her Hopes' high Aim. Life could no longer now  
Flatter her love, or make her prayers refrain  
From begging (yet with humble resignation)  
To be dismissed from her mortal station.

50.

Long in this earnest fervour did she fry,  
Until a Fever's mighty flame begun  
To cool it, and encourage her with high  
Expectance that she had not far to run  
Before her tedious Race would ended be  
In never-ending Rest's felicity.

51.

O how she welcomed her courteous Pain,  
And languished with most serene Content !  
No Paroxysms could make her once complain,  
Nor suffer'd she her Patience to be spent  
Before her Life ; contriving thus to yield  
To her disease, and yet not loose the field.

52.

This trying furnace wasted day by day  
(What she her self had always counted Dross,)  
Her mortal Mansion, which so ruin'd lay  
That of the goodly fabrick nothing was  
Remaining now but skin and bone ; refin'd  
Together were her Body and her Mind.

53.

At length the final hour (sad hour to me !)  
Releas'd the longing *Soul* : no Ejulation  
Tolled her knell ; no dying Agony  
Frown'd in her death ; but in that lamb-like fashior  
In which she liv'd (O righteous *Heav'n*, said I  
Who clos'd her dear eyes,) she had leave to die.

54.

She dy'd ; but to that Life's possession flew  
In hopes of which alone before she lived.  
Alas, I only perish'd, who in shew  
Was left alive ; and she who dy'd, survived.  
None, none this woful Riddle feels but I ;  
Hers was the Death, but mine the Tragedy.

55.

O ever-precious *Soul*, yet shall that flight  
Of thine, not snatch thee from thy wonted Nest :  
Here shalt thou dwell, here shalt thou live in spight  
Of any death, here in this faithful Breast.  
Unworthy 'tis, I know, by being Mine ;  
Yet nothing less, since long it has been Thine.

## 56.

Accept thy dearer Pourtraiture, which I  
Have on my *other Psyche* fixed here ;  
Since her ideal Beauties signify  
The truth of thine : as for her spots, they are  
Thy useful foil, and shall inservient be  
But to inhanse and more illustrate Thee.

## 57.

PSEUDAGIUS, whose fairfaced Piety  
Possession of the *Virgin's* heart had won,  
Now fully feasts his hungry Tyranny  
Upon his tender yielding Prey ; and soon  
Instils his Poisons with such holy art  
That their contagion rul'd in every part.

## 58.

Both in the Suburbs of her Soul, and in  
The Capitol she found it domineer ;  
And quickly grown completely *Nasaren*,  
She fondly joy'd that slavish yoke to wear ;  
Esteeming it to be his gentle Lore  
Whom as her only *Lord* she did adore.

## 59.

*Satan*, who lurk'd in ambush to espy  
His slie Designs' effect ; triumph'd to see  
That *Psyche* by this moderate Heresy  
Was so extreamly charm'd : for crafty He  
When but a little Leven had crept in,  
The whole Lump's body oft had tainted seen.

## 60.

He knew a petty Gap might quickly turn  
A mighty Chasme : he knew one Spark might thrive  
Into a fulgroun Flame, and serve to burn  
The strongest Fort : he knew one Wheel might drive  
A thousand more : he knew a careless Slip  
Might cause a Fall, as well 's a wilful Skip.

## 61.

He knew that they who once a foot had set  
In Error's labyrinth, would easily be  
Allured further to proceed in it  
By their own tickling Curiosity ;  
And having turn'd from Truth's meridian light,  
Might soon inamored be of blackest Night.

## 62.

Yet to secure his Plot, he *Logos* fill'd  
With greater Pride and Confidence, since he  
Saw *Thelema* and *Psyche* forc'd to yield  
At last, to what he did at first agree ;  
And they abashed with unhappy shame  
His domineering carriage durst not blame.

## 63.

By this unbridled Impudence he grew  
So vainly bigger than himself, that he

Presum'd far more than all the World he knew  
In Truth's judicious discovery.

Thus foolish Dreamers think they view the skies  
When dusky Sleep has sealed up their eyes.

## 64.

O miserable Soul, whose Blindness is  
The argument by which she thinks her Sight  
Acute and pure ! who, 'cause she once did miss,  
Her way, is confident of going right !  
Who on her Fall doth build her Arrogance,  
And counts her Knowledge by her Ignorance.

## 65.

For when the Morn call'd early *Psyche* out,  
And led her to the sacred Sepulchre ;  
Full in her way the watchful *Tempter* brought  
One who no common Mortal's aspect wore :  
Grave was his garb, but graver far his look :  
And him for some deep-learned Man she took.

## 66.

Capricious *Logos* could not rest content  
Till he had sounded what the Man could say :  
Big with a spruce and eloquent Complement,  
He brings it forth and strews it in his way,  
And bowed to the ground with it : which done,  
*Agytes* stay'd, and *Logos* thus went on :

## 67.

Sir, if your Soul be to your Body true  
It must be Science's vast Treasury ;  
And those spiritual Riches never knew  
What Loss or Diminution meant, when by  
Ingenuous Impartment they were sown  
In other's breasts, yet not plucked from their own.

## 68.

For though his radiant Largise on the Moon,  
And every Star, and all the World besides  
He poureth out ; yet still the copious Sun  
On in his undiminish'd Glory rides.  
Though thousand Brooks it grudges not to fill,  
The teeming Fountain lives in fulness still.

## 69.

A portion of your Streams, and of your Light,  
Which by this spending are the more to you  
Increas'd, is that we beg : Our stupid Night  
To knowing Day may by your Influence grow :  
Our arid barren Intellect may be  
By your Effusions taught Fertility.

## 70.

That natural Desire which did inflame  
Your Industry to reach at Knowledge, is  
Common to Us ; nor will your Wisdom blame  
Our free and bold Obedience to this  
Potent Instinct, by following which have You  
Attain'd that Blessing which we sue for now.

71.

o *Logos* spake ; and bowing down again  
ress'd his Petition by his fauning gesture :  
for could his ceremonious Lips refrain,  
ut kiss'd the margin of the Stranger's vesture ;  
Thus craving with his closed mouth, and wooing  
With all his courtlyest Art his own *Vndoing*.

72.

When by a gravely graceful Pause the *Man*  
fore reverence had won, with friendly eye  
le first their Welcome look'd ; then thus began  
o speak it : though safe silence suits with my  
Devout Profession, more than Words, yet now  
To Courtesie's strong Law my tongue must bow.

73.

I to Strangers should not Kindness show  
should affront that *Lord* who owned me  
Stranger to himself. Yet must you know  
hat I pretend not by my industry  
To have acquir'd that mystick wealth in which  
Your not mistaking fancy counts me rich.

74.

las, *Agyrtes* had as sottish been  
is is the heaviest He that sees the light,  
lad Heav'n's sweet Rays not pleas'd to intervene  
between my heart and Ignorance's Night.  
But *Jesus*, who is King of *Love* as well  
As *Wisdom*, deign'd with both my breast to fill.

75.

'et this no Wisdom is but only what  
ncerns his Truth and Him : if therefore you  
or any other Learning thirst but that,  
ray seek where Vanity and Error grow.  
That that, or none, sweet Sir, said *Psyche* ; We  
Would only in Heav'n's Wisdom learned be.

76.

This yielding Answer made him smile within,  
nd promise his proud heart the Victory :  
et sure to make, and grace his holy Sin,  
o heav'n he turn'd his hell-directed Eye ;  
And lifting up his hands, seem'd thence to take  
The copy of what next he meant to speak.

77.

hen on the ready grass, which offer'd there  
is gentle service, jointly sitting down ;  
lthough said he, you yet but Strangers are,  
our holy Wish thus far has made you known  
That I perceive you are not yet to be  
Inform'd, there is a *Christ* and *Piety*.

78.

but as the noblest things besieged are  
With thorniest difficulties, so is this

*Religion* and *Truth* yet never were  
Enthron'd so high, but saucy *Wickedness*  
Would muster as aspiring Errors, and  
Before their face in flat defiance stand.

79.

Yet if a Candidate you ever were  
In great *Cerinthus's* School, what need I now  
Open my bottles to your thirst, who there  
All fulness from the Fount were taught to draw ?  
My School, cry'd *Psyche*, gentle Sir, alas  
Only in blind and barbarous *Albion* was.

80.

Know then, that when kind *Heav'n* implanted had  
(Replied he) its Gospel here below :  
Ten thousand Weeds a conjuration made  
To choke it when it first began to grow :  
The Blade no sooner peeped forth, but there  
These pois'nous Tyrants strove to domineer.

81.

And surely all the harvest Hopes had been  
Slain in their birth, had *Jesus's* watchful Care  
Into his Field not sent *Cerinthus* : Sin  
Ev'n in the spring presum'd the Crop to shear ;  
And *Truth* her infant head sought where to hide ;  
So rampant *Error* was, and spread so wide.

82.

But this sage *Gardner* with his timely hook  
Cut those Intruders down, and clear'd the ground.  
The Church's soil strait cheer'd its doleful Look.  
And rescu'd *Truth*, full room to flourish found.  
The mystick Paradise began to be  
From all th' insidious Serpent's dangers free.

83.

The reverend *Law*, whose flaming Majesty  
Flashed from *Sinai*, now brake out again ;  
And chasing all licentious Mists, which by  
Heretick Sloth had gain'd Religion's rein,  
Mingled its Lustre with the *Gospel's* Ray,  
And doubled beauteous *Truth's* unspotted Day.

84.

And wonder not if that severity  
Which could not but attend this Reformation,  
Gall'd *Error's* soul, and made *Cerinthus* be  
The Butt of all despicable Indignation ;  
Since gallant He durst check the World, and ride  
Against ev'n *Catholick Corruption's* tide.

85.

Blind *Ignorance* was grown so bold, that she  
Would needs perswade the World it had no Eyes ;  
Making the lazy name of *Mystery*  
In stead of *Demonstration* suffice,  
From this black Pit those Prodigies of blear  
Hoodwink'd abused *Faith* vomited were.

## 86.

For who can fancy *Heav'n* would e'r obtrude  
On reasonable Souls such shameless Fictions  
As full against all Reason's Rules conclude,  
And founded are on jarring Contradictions !  
Sure *God* so strange a Law did never give,  
That *Men* must not be *Men* if they believe.

## 87.

No ; 'twas not *God's*, but *Man's* most lawless Law,  
Who by enacting it usurped more  
Than Godlike Power on those he won to bow  
Their superstitious Necks to this new Lore ;  
By which to brutish Sotishness they are  
Enslav'd, who Free by *Christian* Title were.

## 88.

'Tis not enough, forsooth, that we believe  
*Mary* the *Mother* was to *Jesus* ; but  
Into the bargain needs we must receive  
That she a *Virgin* still remain'd. And what  
More likely Proof, than her Virginitie  
The truth of His blest *Birth* to nullify ?

## 89.

If she a *Mother* be, she must be so ;  
But if a *Virgin*, she a *Virgin* is.  
He that in *One* ties these repugnant *Two*,  
May reconcile the Poles into a Kiss,  
May Midnight in the face of Highnoon throw,  
May cement in one Center, ay and No.

## 90.

But by this Trick such Forgers pave a way  
How their new *Doctrines* may embraced be  
For most unspotted *virgin Truths*, though they  
Prove *Mothers* of a numerous Progeny :  
A Progeny of canonized Fictions,  
Religious Lyes, and reverend Contradictions.

## 91.

Yet well it were, had *Mary* been alone  
The subject of this *holy Nonsense* : but  
With greater impudence upon her *Son*  
It ventur'd, and madly forging what  
Unbias'd Reason cannot but detest,  
This as the *sacred Rule of Faith* profess.

## 92.

For though the *Marveilmongers* grant that *He*  
Was moulded up but of a mortal metal,  
And that his Substance was the same which *We*  
Find in our selves so sadly weak and brittle ;  
Yet an *eternal God* they make him too,  
And angry are that *We* will not do so.

## 93.

(The idle Madness of a dreaming Brain  
Thus counts one thing a Mountain and a Mite ;

Fancies the Sun, Light's royal Sovereign,  
To look like swarthy and ignoble Night ;  
Imagins wretched Worms, although it see  
Them crawl in dirt, illustrious Kings to be.)

## 94.

But *Heav'n* forbid our Tongues should so blaspheme.  
And call our *God* as poor a thing as *We*.  
How can Eternity be born in Time !  
How can Infinitude a Baby be !  
Or how can *Heav'n* and Earth's *Almighty Lord*  
To *Egypt* fly for fear of *Herod's* sword !

## 95.

How can the *Spring of Wisdom* wiser grow !  
How can the most immeasurable *Nature*  
By bounded years assistance from a low  
And childish pitch, rise to a manly Stature !  
How more than sottish is that Forgery,  
That He should higher wax, who is *Most High* !

## 96.

Can *He* be hungry who doth all things feed ?  
Can boundless Joy's eternal *Monarch* weep ?  
An Angel's help can Angel's *Maker* need ?  
Is He *all Eye*, and yet can fall asleep ?  
Can Man the *Prince of Power* crucify ?  
Can *He*, *life's everlasting Fountain*, die ?

## 97.

Such *Gods* as these indeed were *Jupiter*,  
*Mars*, *Saturn*, *Neptune*, *Mercury*, *Appolo*,  
And all that Rout to whom blind *Pagans* rear  
Their cursed Altars : and must *Christians* follow  
Such goodly Leaders, and their copy take  
Religion worse than Atheism to make !

## 98.

Surely much thank their *Maker* owes to them  
Whose glorious Faith hath been so studious to  
Heap all those vile Indignities on Him  
Which they themselves abhor to undergo.  
If *God* be such a *wretched Thing*, no more  
Will I (and 'tis no proud word) Him adore.

## 99.

But He is as *impassible* as they  
Would make Him *weak* and *faint* : nor can He bow  
To yield His high almighty Self a Prey  
To our Infirmities who crawl below.  
His superglorious most refined Nature  
As far from *Suffring* is, as from a *Creature*.

## 100.

I know they strive to mince the Matter by  
*Distinguishing His Natures* ; for their Art  
(Resolv'd to blush at no Absurdity,)  
Doubts not Himself ev'n from Himself to part.  
Yet durst not *We* admit a Deity  
Which must upon Distinctions builded be.

101.

at Contraries are one,  
un bounded be :  
h can friendly meet, and run  
non Unity :  
e : that one Person can  
Son, yet more than Man.

102.

l their Doctrine is,  
Pagan Blasphemy,  
ake a God of this  
tal *Jesus* : try  
one substantial Knot  
: who Him begot !

103.

: One these *Two* must be ;  
the Knot must cling :  
st to make up *Three* :  
for but *One* single thing ;  
they play, or ev'n and odd,  
*Trick* must have for *God*.

104.

t Him be so still :  
ow not what together ?  
rld their God, until  
covered Him ? Did neither  
ve, nor *Seers* see  
took not *One* for *Three* ?

105.

full well content  
*Paradise*  
ose holy *Heroes* went  
such curious Prodigies.  
e and sober Maid : and she  
nor *Trick* nor Forgery.

106.

te of *Christ* as high  
as *Wit* can reach ;  
the *Deity*  
they preach.  
may honored be,  
iety, say *We*.

107.

ot, who merits more  
verence can pay :  
His most gentle Lore,  
ambitiously obey.  
ove ; and hated be  
so sweet a Lord as *He*.

108.

willingly defy  
ove to *Him* oppose ;

No Persecution frights our Loyalty,  
Nor durst we think those lives are lost we loose  
In His dear quarrel, who by Dying hath  
Op'd us a way to Life through any Death.

109.

You see how freely our Profession we  
Impart to Strangers ; being confident  
That honest *Truth* can never shamed be.  
Yet whither you will bow down your Consent  
To our meek Doctrines, since I doubtful am,  
Expect not I should further lavish them.

110.

For if your Faith relies on *Men*, who are  
Themselves but founded upon mouldering Dust ;  
If you by *Reason's* rule disdain to square  
Your Piety, and take *your God on trust*,  
(Which Heav'n forbid !) you only are a Prize  
To foul Imposters' fairtongu'd Fallacies.

111.

He ceased here. When *Logos* louting low  
His fauning head to *Psyche*, gave her joy  
That she had met so grave a *Doctor* now  
Whose piercing Judgment's edge could cut the way  
So plain and clear through those thik fogs which had  
Religions' region sadly overspread.

112.

Err not, said he, your former Error, but  
Think how unjustly you *Authades* sleighted.  
O what substantial Arguments, and what  
Strong Motives has he muster'd and united  
In this concise Discourse, whose depth might well  
Be owned by the holiest *Oracle*.

113.

*Psyche*, whose shier heart not long ago  
Would have abhor'd this venomous Language more  
Than doth the Lamb the Wolf's or Lyon's, who  
Nothing but barbarous slaughter to it roar ;  
Had now forgot her pious jealous fear,  
And knew not what it meant to *be aware*.

114.

She from the *Nazaren* Cup already had  
Sipped some drops of Bane ; which having won  
Her fond heart's approbation, it made  
An open chanel for full streams to run  
Into her bosom. Thus an Army by  
One little breach pours in its Victory.

115.

Nay though a strange reluctant Tremor through  
Her bones did glide, she would not hearken what  
That secret Item whispered, nor know  
What dangerous Knowledge she affected ; but  
With monstrous Weakness conquers her own Might  
And to her fatal *Wo* yields with delight.



116.

She yields to swallow this *Cerinthian* Bait,  
And studies to her Murderer thanks to pay.  
Dear Sir, said she, your solid Reason's weight  
Doth on my heart such sound Persuasion lay  
That needs it must submit, and henceforth learn  
Your further Favour thankfully to earn.

117.

Scarce had she spoke; when lo, her *Doctor*, who  
Had spy'd her *Guardian* flying thither, took  
His leave as handsomly as haste and wo  
Would him permit. Alas the *Angel's* look  
Frighted the *Cheater*, who suspicious was  
That *Phylax* would his holy Fraud uncase.

118.

But as away he sneaked; *Psyche's friend*  
Hot in th' impatience of loving Wrath,  
The whining air with sprightly wings did rend  
And shot himself through the directest path  
To reach his *Charge*; for whom his heart did quake,  
Because her own, though ruin'd, would not shake.

119.

For by Love's Faithful Sympathy (though He  
About his other work far distant were,)  
He still preserv'd a soft Vicinity  
With *Psyche's* Soul, and felt each wound: which there  
Sophistick Darts had made, though foolish she  
Perceived not her sugar'd misery.

120.

At his approach, for joy the *Virgin* wept,  
Not thinking that those tears to Shame were due:  
For still *Syneidesis* securely slept,  
And to her heart forbore her heart to shew.  
She to her Self was more a Stranger, than  
The *Tarter* to the *Betheopian*.

121.

But *Phylax*, almost out of breath for haste,  
Suck'd in fresh spirits, and strictly then demanded  
Who 'twas that gather'd up his heels so fast,  
And fled from his arrival? if offended  
He at my presence were, 'tis meet that I  
Said he, suspect him for your Enemy.

122.

No sure, replied she; for neither I,  
Nor *Logos*, could discover ought but love.  
He freely taught us many a Verity,  
And what he undertook, did clearly prove.  
Misconster not his haste; 'twas no Offense  
At you, but sudden bus'ness snatch'd him hence.

123.

But *Phylax* better knowing him, than She,  
The total matter gently sifted out;

And wrought upon her Softness so, that He  
His kind Design right subtly brought about:  
For full confession from her charmed tongue  
Of both her *Doctors' Principles* he wrung.

124.

Which heard; he groan'd, and smote his pitying breast,  
And fixed upon hers his speaking eye;  
By which the mixed language he exprest  
Of love and wrath, of hope and jealousy:  
And in this Prologue setting ope the door,  
He from his lips his troubled Mind did pour,

125.

Left I my Charge, O *Psyche*, to the Wind  
When hence I took my journey, or to Thee?  
If in my dearest cabinet, thy Mind,  
I my Advice deposed, could it be  
That every Cheater's breath should open lay  
Thy breast, and blow that solid Pawn away?

126.

If ever yet I fail'd to justify  
My tenderest Affection's truth to thee;  
Thou thence mightst patch up some Apology  
Wherewith to cloke thy proving False to me.  
But see what Logick thou hast learnt of late,  
Who mak'st Love's Premises conclude in Hate.

127.

'T had been but fair, if thou hadst staid to hear  
What I against those *Arguments* could say,  
Whose Charms have stoll'n thy Faith out at thine ear.  
But *Phylax* was not worth Expecting; nay  
Not worth Remembering; else how could thy lip  
Seal'd up by mine, *Cerintus's* kisses slip!

128.

My heart misgave me when away I went,  
Or rather when with thine I left it here:  
Ask but thy self what earnest pains I spent  
To arm thy tender Soul with sacred fear.  
O why with foolish confidence wouldst thou  
Disarm thy self, and make room for the Blow?

129.

That Blow, which struck so deep into thy breast  
That if some sovereign Balsam makes not speed;  
If strait thy Wounds be not as deeply drest;  
If *Heav'n* be not as quick new life to shed  
Into thy Soul, as *Hell* was to betray  
It unto death; this is thy fatal Day.

130.

Alas those Doctrines only Poisons were,  
Squeez'd from the dregs of *Satan's* direful Pit.  
Less pestilential those Venoms are  
Which desperate *Basilisks* and *Vipers* spit.  
Nor *Aphrodisus's*, nor *Agenor's* tongue  
With such sure Bane thy careless bosom stung.

131.

Canst thou *Psyche*, thus requite thy Lord  
For all the treasures of His Love which He  
Poured freely into thy poor heart hath pour'd?  
Hath he plainly rob Him of his *Deity*,  
And tear Him from his throne, whilst royal He  
His heav'nly Realm prepares for worthless Thee?

132.

Ask *Logos* here no longer patience had;  
For pricking up his insolent crest, he cry'd,  
Ood Sir, and take you me for one so mad  
That in my proper road I cannot ride;  
But both my Self, and Way, so wildly loose,  
And willingly deep Precipices choose?

133.

Eyes of Colours sober judges be,  
Tongues can censure what is sour and sweet,  
Ears can Discords know from Harmony,  
Touching may decide in Cold and Heat;  
Why may not I, who sit in Reason's chair,  
Presume to judge what Proofs convincing are?

134.

Unless I to my Essence give the Lye,  
These *Doctrines* builded are on Demonstration.  
But if you only must be *Psyche's* Eye;  
I'll pull me out, that by no perturbation  
The progress of your Plots I may forestal:  
Pray let me be my Self, or not at all.

135.

*Psyche* was glad to hear this Challenge beat  
So high, and hop'd that *Phylax* would relent.  
And were Angelick love's heroick Heat  
Less resolute than it is, just Discontent  
Had quenched *Phylax's* flames, which braved now  
By this bold Opposition stouter grew.

136.

For from her heav'n with secret instance He  
Drew *Charis* down, to join her Powers with his.  
In trait viewing *Psyche's* wounded bosom, she  
Felt with pity at her deep distress;  
And by victorious Sweetness op'd a way  
Into her heart, and *Thelema* made her prey.

137.

For with all heav'nly Operations, *Speed*  
Contempor'd is; that in the quick Effect  
The dullest Eye apparently may read  
Omnipotence's dint. Thus *Charis* checkt  
Stout *Thelema*, and in a moment prest  
Her to a Willingness not to Resist.

138.

Which *Phylax* marking: *Logos* strives in vain,  
Said he, to countermine my care of thee,

I these Affronts, and greater, can sustain  
Rather than *Psyche* should destroyed be;  
All this, and more, I will forget, so thou  
Wilt see one Spectacle I have to show.

139.

*Logos* look'd big, and struggled might and main;  
But *Thelema* was tractable and tame,  
And vow'd the sullen Rebel to constrain  
Unto her pliant mind his own to frame.  
Poor *Psyche* sigh'd and wept, and half afraid,  
*Phylax* with her to do his pleasure pray'd.

140.

He weighing well that her Disease had need  
Of nothing more than Haste in her Physitian;  
Stay'd not to parle, but made all loving speed  
To snatch her from these jaws of deep Perdition;  
Whilst yet with *Charis's* soul subduing heat  
Her melted and convicted heart did beat.

141.

Ready at hand his welknown Chariot stood,  
In which he takes her up; and shakes the rein:  
Forthwith the sprightly Steeds tearing the road  
Which open lay upon th' ethereal plain,  
Soon reached *Gilton* in *Samaria*; where  
*Phylax* as quickly curbed their career.

142.

Then lighting down, Lo *Psyche*, this, said he,  
Is those thy newfound *Doctor's* native Town;  
Here thou their true Original shalt see,  
And from what kind of Nest they all are flown.  
This House their *Father's* was: Come, let us in,  
And view the Birthplace of *Heretick Sin*.

143.

Thus entred they: when in the house they find  
Such swarms of Doors, and Cells, and Galleries,  
Which by quaint Turnings to and fro did wind,  
That *Psyche* quickly lost her rolling eyes;  
As she had done her Self, had *Phylax* not  
Of all the Labyrinth full knowledge got.

144.

But through a thousand snarl'd Meanders, to  
A goodly Room he soon conducted her;  
Where she another Door esp'd, but no  
Cause to suspect what Dens in ambush were  
Lurking behind it; so alluring was  
The holy beauty of its cheating face.

145.

A goodly *Crucifix* was there displaid,  
*Altars* were rear'd, and reverend *Bibles* ope,  
By which majestick *Liturgies* were laid,  
And lofty-tuned *Anthems*; on the top  
Art plac'd a Quire of Angels hovering,  
And made the gorgeous Roof all seem to sing.

146.

Truth's best Dissembler, old *Apelles* *heir*  
 Had quickned those dead Walls, and made them live  
 In many a holy History ; whose fair  
 And breathing Colours did such welcome give,  
 That all Spectators' hearts leap'd to their eyes  
 To feast, though but on painted Rarities.

147.

There *Faith* appeared with her eagle's Eye,  
*Hope* with both hands her Anchor clasping fast,  
 And with wide-open bosom *Charity* ;  
 Whose looks with such beseeching beams were drest,  
 That those who thoroughly scann'd them not, might  
 deem  
 She at heav'n's genuine fire had kindled them.

148.

With these were ranked *Zeal*, *Austerity*,  
*Devotion*, *Meekness*, *Gentleness*, *Content* ;  
 And whatso'er might advantageous be  
 The brave Imposture wisely to present.  
 Baits which might easily work a greater feat  
 Than *Psyche's* soft Simplicity to cheat.

149.

She gaz'd, and copied in her foolish heart  
 With Fancie's pencil, what her Wonder saw.  
 But sober *Phylax*, whom no Painter's art  
 Could into rash (because blind) Error draw,  
 As easily return'd his *Pupil* back  
 As she had slipt into her fond Mistake.

150.

What credit thou to those fair Looks may'st give,  
 Said he, thou shalt behold when I have shown  
 What ugliness those beauteous Porters strive  
 To palliate. With that, he bent his Frown  
 Upon th' enchanting Hypocrites, and they  
 To his imperious Anger strait gave way.

151.

The holy Pageantry it self confest,  
 And yielded into naked Truth ; for what  
 Before, the life of Goodliness exprest,  
 Repented now into its native Blot :  
 No quintessence of ink, or soot, or pitch,  
 The blackness of that Chamber's walls might reach.

152.

Nor could the Door sustain his piercing Look,  
 But started into shivers : when, behold,  
 An hideous Grot, belching out stink and smoke,  
 A cloud of Terror upon *Psyche* roll'd ;  
 In which her groping thoughts were lost, and she  
 Quite buried in blind Perplexity.

153.

But *Phylax* shot from his illustrious Eye  
 Such potent lightning as subdu'd that cloud ;

When lo about the Cavern's sides a Fry  
 Of frighted Toads into their holes did croud ;  
 And thousand Spiders, at the sight agast,  
 Into the centers of their webs made haste.

154.

But O what Man's, or Muse's tongue can tell  
 The other Monsters which were hissing there !  
 Huge Snakes, preposterous *Amphisbænas* fell,  
 And fiery Basilisks discover'd were  
 With angry Hydras, Scorpions, Dragons, and  
 Of foul Chimæras many a marshall'd band.

155.

Yet these all fled before the *Angel's* face,  
 And in their several dens loud howling lay :  
 But he intending for a further place  
 With these less monstrous Monsters made no stay :  
 Strait to a closer darker door he goes,  
 Things far more deadly poisonous to disclose.

156.

Glozing *Decrets*, and handsom *Lyes* stood there,  
 With gentle meek demure *Hypocrisy* ;  
 All which in goodly state attended were  
 By treacherous *Rhetorick* and *Philosophy* ;  
 With *Syllogisms* in rank and file array'd  
 Whose hands three-forked massy halberds sway'd.

157.

But dreadfully abashed, on the ground  
 All these before the hasting *Angel* fell ;  
 Who entering by that damned Portal, found  
 To such a Porch a correspondent Hall.  
 The Stinks he met before, pure Odours were  
 To these which reek'd in every corner here.

158.

The Master of the house, grim *Simon*, who  
 Wore *Magnus* for his cussed surname, sate  
 Full in the midst ; whose pois'ned stomach so  
 Surcharged was with crude Opinions, that  
 Its pestilential Load, which belk'd and wrought,  
 Into a brazen bowl, he spewed out.

159.

And this that indigested *Chaos* was  
 Wherein all *Heresies* did jumbled lie ;  
 The fertile Womb which fostered the Mass  
 Of every kind of breeding Blasphemy ;  
 The Seed and Matter whence Sin's foul Creator  
 Of all black hideous Fancies fram'd the feature.

160.

As this dire *Vomit* smoked in the bowl,  
 A croud of desperate Men throng'd round about ;  
 Whose most accursed Thirst betray'd their soul  
 To covet this black draught. No scalding drought  
 Of chased Harts e'r bred such strong desire  
 In cooling springs to quench their raging fire.

161.

he first Sup bold *Menander* got, and by,  
hat cankering liquor so infected grew  
hat *Simon* he outspit in Heresy,  
nd higher than his spewing Father flew.  
Much he disdain'd that *God* or Man should be  
However noble, nobler thought than He.

162.

*erinthus* next to lapping fell, and then  
his hungry Younglings with the Venom fed ;  
mongst whom *Agyrtes* suck'd his part : whom when  
*Psyche* beheld, Guilt dy'd her cheeks with red.  
But *Ebion* thrusting in took off her eye :  
He Scripture's Mangler, Fo of Chastity.

163.

'et *Nicholas* madder prov'd himself than He,  
nd drunk so deep, that of all learned Lust  
le turn'd Professor, and attain'd to be  
*The Hate of God*. Behind him *Elxai* thrust,  
And foul *Jexeus*, bretheren no less  
In Nature than in lustful Putidness.

164.

hen *Saturnine*, whose draught so strangely wrought,  
hat *Purity* it self he judg'd impure ;  
haste Matrimony he abhorr'd as fraught  
With shameful odiousness ; nor would endure  
That any creature's blood his lips should stain,  
Though they all humane lawful Births had slain.

165.

hen *Basilides*, from this loathsome fount  
like dangerous Poison drunk : right pure and clean  
Incleanness seem'd in his corrupt account.  
Nor had this Liquor different relish in  
*Carpocrates* his mouth, and *Valentin's*,  
The Oracles of all libidinous Sins.

166.

From these dire Parents flow'd that numerous spawn  
Of most portentuous *Gnosticks*, *Antilacks*,  
*Tacchæans*, *Coddians*, *Ophites*, *Cainites* ; known  
By their profession of such shameless facts  
As Hell would blush at : yet these facts were those  
Which they for proofs of pure Religion chose.

167.

Next these, about the bowl's brim licking lay  
The *Nasarens* : amongst whose sneaking fry  
Were both *Anthades* and *Pseudagius*, they  
Who tainted *Psyche's* heart with Heresy.  
She saw them there, and stood amaz'd to see  
Saint-seeming Souls in deep-damn'd Company.

168.

Her woful indignation on her breast  
She sealed with a loud and hearty stroak ;

And having thus her venturous Crime confest  
Under her own hand, into tears she broke.  
But *Phylax* charg'd her to observe the rest  
Who forward to Death's living fountain prest.

169.

For after those, appear'd the *Marcosites*,  
*Epiphanes*, *Secundus*, *Isidore* ;  
Bold *Cerdonists*, and fond *Heracleonites* ;  
*Marcion*, *Apelles* ; with blasphemous store  
Of their Disciples : *Lucan*, *Lucian*,  
*Photinus*, *Basiliscus*, *Hermogen*.

170.

Then proud *Montanus* ; with *Quintilians*,  
*Ascites*, *Pepuzians*, and *Artotyrites*,  
*Priscillians*, pharisaik *Tatians*,  
Abstemious yet profane *Severianites* ;  
*Archonticks*, *Adamites*, *Quartadecimans*,  
Vain *Alogists*, and *Melchisidekians*.

171.

*Tertullianists*, *Arabicks*, *Symmachists*,  
*Homousiasts*, *Elxites*, *Origenians*,  
*Valesians*, *Agrippinians*, *Catharists*,  
*Hydroparastates*, *Patripassians*,  
*Apostolicks*, *Angelicks*, *Chiliasts*,  
*Samosatenian Paulianists*.

172.

Mad *Maniches*, outrageous *Donalists*,  
Curs'd *Arians*, *Colluthians*, *Audianites*,  
*Marcellians*, and *Macedonianists*,  
*Aerians*, *Acacians*, *Eustathites*,  
*Eunomians*, *Messalians*, *Luciferians*,  
*Agnolites*, *Hypsistarians*, *Apollinarians*.

173.

*Timotheans*, *Seleucians*, *Collyridians*  
*Rhetorians*, *Venustians*, *Proclianites*,  
Foul-mouth'd *Jovinianists*, and black *Helvidia*  
*Bonosians*, *Campensians*, *Agapites* ;  
*Pelagius*, *Nestorius*, *Eutyches*,  
Accompany'd with all their Progenies.

174.

Innumerable more besides were there  
Whose several Poisons' Nature *Phylax* read  
To his attentive *Pupil*, though they ne'r  
As yet were to this world discovered.  
Yea those he shew'd her, who at length would  
With soul-destroying Bane her native *Isle*.

175.

*New-coyned Catharists* were they ; who bread  
All Tribes and Kinds of raging Monsters, and  
By traiterous Heresy upon the head  
Of trampled Church and State presum'd to stan  
Yet these to *Him* but petty Vermin were  
Who brandish'd now his vaster terror there.

## 176.

A Prodigy of such commanding Look  
That all those awed *Suckers* gave him way :  
Three times his mighty head and locks he shook,  
Three times he stoop'd, and seem'd too proud to lay  
His lips so low ; yet bowing down at length,  
Upon the *Bowl* he shew'd his cursed strength :

## 177.

For every drop of that foul Vomit he  
Ingorged strait ; and kick'd the *Bowl* away.  
When lo the *Venom's* rampant potency  
Made all the desperate Man its frightful Prey.  
In's staring eyes, and all about his face  
Infernal Horror freely took its place.

## 178.

Two ragged horns brake from his brazen brow,  
From's sulphury mouth impatient Blasphemy ;  
Big with all rancorous Spight his bosom grew ;  
His soul was stretch'd with arrogant Majesty.  
Nor was't a wonder that he thus did swell,  
Who quaffed had and drunken was with *Hell*.

## 179.

He swore, and with a thundering oath, that he  
Would make the whole World to his pleasure bow.  
He threatned all Heav'n's starry Bravery  
Down from their highest strongest Orbs to throw ;  
And vow'd by his own Head, no God should be  
Thenceforth believed or ador'd but He.

## 180.

Forthwith he proudly bent his brawny fists,  
And mounted up his more than Dragon's tail ;  
With that artillery entering the lists,  
And impudently trusting to prevail.  
Nor was his Insolence in vain, for he  
From *Heav'n* it self snatch'd down his victory.

## 181.

From th' *Evangelick Heav'n* he boldly drew  
Millions of Souls, whom he in sunder tore  
Or with his breath's most Murdering Venom slew,  
Bellowing his triumph in a dismal Roar :  
Which made th' *Heretick Frie* terribly quake,  
Curs'd *Simon* start, and honest *Psyche* shake.

## 182.

But to allay the tempest of her fear,  
Mark, *Phylax* cry'd, mark but what bounds restrain  
The *Monster's* pride ; for He's a pris'ner here,  
And cannot break that *adamantine Chain*  
Which Him and all his viperous Company  
Though at some distance, fast to Hell doth tie.

## 183.

She look'd, and saw her *Guardian* told her true :  
She saw the *Chain*, which led into a Pit

Whence thick sulphureous Eruptions flew,  
And boiling Iron fiery terror split.  
Aloud she shriek'd, and turn'd about to spy  
How from that gaping mouth of death to fly.

## 184.

But shelter'd by his Wings' Security,  
And by his trusty Word encouraged,  
Into the Grot she ventured her eye ;  
Which there a more prodigious Object read,  
Than she had seen imprinted in the book  
Of hideous *Antichrist's* portentuous Look.

## 185.

It was that *Beldame Hag* from whose black breast  
*Simon* his rank unweildy Poison drew ;  
Never was *Fury* so completely drest  
In all the bravery of *Horror's* hue :  
All shapeless shapes together tumbled were  
To mould up *Shame's* extremity in Her.

## 186.

Two heads she had, which on her Legs did grow ;  
Two faces, and two mouths, but ne'r an eye ;  
Six rows of teeth, whose task it was to gnaw  
What of her Carcase they could reach : Her thigh  
From an eternal Sore did poison drain  
Into her throat, which spew'd it up again.

## 187.

About her nasty hide the Vermins swarms,  
Young Adders, Slow-worms, Toads, and Spiders were :  
Out at her Loins she reach'd her scaley Arms ;  
An hundred Nails on either hand did tear  
Her dangling Dugs, and when they weary grew,  
The tatter'd budgets o'r her shoulders threw.

## 188.

High on her neck a twisted Tail did sprout  
Arm'd with a thousand forked stings, which she  
For her own torture us'd, and round about  
Her self its lashes threw : prodigiously  
Her pois'ned Paunch was swoll'n, and thick beset  
With snarled throngs of cole-black cloven feet.

## 189.

These scratch'd and scrambled every way, and drew  
Her sometimes forward, sometimes back again :  
If yet this most confounded *Monster* knew  
What *back* and *forward* meant ; for 'twas in vain  
For any Eye to hope in her to find,  
What might be term'd *Before*, and what *Behind*.

## 190.

As *Psyche* shiver'd at this baleful sight,  
And now, said *Phylax*, do'st not see and feel  
That *Logos's* counsel solid was and right,  
By which sage He engag'd thy heart to dwell  
In this *fine Ladie's* family : for she  
Is Grandame to that hideous Progeny.

## 191.

Since thou hast made this choice, and scorned Me,  
And my Advice ; ev'n take thy chosen place,  
Or in *Pseudagius* his company,  
Or in *Agyrtes* : nay do not disgrace  
Thy learned Prudence so as to retract :  
Judicious *Logos* will not like the fact.

## 192.

Poor *Logos* heard this word ; which through his heart  
Such Shame and Sorrow shot, that humbled He  
Resolved ne'r to trust his proper art  
Unless with *Phylax*' mind it did agree.  
But yet in *Psyche*'s tender breast the Wound  
More stinging was, more fatally profound.

## 193.

For prostrate at his feet, in silence she  
Grappled a while with her outrageous Grief :  
But when she saw the woful Victory  
Growing upon her, and found no relief  
In all her soul ; she mingles with her sighs  
Her Depositions, and thus she cries :

## 194.

Alas, *Pseudagius*' or *Agyrtes*' Place,  
Though sunk in horrors, are too high for me :  
That dreadful *Hag*'s prodigious embrace  
Is doubly due to my Apostasy :  
Deserv'd have wretched I that she should hug  
Me with her Tail, and feed me with her Dug.

## 195.

For had *Pseudagius*' or *Agyrtes*' heart,  
Like mine, been by a *Phylax* fortify'd ;  
No Mines, no Onslates of heretick Art  
Had won their Forts : but I, by sottish Pride  
Sleiting the Potent help of thy supply,  
Chose on mine own bold Weakness to rely.

## 196.

I fain would pardon beg ; but mighty Shame  
Seals up my mouth, and Guilt beats back my breath :  
I fain would invoke His gracious Name  
Who gave His Life to rescue me from death :  
But Horror stifles my Attempt, since I  
Have prov'd a Traytor to His Deity.

## 197.

But thou, sweet *Phylax*, never did'st displease  
Our sacred *Sovereign*, nor force His frown ;

Seal'd sure on Thee His endless Favour is,  
And thy Desires He with success will crown ;  
Would'st thou but plead for me, though not for mine,  
He will for thy dear sake His ear incline.

## 198.

I know my Impudence strains high, who dare  
Crave thus much favour of abused Thee ;  
But thy brave Charity delights to war  
Against the most perverse conspiracy  
Of my Demerits, witness its divine  
Battle against, *Agenor's Pride and Mine*.

## 199.

O why shall my ingrateful Error be  
Able to frustrate thy strong Love's Design !  
Why may'st thou not be *Phylax* still to me,  
And, spight of all my Darkness, freely shine  
With heav'nly Help ! why must *Hell's Tyrant* boast  
That *Heav'n* and *You* your pains and me have lost !

## 200.

If ever more from thy Advice I start,  
By bold and traiterous Curiosity,  
Amidst those *Furies* may I reap my part  
Of my already-earned misery ;  
And may thy Wing no more for me be spread,  
No more thy Tongue for my reprieve plead.

## 201.

Divided here 'twixt trembling hope and fear,  
On Him she fix'd her lamentable Eye :  
Urging the rest by Looks ; which louder were  
Than all her former Cries. This modesty  
A potent charm to her soft *Guardian* was,  
Who took her up, and bad her wipe her face.

## 202.

Your holy Resolution hold, said he,  
And with the Issue trust my love and care :  
Into false paths you ne'r were lur'd by me  
Who more discerning eyes than *Logos* wear.  
The ways I set may craggy seem, and high ;  
But such lead up to heav'n's sublimity.

## 203.

Here by her hand then tenderly he led,  
Gathering the steps by which he came into  
The Grot : the curs'd Inhabitants were glad  
(Though vex'd withal) that he had pass'd them so.  
The Serpents creeping from their holes again,  
Hiss'd after him, and spit their angry pain.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Sts. 29, 41, '*Crutch*' = cradle : St. 33, '*acknowledgery*' = every seven days, i.e. Sabbath : St. 35, '*mean*' = middle or medium : St. 36, '*Leigers*' = ambassadors : St. 40, '*leggiadrous*' = bright or sprightly—from *leggiadro* (Italian), in music a direction to the player that the place where the word occurs is to be performed gayly or briskly : St. 56, '*inservient*' = subservient : St. 158, '*cuss'd*' = curs'd—a living slang word : St. 163, '*putidness*' = vileness, meanness : St. 166,

'*facts*' = acts, deeds : St. 169-173. See our Memorial-Introduction on this drollest of all heresy-catalogues : St. 181, ll. 1-2, '*drew Millions of Souls*'—an absolutely unwarranted and pestiferous statement : St. 187, '*terminus*' = collective plural to 'swarms' : *ib.* '*scaley*'—from *scall*, i.e. scab probably : *ib.* '*budgets*' = bags? St. 195, '*Onslates*' = onslaughts : *ib.* '*Sleiting*' = slighting.—G.



## CANTO XIX.

### *The Antidote.*

#### The ARGUMENT.

*Psyche, to purge that spreading Taint which had  
So sliely stoll'n into her cheated breast,  
By Phylax to Ecclesia's court is led ;  
Where she by Truth's divine embraces blest,  
Quickly perceiv'd her Cure, and how the heat  
Of Catholick Health in her sound Pulse did beat.*

#### 1.

Vain miserable *Man*, why dost thou tread  
So proudly on the *Worm* which crawls below ;  
Forgetting that thine own erected head  
To far more solid Wretchedness doth bow  
Than ever made the vilest *Reptile* be  
The footstool of Contempt to sirly Thee.

#### 2.

Are not the *Bowels of Disgrace* the Spring  
Whence thou dost flow ? Is not *Corruption*  
That despicable *Mother* which did bring  
Forth Thee her genuine *corruptible Son* ?  
Though Flesh and Blood dissemble long, they must  
Confess at last their putrid mouldring *Dust*.

#### 3.

For in the Center of thy proudest heart  
Thy fatal *Shame* thou dost inshrined bear ;  
The *Seeds of Rottenness*, which pose all Art  
Of Extirpation, lie breeding there ;  
Which are no sooner to matureness grown,  
But, with thy self, they must be mowed down.

#### 4.

Sage *Nature* at the moment of thy birth  
Made thee Lament, when yet thou knew'st not *Why* ;  
Being with *Pollution* tumbled headlong forth  
Into the stage of Life's sure Tragedy ;  
Inevitably there first Vex'd to be,  
And after murder'd, by *Mortality*.

#### 5.

The meanest Creature that e'r drunk in Light  
Was richer born, and stronger far than Thou :

Completely shiftless was thy native plight,  
And no self-succour would to thee allow :  
Naked thou wert of every Help beside,  
As well's of Clothes, thy woful shame to hide.

#### 6.

With Cares, and Fears, in thy young Education  
Thy troubled *Parent* travelled again ;  
Her bowels yearn'd with no less perturbation  
Than when they stretch'd with puerperial pain ;  
It being but Extension of thy Birth  
To bring thee up, as she had brought thee forth.

#### 7.

How worrisomely cross and peevish were  
Thy feeble years, when thou could'st only fight  
With thy rebellious *Will*, and vex the Care  
Of thy dear Nurse by sullen froward spight !  
All other Twigs will freely bend : but thou  
Alone, though young, had'st rather *Break* than *Bow*.

#### 8.

To school, the Rod both drives, and keeps thee there :  
Who wholesome Institution dost embrace  
Not out of Love, but most ignoble fear :  
Like stubborn Colts, who tutor'd are to pace  
When dreadful Awe compels them to submit  
Not to the Rider, but his Whip and Bit.

#### 9.

But as the Tinder never fails to catch  
The smallest spark, though burnt it needs must be  
By what it hugs : so doth thy Madness snatch  
At every glistening Sin and Vanity,  
And grasp it close, although the treacherous Guest  
Hell-fire most surely kindles in thy breast.

#### 10.

When riper years to manly Acts invite  
Thy well-grown soul, what trade thy strength employs  
But that of amorous languishing Delight,  
Of bitter Sweets, of delicate Annoys,  
Of fawning Rhymes, of witty Fopperies,  
Of dainty Perjuries, of smiling Lies ?

11.

In *Ceremonies* idely-busy school  
Thou disciplinest every limb and joint,  
Until thou grow'st a most accomplish'd Fool  
In histrionick Vanities : each Point  
Of finess thou disput'st, and wilt not Look,  
Or move thy learned Body, but by book.

12.

Combs, Brushes, Scissors, Crisping-irons, are  
The choicest Tools of thy fantastick Trade ;  
By which more Art appeareth in thy *Hair*  
Than in thy Head : which yet more curious made  
By *Powder's* help, doth more thy Folly cheat,  
For 'tis that *Powder* not thy *Dust* is sweet.

13.

To Sheers and Needle thou thy self enslavest  
And at the mercy liv'st of each new Cut  
And upstart Garb : yet when thou in thy bravest  
And most belaced Servitude dost strut,  
Some newer Fashion still usurps, and thou  
Unto its foolish yoke durst not but bow.

14.

Thus through a thousand shapes thou art content  
To croud thy self, *Her* favour to obtain  
Who is as Various as the Complement  
Of thine uncertain Fashions : in vain  
Thou huntest thus to gain thy slippery Prize :  
*Her* Mind as changing as thy Body is.

15.

Yet thou inshrin'st in thy devoted breast  
*Her* idoliz'd *Idea* : night and day  
Thou prov'st thy thoughtful self her zealous Priest,  
And Contemplation's Sacrifice dost pay :  
For every Lineament, and every Part  
Of her, thou mak'st *divine* in thy fond heart.

16.

A Curl of silly feeble Hair, which is  
The Sport and Scorn of every idle Wind,  
Like chains of sturdy Adamant can seize  
And captivate thy most unmanly Mind :  
Which vain Captivity of thine makes Hair  
The current granted Name of *Locks* to wear.

17.

*Her* Motions and her Gestures travers'd are  
By thy attending thoughts, and ravish'd thou  
Think'st silver *Venus* through her limpid sphere  
Swims with less gagliardise, and knows not how  
So well to justify her Stile, and prove  
*Her* self the Queen of soft leggiadrous Love.

18.

Whate'r it be that thou dost hear or see,  
Thou neither seest nor hearest : she alone

Reigns in thy heart, nor can deposed be  
By any other Thought's intrusion.  
Thy self is not thy self ; nor art thou where  
Thou art, unless *She* *She* be also there.

19.

In vain thy Friends remember thee that she  
Is black without and more deform'd within :  
Thou know'st no Friend but *Her*, and joy'st to see  
All others Envy at thy Choise repine.  
Infallible thou art, and cause can'st find  
To think that all the World but Love is blind.

20.

In vain they ask thee how thy purse will bear  
The unknown charge of Wedlock's life : for more  
Than both the Indies' Wealth thou reck'nest *Her* ;  
Whom could'st thou gain, Thou would'st esteem  
poor,  
Ev'n *Solomon*, with his seven hundred Queens  
And three fair Centuries of Concubines.

21.

If *She* commands, O how thy heart doth leap  
Into Obedience, though it be to run  
Through all the vastest most tempestuous Deep  
Unto the Setting or the Rising Sun !  
If *She* forbids ; let *Earth* and *Heav'n* command,  
*She* is thy *Goddess* and her Will must stand.

22.

How reverent's thy Devotion, when thou  
To sacred *Her* dost thy Approaches make !  
With what Zeal of exactness dost thou bow,  
In meek ambition from her foot to take  
Thy thirsty Fervor's aim, and thence ascend  
To drink the dear draught of her milky Hand !

23.

Then pour'st thou out thy Soul for thine Oblation  
On her smooth Lip, thine Altar of delight ;  
Whence thou receiv'st with joyous adoration  
The *Blessings of her Kiss*. Her calmy sight  
Thou think'st thy *Heav'n*, and in her smiling Eye  
Read'st all the Sweets of thy Fool's Paradise.

24.

But if coy Frowns, or one denying Glance  
Becloud that Sphere of thine imagin'd Bliss ;  
How are thy Comforts cast into a trance  
Of gnawing Dread, and anxious Distress !  
What jealous fearful Pallor doth surprise  
Thy Cheeks, what deadly Ghastlyness thine Eyes

25.

If she at last replies by sullen scorn,  
To thy unwelcome suit ; how dost thou hate  
Thy slighted self, and wish thou hadst been born  
To any *Reprobation*, but that !  
Happy, in earnest happy might'st thou prove,  
Could'st thou so much thy *God* or *Fear* or *Love*.



## 26.

When thou in matrimonial Bands art ty'd,  
(Bands which no Sithe but that of Death can cut.)  
Though them as soft thou countest as thy Bride.  
From thine own Freedom thou hast freely shut  
Thy self, not knowing but that yoke to thee  
May prove more heavy than Virginity.

## 27.

Fool ! couldst thou dream thy *female Deity*  
Would let thee know she but an *Idol* was ;  
Or had not wit to keep thy charmed eye  
From reading any Line of her Disgrace ?  
Did ever *Siren* to the Seaman show  
That her fair Flesh above, was Fish below ?

## 28.

Did'st thou thy self unmask thy self, and let  
Her eyes the face of thy Condition see ?  
What makes thee then surmise she could forget  
To meet thee with thine own Hypocrisy ?  
Or that her shie demure Sex understood  
Not more than thine, what 'tis to wear a hood ?

## 29.

Alas thou saw'st but half of Her, those years  
Thou drov'st so hot the Wooer's blinded trade,  
And had'st full power to take or leave : but Fears  
And Doubts are now too late, since thou hast made  
The bargain up ; not all the World can ease thee :  
Thou must be pleas'd although she doth not please  
thee.

## 30.

Yet grant her genuine Worth and virtuous Graces  
Answer thy highest Hopes with full success :  
Still thy Adventure's management debases  
The fondly-founded credit of thy Bliss :  
And though thou sit'st in *Happiness's* lap,  
Thou can'st not praise thy *Wisdom*, but thy *Hap*.

## 31.

If She proves Barren, who is thus thy Spouse,  
Such such are all thy Hopes and Joyes : if She  
With numerous Issue fills thy widest House,  
What warrant hast that these will Blessings be ?  
They *easiest may be bad* ; nor canst thou tell  
But thou hast helped to impeople Hell.

## 32.

No *Bed* so thick with thorns can ever grow  
As do's the *Nuptial* : what large Crops of Cares  
It yields in every time and season ! how  
Fertile and rank 'tis in perpetual Fears !  
In Winter and in Summer this doth bear,  
And spreads its harvest over all the year.

## 33.

Besides ; unhappy Fortunato, how  
Wilt thou endure to loose thy precious *Dear* !

Hast thou her Life in lease ? or canst thou show  
A better claim than *Death* will lay to her ?  
Thy Spouse, how soon thou know'st not, *Death* may  
wed,  
And make the doleful Grave her nuptial Bed.

## 34.

But if thou rests content to be a dry  
And fruitless Tree, and wilt thy self restrain  
Within the bounds of strict Virginity ;  
Intestine War will in thy bosom reign,  
And Legions of Temptations always be  
In arms against thy single Chastity.

## 35.

Loud will thy fair Estate call for an Heir ;  
So will thy Name, and natural Philauty ;  
So will the thought of crazy Age, and Fear  
Of wanting an unfained Friend's supply  
Towards thy grave when years shall bow thee, and  
For thy Wealth's Carcase Vultures gaping stand.

## 36.

The World will heap on thy Severity  
Bold Imputations, and surmise that thou  
Deal'st underhand for what should purchas'd be  
In open legal manner ; or will grow  
Into belief, thy Pertinacity  
Hath scorn'd all Females, or all Females thee.

## 37.

Yea they whom Nuptial Cares have vex'd and toss'd,  
In envy of thy Quiet, will lament  
Thy tedious Solitariness, and boast  
Their own to be the Life of free Content.  
Much like Decoys, rejoycing in the Net,  
Only to tempt more Pris'ners into it.

## 38.

Would'st thou be *Rich* ? then through outrageous Seas,  
Within three inches of thy death, must thou  
Sail from thy quiet Home, and yield to be  
The worried Slave of all the Winds that blow.  
Through grievous Mines thou must thy Labour reach,  
And delve to hell thy *Plutus* thence to fetch.

## 39.

Grant then that *He* thy largest Coffers fill :  
Thy Heart 's as poor and empty as before :  
The cursed thirst of Gold grows hotter still  
Though *Plate* and *Indus* thou on it dost poure.  
The peevish Itch thus proves more fertile when  
Thou rubb'st and strivest with the tainted Skin.

## 40.

And now, though thou before could'st safely sleep ;  
In fear of Thieves thou break'st thy nightly rest,  
Setting thy thoughtful Heart a watch to keep  
About thy Bags. Unhappy Fool ! at least  
Consider, though thy Gold thou holdst so fast,  
Thy self thou canst not, who must die at last.

41.

Die, die thou must, and an account give up  
Of all the fruitless Store thou hoardedst here.  
Those Bags on which thy Soul had built her hope,  
But rich and heavy Torments will appear :  
And thou shalt bless their Poverty, who had  
No Reckonings to make when they were Dead.

42.

Is *Poverty* thy Lot? then look to be  
The helpless Butt of Wrong and of Disgrace.  
Thy joints must buckle hard to Industry ;  
Continual Sweat must reek upon thy face ;  
To purchase what must fill and hide thy skin,  
Least thou *without* be naked, and *within*.

43.

If *Vice* to thy assistance thou shalt call,  
And by thy Sins thy Fortunes hope to mend ;  
Thou digg'st a Pit wherein thy self must fall,  
And to thy *hellish Fo* dost succour lend.  
Thou spend'st thine *only stock*, and hast'st to be  
A woful Bankrupt to eternity.

44.

If thou a rich-descended Heir art born,  
'Tis odds but that thy Birth will thee undo.  
Such Wealth its Duty thinketh it to scorn  
In Industry's laborious Paths to go.  
'Tis Worth enough, if your young Gallant can  
Look big, Luxuriate, and Write Gentleman.

45.

In *Learning's* Lists adventur'st thou to try  
Thy strength? this makes all *Ignorants* thy foes ;  
And they wel-near are All. Yet could'st thou flee  
Their Envie's reach, thy *learned Joyes* will loose  
Their taste (if wisest *Solomon* may be  
Trusted for judge,) in stinging Vanity.

46.

*Arts* dar'st thou scorn? then dar'st thou be a Beast :  
Nay beastlier than they ; Beasts scorn them not.  
Thy *Scorn's Pride's* daughter, and do'st but resist  
The progress of her own aspiring Plot :  
For are not *Arts* the ready wings whereby  
*Proud* Spirits, as well as *Generous*, soar high?

47.

With *martial Bayes* dost thou affect to build  
*Glory's* fair structure on thy hardy brow?  
Know then that in the laurel-breeding Field  
Millions of Dangers and of Vices grow :  
And those, alas, may thee of life deprive ;  
These, which is worse, may make thee *die alive*.

48.

Or doth the *Muse's Wreath* thy head invite  
Restless innumerable Pains to take

In *Numbers' study*? O how few aright  
Do guide Poetick Feet ! how few extend  
Their Lines by *Virtue's Rule* ! how few escape  
A Fall from *Cynthus's Hill* to *Venus's lap* !

49.

But if thou choosest *Virtue's* lofty way,  
Nobly disdaining All that flags beneath ;  
If thy dull Body's burden cannot sway  
Thee downward ; if this Life to thee be Death ;  
If pure and heav'nly be the tawring Heat  
Which doth in thy heroick bosom beat :

50.

Right generous is thine Enterprise : but yet  
Strong Difficulties block it up ; thy cross  
And headstrong *Passions* in array will set  
Their utmost Powers thy Valour to oppose.  
Thine own false Heart, unless thy Care be great,  
Will Traytor prove and her own Aim defeat.

51.

Besides ; All they whose souls are tainted by  
Sin's envious Contagion, will join  
Their Mischief in a full Conspiracy  
Thy single Plety to undermine.  
For all thy *Virtue* checks and chides their Vice,  
Thy gracious Glories shame their Villanies.

52.

Thou art their *Scandal*, and their *Fame* doth call  
Upon their deepest waryest *Craft* for aid  
Against that Blot thy Beauty throws on all  
Who are of *hardy Piety* afraid.  
To force back these, what Weapons wilt thou find ;  
How shall thy Vessel conquer Tide and Wind?

53.

Yet through this rampant Sea of Opposition  
Could'st thou tear ope thy way ; how would'st thou tam  
Those higher stouter *Billows of Perdition*  
Whose Wrath in all thy paths doth roar and foam?  
*Hell* and its *Prince* their toughest Nerves combine  
To terrify and to enervate thine.

54.

And sure this Tempest would effect its Spight :  
On thy weak Bark, did not kind Heav'n descend  
In part aforehand ; did not *Grace's* Light  
With cordial Assistance thee befriend ;  
Did She not steer thy Course, and bid thee ride  
Securely o'r the Surge's highest Pride.

55.

Thy Life to Execution only leads.  
Condemned thee ; unless all-pitying She  
By seasonable Mercy intercedes  
Between thy Soul and its Catastrophe.  
*Grace* only can poor sentenc'd Man relieve,  
And find a way to teach his *Life to live*.

56.

'Twas blessed *Charis*, who so fast did move  
*Phylax* his wings when He to *Psyche* flew,  
 And with the wholesome speed of heav'nly love  
 Her from the Jaws of those *Cerinthians* drew ;  
 By shewing her the horror of that Pit  
 Where *Heresy* and all her *Brood* were met.

57.

But *Phylax* thence return'd, without delay  
 His nimble Chariot takes, and *Her* with it.  
 Strait *Gilton* sunk and vanished away ;  
 For warned by the motion of their Bit  
 The lusty *Coursers* took their sprightly Wing,  
 And justling through the clouds, away did fling.

58.

As *Psyche* wonder'd whither they would fly,  
 She found her self rapt to a gentle Sphere :  
 No saucy Wind durst ever press so high,  
 Or blow up any Tempest's tumults there.  
 The only Gales which in this Orb did move  
 Were pure delicious Breaths of Heav'n and Love.

59.

The only Clouds which greeted there her eye,  
 Thick Volumes of religious *Incense* were ;  
 The only Noise which rolled through that Sky  
 Were holy Echoes welcoming her ear  
 With soft Rebounds of those rich *Anthems* which  
 The throats and hearts of *Saints* divinely stretch.

60.

She mused much what privileg'd Creatures were  
 Inhabitants in that calm *Sea of Bliss* :  
 When lo, a troop of glistening Towers drew near  
 To meet her pressing Chariot's earnestness :  
 And straight a goodly *Palace* fill'd her eye  
 With large and high-erected Majesty.

61.

Directly thither, for they knew the Way,  
 The *Coursers* speeded, neighing as they flew :  
 But *Phylax* pluck'd the Reins, to bid them stay  
 Their Course, when near the outer Gate they drew.  
 Then lighting, with his Virgin Pupil ; He  
 Taught her to see indeed what she did see.

62.

Never, said He, my Dear, those Eyes of thine  
 Though they have travell'd through the World so far,  
 Were honored with Objects so divine  
 As these with which they now saluted are.  
 No Pile e'r swell'd to such bright Statelyness,  
 Nor sham'd all Princes' proudest Courts, as this.

63.

That pompous Fabrick which great *David's Son*  
 Erected for a *greater King*, was plain

And poor, if brought into comparison  
 With this Magnificence which here doth reign.  
 As shades the Substance ; so did typick that  
 But blindly intimate *this Temple's state*.

64.

The Gold which shin'd, the Stones which sparkled there,  
 Were all th' ignoble Sons of dirty Earth :  
 But these substantial Glories flaming here  
 From Heav'n's fair womb derive their splendid birth.  
 Nor was the Work atchiev'd by mortal Hand,  
 Which firm as Immortality doth stand.

65.

Had'st thou my wings, and through the Spheres could'st  
 flie,  
 Heav'n's most Imperial Palace there to read ;  
 That Spectacle would feast thy ravish'd Eye  
 But with an ampler Copy, wider spread  
 And fuller drawn ; a Copy of what here  
 Is written in a smaller character.

66.

Mark well its Situation : *Caucasus*,  
 The *Alps*, th' *Atlantick Mountains*, *Ararat*,  
 Noble *Olympus*, nobler *Libanus*,  
 Are in their proudest exaltations, not  
 Half so sublime as is this *royal Hill*,  
 Which almost in both Worlds at once doth dwell.

67.

Its worthy Head to Heav'n next neighbour is ;  
 Sure upon Hell its conquering Foot is set :  
 On Hell, which often has repin'd at this  
 Oppressing load, and often strove to get  
 Its neck at liberty ; but still in vain  
 The *Powers* of all that vexed Pit did strain.

68.

For lo, the *Mountain's* all one solid Rock  
 Compacted in the strength of *Unity* :  
 Though Hills of brass should yield unto the shock  
 Of Violence ; though Earth's vast Mass should be  
 From its profound Foundation shoulder'd ; still  
 All Force must melt before this steady *Pile*.

69.

So stands the craggy Promontory sure,  
 With head triumphing o'r the frustrate Storm,  
 When all the Winds against its Site conjure,  
 And thousand Waves with high-swoll'n fury arm :  
 It stands, and sees the Blasts blown out of breath,  
 And all the Billows shattered beneath.

70.

But mark the Fabrick of this outer Gate :  
 Has thy Experience e'r observ'd a more  
 Unlikely Passage to a Court of State ?  
 Strong those Materials are ; but yet the Door  
 Is built so low, and so extremely narrow,  
 That Worms, not Men, seem fit to scramble thorough.

Of purest Crystal, that the Commers near,  
Before the Door was open set, might fall  
In love with those interiour Beauties, which  
Themselves through that clear Perspective did reach.

79.

But *Psyche* here observ'd a *serious Maid*  
Who kept the Keys of that transparent Gate,  
Upon the ground disconsolately laid,  
Like one who felt and wail'd the Wrath of Fate.  
Her left hand bolster'd up her heavy head ;  
And on her heavier heart her right was spread.

80.

Part of her Tresses *Sorrow* off had torn,  
And scatter'd at her feet : what did remain,  
*Neglect* dishevel'd clotted and forlorn  
About her ears : Her Forehead's native Plain  
Self-hatred o'r and o'r had plowed, and  
Deep were the furrows of that woful Land.

81.

Her pensive Eyes so overladen were  
With constant Clouds, that downward to the earth  
They swaid her looks : the Weather ne'r was clear  
With Her, but when one storm had broken forth  
Another crouded on ; or rather one  
Continual Flood from both her Fountains ran.

82.

The beauties of her Cheeks this wash'd away,  
And through their hills two fallow chanel cut ;  
This marshal'd liquid Pearls in full array  
Upon her Clothes, as sadly torn as wet :  
This made the count'nance of the neighbour ground  
Deep in th' exuberant brine of hers be drown'd.

83.

Disgraced by a Kick of Indignation,  
The foolish Furniture of Vanity  
Kept distance from her naked Feet : the fashion  
Of every Dress was spoild ; the gallantry  
Of all her Jewels, dust and mire did choke ;  
Spilt were her Red and White ; her Mirrours broke.

84.

Of woful Whips before her lay an heap  
Red with the Vengeance on her Body she  
Had sternly took : instead of needful sleep,  
And proper Cordials, *Austerity*,  
With pale-fac'd *Watching*, pensive *Shame*, and *Fear*  
And hollow-cheeked *Fasts*, besieged Her.

85.

For grateful Powders to perfume her Head,  
Cold contemptible Ashes there were strown ;  
Which an untimely hoary Winter spread  
Upon her Locks, and preach'd to Her her own  
Beginning and her End, that *certain Dust*  
From whence she came, and unto which she must.

## 86.

As *Psyche* ponder'd who this *Maid* should be  
Which like a vanquish'd Prey to *Grief* did lie ;  
Howe'r She looks, said *Phylax*, this is *She*  
Whom only *Heav'n* intrusteth with the *Key*  
Of this vast *Palace* ; She whose piteous Look,  
Hath writ her Worth so high in *God's* own book.

## 87.

Her Name is *Penance* ; and with her must All  
Whose brave ambition here would get access,  
Into familiar meek acquaintance fall,  
And love her painful Life and Wretchedness.  
Though her embraces comfortless may seem,  
And cold, yet heav'nly *Fervors* glow in them.

## 88.

Delightful *Ease* lies nestling in her *Smart*,  
*Security* inhabits in her *Fears*,  
*Content* keeps house in her *disconsolate heart*,  
Pure *Solace* bathes it self in all her *Tears*,  
And in the frowning furrows of her *Sadness*  
Are sown the seeds of everlasting *Gladness*.

## 89.

This Word threw *Psyche* on her humble knee  
To beg the favour of that mournful *Maid* ;  
Who rais'd her self with ready courtesy,  
And for no stately-long Intreaty staid :  
Welcome, she cry'd, and seal'd it with a Kiss,  
And in her sober arms she hug'd her thrice.

## 90.

She hug'd her thrice ; and every time she shot  
Into her Soul *Grief's* wholesome influence ;  
Whereby intire possession she got  
Of all her Thoughts, and left her there no sense  
Or relish of terrest[ri]al Delight,  
But fitted her to see this heav'nly sight.

## 91.

Which done ; upon her penitent head she spread  
Part of her Tears, and of her Ashes part :  
Then to the Door she Her right kindly led,  
Which as she gently touch'd, did open start.  
Straitway a Gale of holy Pleasures flew  
Forth at the Gate, and full on *Psyche* blew.

## 92.

Thus entred in, she there espies a *Well*  
Of clearer crystal far than was that Door :  
And here, all *Purities*, said *Phylax*, dwell ;  
Of limpid *Life* here lives the endless Store ;  
These *Streams* alone can conquer those deep *Stains*  
Of which the tainted *Universe* complains.

## 93.

No foolish wanton *Nymphs* are dabling here ;  
But *Graces* genuine, and numberless,

And all divine, who suitably do cheer  
Their pious Guests, and bathe their souls in *Him*.  
Fain'd *Venus* from her native *Sea* did rise  
Less fair than Those this Fountain purifies.

## 94.

For this is *Baptism's* sacred *Laver*, where  
All They must wash the other *World* away  
Who enter this new *Life's* celestial sphere,  
And of *Night's* Brats turn *Children of the Day*.  
Far hence profane unwashten feet must be ;  
This holy ground belongs to Sanctity.

## 95.

But of such everlasting *Virtue* is  
This heav'nly *Liquor*, that one Drenching will  
Suffice ; and 'tis presumptuous Lavishness  
A second time its noble Drops to spill :  
For since *Life's* purest Day hence takes its Morn,  
What He can twice into one *Life* be born ?

## 96.

Though thine unhappy *Albion* will breed  
Such *Imps of Contradiction*, as will row  
Against great *Baptism's Stream*, and forge a need  
Of paddling in their own new *Waters* : Thou  
Shalt find thy single *Washing* is alone,  
Sufficient Cleansing ; and may'st now go on.

## 97.

This said ; he leads her forward through a Way  
Pav'd with the soul of *Sweetness*, to the bright  
Palace, which courted with a full display  
Of all its parts her now approaching Sight :  
Magnifick was its Aspect, and upon  
The *Rock* look'd like another *Mount of Stone*.

## 98.

A *Mount of Marble*, polished and white ;  
But with such Architecture varied,  
That *Majesty* was temper'd with *Delight*.  
Thus all the Countenance of *Heav'n* is spread  
With *Awe* and *Beauty*, that Spectators may  
To it at once both Love and Reverence pay.

## 99.

What goodly Pillars, Arcs, and Walls, were there !  
What Rows of Lights in equi-distant grace !  
What learn'd Engravings lived every where  
With Anticks peopling each convenient space !  
With what brave strife did cunning *Art* contend  
The rich Material's Lustre to transcend !

## 100.

But they by twelve fair steps advanced now ;  
Enter'd the *Hall*, whose princely Bravery  
So far outshin'd what they had seen below,  
That sweetly it perplexed *Psyche's* eye  
In walking through the several Wonders, which  
Did every corner of the Room enrich.

## 101.

The Floor with glittering Silver all was spread,  
 The Allmug Walls with royal Arras drest,  
 The Cedar Roof with Gold imbellished,  
 With glorious Paint the Windows : such a Feast  
 Of pompous sights she never saw before,  
 Though she had view'd *Agenor's* splendid Store.

## 102.

Yet this was but the handsome case and skin  
 Of what did more Majestick make the Place ;  
 For nobly lost were all the Pillars in  
 Innumerable *Spoils*, which She who was  
*Queen* of the Palace, in her Wars had won,  
 And fix'd them here, as *Proofs* what she had done.

## 103.

Here by their Horns, *Dilemmas* hanging were,  
 And of big *Syllogisms*, the empty Skins.  
 Bold busy *Wit*, lay tame and quiet here ;  
 Here *Rhetorick*, with all her cunning Gins  
 Twisted about her neck ; here all the Pride  
 Of *secular Wisdom*, was close Pris'ner ty'd.

## 104.

Next those, that *insolent Severity*,  
 That *humble Arrogance*, which long did reign  
 In th' old admired *Porch*, hung dead and dry ;  
 And chained *Zeno* knit his brows in vain  
 To see that Doctrine which so far prevail'd,  
 Up here by conquering *Truth* in triumph nail'd.

## 105.

And yet some comfort 'twas, that He beheld  
 The *Pythagorean Prudence* hanging by ;  
 And its great *Master*, though he ne'r would yield  
 It fit for *Men* with *Flesh* to satisfy  
 Their Hunger's Call, forc'd madly now to eat  
*Himself*, and make his chained Arms his Meat.

## 106.

Nor had the *Epicurean Discipline*  
 Better Success, for she was Captive here ;  
 And both with Shame and Hunger taught to pine  
 And dearly pay for her luxuriant Cheer :  
 All lank and thin she hung, like nothing less  
 Than Magazine of swell'd Voluptuousness.

## 107.

Th' *Egyptian Learning*, black as blackest Hell  
 Where it was bred and born, hung also here ;  
 Nor could invent with all its *Magick Skill*  
 Any mysterious Charm or Character  
 It self from that Disgrace to conjure down,  
 But found *Truth's* Spells much stronger than her own.

## 108.

By these, the *Spoils* snatch'd from the furthest Parts  
 Of strangest *Indian Worlds*, hung one by one ;

The proud *Gymnosophists* and *Brachman's Arts* :  
 (For noble *Bartholmew* had thither run,  
 And *Thomas* too ; and made their Journey be  
 Only the March of speedy *Victory*.)

## 109.

So did the *Persians' Astrologick Skill*,  
 And what in *Balaam's Midian School* was taught :  
 A mighty Prize was this, the Flower of Hell,  
 With thousand Sects of various Learning fraught ;  
 Yet none of these could calculate that They  
 Should unto *Catholick Truth* become a Prey.

## 110.

Nor did the *Academick Glory*, 'scape,  
 Though sage grave *Plato* rais'd it fair and high ;  
 For here it hung in contemptible shape,  
 Presenting more of reverend Foolery,  
 Than genuine Wisdom, and lamenting that  
 It reach'd so near to *Truth*, yet reach'd it not.

## 111.

Next this, the *Oracles of the Stagarite*,  
 (That God of logical and wrangling Brains.)  
 Hung all in scorn'd miserable plight,  
 Unable to Confute their conquering Chains ;  
 And wish'd that they their *Master's* fate had seen,  
 And drowned with him in *Euripus* been.

## 112.

Yea ev'n the *Skeptick Protean Cunning* too,  
 For all her wiley wiles, was taken here ;  
 And now convinced by her certain Wo,  
 Confess'd some *Truth* could naked be and clear ;  
 And into palpable assurance grew  
 That her *Captivity* at least was *True*.

## 113.

In one side of the Hall these Marshall'd were ;  
 Nor did the other with less *Spoils* abound :  
 For all the *Sadducean Points* hung there,  
 Too late bewailing what too late they found,  
 That they from thence should no Redemption have  
 Who held no Resurrection from the Grave.

## 114.

And in the same condition hanging was  
 Stubborn *Herodianism*, but buckled now ;  
 Finding that Help to its distressed Cause  
 Its dead and rotten God could not allow ;  
 That *Herod* proved no such kind of Thing  
 As *Christ*, of Glory and of Power King.

## 115.

*Essæan Prudence* too was fain to bear  
 Her Fate, and share in this Captivity ;  
 Though all her Ways, and Grounds, and Doctrins w  
 Of nearest kin to *Truth* : yet seeing She  
 Made least resistance, *Justice* gave command  
 She should be tyed in the gentler Band.

116.

But puff'd with zealous Ignorance and Pride,  
The *Pharisaick Discipline* held out  
In flat defiance : bravely she try'd  
Her fancied strength, and obstinately fought.  
And much she might have done, had *Truth* not been  
Aided by *Heav'n* to bring her Pris'ner in.

117.

Yet after Her, innumerable Swarms  
Of peevish restless *Vermin* undertook  
The War again ; and being once in arms,  
From sucking sneaking *Schisms*, they boldly broke  
Into the monstrous amplitude of those  
Black *Heresies* whose depth *Hell* only knows.

118.

The *Authors* lately in their native Pit  
*Psyche* beheld, and here their *Brood* she sees ;  
The hideous *Portents* of malicious Wit,  
And piety-pretending Villanies ;  
Which now perforce their open Shame confess,  
All hanging in their odious *Nakedness*.

119.

They *Naked* hung ; yet clothed in their gore ;  
Which livery too they gave the neighbour Wall,  
Whilst they with rage their viperous Members tore  
And upon one another spit their Gall ;  
Stark mad their huge and warlike selves to see  
The Subjects of eternal Triumph be.

120.

But one strange *Spoil* (though but prophetick yet)  
More eminent and ugly than the rest  
Upon a special Pillar, high was set ;  
The *Presbyterian God*, demurely drest  
In solemn Weeds, spun all of Publick Weal,  
Pure Christian Liberty, reforming Zeal.

121.

His name was *Covenant* ; and the Sacrifice  
He gormandiz'd, more vast than that of *Bel*,  
Or of the Dragon ; for no smaller prize  
Than *Church* and *State* would serve his paunch to fill :  
For which huge feast he had as long a Grace,  
And this ycleep'd the *Directory* was.

122.

But stretch'd at length by this enormous Diet,  
The wretched *Idol's* maw in sunder burst :  
Forthwith the Issue of his boundless Riot  
Flow'd out in millions of *Sects*, which curst  
Their monstrous *Parent*, and are here with meet  
Decorum rank'd and fetter'd at his feet.

123.

These Trophies right heroick were : but yet  
The upper end of this illustrious Hall

With gallanter *Memorials* was beset :  
For all about the fair and lofty Wall  
Hung goodly *Tables*, offering to the Eye  
A full account of larger *Victory*.

124.

The first display'd subdued *Asia's* face,  
Where *Conquest* at *Jerusalem* begun  
Her noble Progress, rending ope her ways  
Quite through the heart of every Region ;  
Nor stay'd her Chariot, until it met  
The rising *Sun*, and fairer shew'd than it.

125.

The second, generous *Europe* did present,  
The Queen of *Arms and Arts*, and yet too weak  
And silly, to confute or stop the Dint  
Of *Christian Vigor*, which undaunted brake  
Through all her Quarters, till both *Rome and Greece*  
Yielded, and su'd for *Evangelick Peace*.

126.

Hot sandy *Africk* boiled in the Third,  
Where all its *Monsters* gentle grew and tame ;  
Not frighted by the Lightning of the Sword,  
But mollify'd by *Christ's* sweet-thrilling *Name*,  
Which won (though with an *Eunuch* it began,)  
At length the mightiest and compleatest Man.

127.

The fourth, by Prophecy was painted ; which  
Decyphered a *strange untutored World*,  
In golden Mines and Veins of Silver rich,  
But poor in all the best of Wealth, and hurl'd  
Quite on the Backside of these Climes which then  
Were known to this our Universe's Men.

128.

Yet was the *Church* assur'd that She should through  
The vast *Atlantick* reach her conquering Arm ;  
And on the *Western Ev'n* her *East* bestow,  
Which Pagan Cold with Christian Heats might warm :  
She was assur'd, her *Baptism's* Streams upon  
The wealthy Shore of noble *Plate* should run.

129.

As *Psyche* paid her Admiration to  
These Marvels, through whose stories one by one  
*Phylax*' expounding Tongue vouchsaf'd to go ;  
Far goodlyer Sights, said he, this *Mansion*  
Do's yet afford : These but the Preface be  
(And poor enough) to what thou now shalt see.

130.

Then up a spacious Ascent He brings  
Her to the Presence-chamber of the *Queen*.  
O what celestial, what matchless Things  
Were sparkling in this holy *Glorie's* Scene !  
Which whilst the *Angel* read to *Psyche*, He  
Was ravished well near as much as She.

131.

This precious *Pavement* first observe, said He ;  
Thy foot ne'r trampled on such Worth as this.  
The floor 's no less than pure *Humility*,  
As smooth as *Politure's* own dainty Dress  
Yet softer than those Carpets are whose sweet  
And silken Kisses flatter Princes' feet.

132.

The *Walls* are built of neither Wood nor Stone,  
No nor of Brass, of Silver, or of Gold,  
Or any Substance which *Duration*  
Can make decrepit as it groweth old :  
O no ! these pure Materials are such  
As wretched Weakness must not dare to touch :

133.

Of genuine *Strength* and of *Security*  
They temper'd are, and correspondence keep  
With their foundations which fixed lie  
Upon a *Rock* that scorns the raging Deep.  
As Those, the Pow'rs beneath ; so These disdain  
All them above which in the Air do reign.

134.

These *Walls* ; which gloriously clothed are  
With all the *Gospel Wardrobe* : there thy *spouse*  
Is Born ; to *Egypt* there he flies ; and there  
He is Baptized : there his Power flows  
In miracle's full Deluge ; there he hath  
His Cross ; and there to life is drawn his Death.

135.

The *Roof*, whose patent Arch and azure Hue  
Like Heav'n's Epitomy above us flows ;  
With no hypocrisy deludes our View,  
Being conscious of more Value than it shows.  
Well may it dazel thy poor mortal sense,  
For 'tis no less than *God's own Providence*.

136.

Those middle *Pillars* which so stoutly set  
Their lusty shoulders under it, are cast  
Of sound substantial *faith* ; though Rocks should split ;  
Though Earth's vast Groundsels which are ramm'd so  
fast  
About the Center, should in pieces fly ;  
These still will hold their own *Solidity*.

137.

That strange *solidity*, whose mystick Root  
Quite cross to all the World is taught to grow ;  
For its profoundly paradoxick foot  
Implanted is above and not below ;  
Whilst by *Love's* all-uniting-strengthening Art  
The *Roof* it self the *Pillars* doth support.

138.

Those spacious *Windows*, which like limpid Eyes  
Adorn this Chamber's face, are not of *Glass*,

(The brittle Emblem of fair Vanities.)  
But firmest *Hope* ; through which the *Soul* doth  
And climb aforehand to those Joys above  
Which have monopoliz'd her loyal love.

139.

That golden *Chimney*, and the *fire* which there  
With unconsuming Sweetness flames so high,  
The Shop and fervent Operations are  
Of strong and never-idle *Charity* ;  
Whose soft Extremities of fostering Heat  
As Pulses in true Christian bosoms beat.

140.

But this resplendent Mount of Majesty  
Which crowns the Navel of the Chamber, this  
Large *Diamond Throne*, whose Glories far outvie  
The rays of *Solomon's*, erected is  
For *Her* whose Beauties make the Seat appear  
But poor and dim when it supporteth *Her*.

141.

Just as he spake, from her retiring Room,  
Attended by her most imperial *Train*,  
To that her Throne the *Queen* her self did come,  
And justify the *Angel's* word : in vain  
The *Diamond* strove, for all its Sparks gave way  
To *Her's*, as Stars to *Phebus* and his Day.

142.

No sooner set, but She to reading fell  
Out of a golden Scrol those sacred Laws  
Which from her sovereign Assent and Seal  
Look'd for their life and Soul. This lucky Paus  
Warn'd *Psyche* too to read, who for her Book  
Could choose no other but this *Monarch's Loo*.

143.

A *Look* in which such blessed Gallantry  
Its triumph held, that *Psyche* judged *Her*  
No daughter of Mortality to be,  
But sprung from Race divine : nor did she fear  
Idolatry in worshiping a face  
In which all Heav'n, and more, compacted was

144.

But as her knees were melting to the floor,  
*Phylax* commands her first to satisfy  
Her eye's profoundest hunger with that store  
Of royal Chear, whose superfluity  
Was so excessive : and thou then, said He,  
Shalt know who is this *Queen of Sweets*, from

145.

Thou then shalt know, when by due Observation  
Thou of her sovereign Worth instructed art  
That so thy well-confirmed Admiration  
May soberly perform its Dutie's part,  
And blot out that rash Zeal, whose hasty fire  
Inflam'd thy Soul *Pseudagius* to admire.



146.

This Precept She obey'd : but as a Child  
 Into a Prince's Garden brought, which he  
 Sees with innumerable Beauties fill'd ;  
 Yields up himself to dainty Ecstasy,  
 Not knowing where he should begin to gather,  
 Being woo'd by every flower from one another :

147.

So in delicious Confusion She  
 Among the *Graces* of this *Empress* lost  
 Her wandering self, nor could resolved be  
 Which Part deserv'd her Admiration most :  
 She look'd to find one *better* than the rest,  
 But look'd in vain, for every one was *Best*.

148.

Down from the Head of this accomplish'd *Queen*  
 To her fair foot, there was no room for Blame :  
 Sooner shall *Pitch* in *Venus's* Rayes be seen ;  
 Sooner shall *Glory's* face be damp'd with *Shame* ;  
 Sooner shall *Crystal* guilty be of *Blots*, *Cantic* :  
 Than purer *She* can be accus'd of *spots*. 4. 7.

149.

As through the roseal casements of the East 6. 10.  
*Aurora* looks, when fresh come out of bed ;  
 So is her briskly-blooming Aspect drest  
 With all the Delicates of blushing Red :  
 Yet though these streams of *Blushes* overflow,  
 Firm truce maintain they with their neighbour *Snow*.

150.

As modest *Phebe* in th' unclouded sphere *ibid* :  
 Smiles with chaste beauty, so do's chaster *She* :  
 Nay more than so ; for *virgin Mildness* here  
 Is married to *Titan's Majesty* :  
 The Moon's sweet silver, and his stately Gold  
 Are in this face's Orb together roll'd.

151.

Yet such its temper is, that if bold Eyes *ibid* :  
 Its *Sweetness* dare ; such Terrors flame in it  
 As from a martiall'd Army's front surprize  
 Cold-hearted Cowards, when the *Standards* get  
 Their cue to poure ther awful Colours through  
 The Air, and stately *Banners* open flow.

152.

This makes the *Ladies'* precious features be 6. 4.  
 As pleasant as the gracefulest Excess  
 Of *Tirzah's* Beauties ; and her Bravery  
 As rich as *Salem's* was in Portlyness,  
 When her best Excellence had crown'd her Queen  
 Of whatsoe'r below the Sun was seen.

153.

But as th' illustrious *Tree of Victory*,  
 The verdant *Palm*, lifts her triumphant head 7. 7.

Above the vulgar shrubs : so glorious *She*  
 Her princely stature. And 'tis fairly read  
 In all her *Hall's* bright Characters, how near  
 Of kin the *Palm* and *She* by conquests are.

154.

*Carmel*, which looks from his exalted seat 7. 5.  
 With state upon the Vales that creep beneath,  
 And is so strong in high-grown Woods, so sweet  
 In fragrant Pastures, fairly copieth  
 Her goodly *Head*, that living Coronet  
 Enobling all the Members under it.

155.

As from steep *Gilead* the milky *Stocks*  
 Of climbing *Goats* right gracefully appear ; 4. 1.  
 Such is the prospect of her flaxen *Locks*  
 Whose merry *Curles* like *Kids* all sporting are ;  
 And by their sport, though feeble *Chains* they be,  
 Do captive take the *King of Majesty*. 7. 5.

156.

Beneath the curious Arbour of her Hair 4. 3.  
 Half-hid, half-ope her sacred *Temples* lie,  
 Which like a rich *Pomgranat* lovely are,  
 And lovelier by that *open secrecie*,  
 For what is naked speaks for what is hid ;  
 Whence more Desire is in Spectators bred.

157.

He who by fair *Bethrabbim Gate* hath seen 7. 4.  
 The *Pools of Heshbon* even with the brim,  
 Where *living Smiles* inhabit, where serene  
 And genuine *Purities* delight to Swim ;  
 Where both the Stars by night, and Sun by day  
 As in a softer Heav'n delight to play :

158.

The Emblem of her *Eyes* hath He beheld ;  
 Her *Eyes*, the smiling Mirrours whence those beams  
 Which dart forth *Loves* and *Joyes*, which sweetly gild  
 Spectators' hearts, poure out their gracious streams ;  
 Her *Eyes*, the sparkling Nests of brightest *Bliss*,  
 The purest Springs of *mystick Paradise*.

159.

That white and stately *Tower of Marble* which 7. 4.  
 Down from its *Lebanon* its looks extends  
 As far's *Damascus* ; did aforehand preach  
 That princely Beauty which her *Nose* commends ;  
 Whose alabaster Prominence doth grace  
 And fortify the region of her face.

160.

Her *Lips*, of Scarlat are a fine-spun Thred ; 4. 3.  
 Yet not so fine or delicate as is  
 The rare Effusion which through them is shed  
 When that sweet fount of Eloquence doth bless  
 Admiring Auditors, when vocal Gold  
 And Honey from th' enclosed Tongue is roll'd.

161.  
 And even, and washed white, 4. 2.  
 decent order ; can  
 with more delight,  
 of fair Ivory, when  
 h sweet occasion hath  
 Orders of her Teeth.

162.  
 er, the dwelling-place 4. 4.  
 ngth : such is her Neck :  
 lds that Fortress grace,  
 y Jewels deck,  
 by hanging there ;  
 for them can lustre spare.

163.  
 ions of one spruce Dame 4. 5.  
 h in a lily field  
 another name  
 ith polish'd softness swell'd,  
 i's fragrant garden feed  
 'ness takes delight to breed.

164.  
 of purest Silk ;  
 her own Skin,  
 to her precious Milk.  
 it had run,  
 Hills and Valleys, where  
 is feeding and sporting were.

165.  
 entle Breath doth wake 4. 11.  
 banon, or plays  
 oughs, the Odours take  
 eir sweet Powers raise :  
 's Smell replies to all  
 of every fanning Gale.

166.  
 gs a Massy Key  
 e was born to sway :  
 rnish'd Gold, which She  
 or through Heav'n's narrow Way  
 gle, none can enter at  
 if this locks up the Gate.

167.  
 of Iron is :  
 which keeps the door  
 nt's foul Abyss,  
 d Miscreants roar.  
 hough he Sovereign be  
 not his Kingdom's Key.

168.  
 ogative alone  
 of Heav'n and Hell :

And though her gentle Soul delights in none  
 But her mild Bliss-unlocking key ; yet still  
 She maketh her abused Sweetness just  
 Against rebellious unrepentant Dust.

169.

The Diadems of garish Gold and Gems  
 She to the heads of mortal Princes leaves ;  
 That Heav'nly *flame* which round her Temples streams,  
 A richer Crown of *living Glory* weaves ;  
 Which *Mitre-like*, and like the mystick guise  
 Of *Cloven Tongues* of sprightly *fire* doth rise.

170.

But for a Canopie to shade her head ;  
 No Babylonian Embroidery,  
 No Tyrian, nor Phrygian Texture's spread,  
 No artificial Help of Majesty,  
 No *State* which lasts no longer than 'tis stay'd  
 And fastned up by Cords' and Pillars' aid.

171.

A *Dove*, not hatch'd in sublunary Nest,  
 Nor hatch'd at all, but of *eternal Breed* ;  
 Weigh'd on his equal Wings, displays her Crest  
 At near but comely distance o'r her head :  
 Where by his splendid widespread feathers He  
 Is both her Glory and Security.

172.

This was the *Queen* ; on whom as *Psyche* gazed ;  
 The reason why, my Dear, said *Phylax*, so  
 At her high Gallantry thou stand'st amazed,  
 Is, That thou know'st not yet her *Name*, nor who  
 Hath her espous'd. O pity then, cry'd She,  
 Sweet Tutor, this my Ignorance and Me.

173.

He, by a speaking Smile at first, then by  
 This smiling Speech, his pupil satisfy'd :  
 That *Queen*, *Ecclesia* is, and to the high  
 And mighty *King of Kings* the sovereign *Bride* :  
 Poor of her self, and sprung from Mortal race,  
 But thus advanced by His bounteous Grace.

174.

Those Princes who descended are of Clay,  
 Are fain to make a tedious search to find  
 Ladies whose florid features answer may  
 The brisk Ideas of their youthful Mind ;  
 Nay for a Dowry oft they hunt, that so  
 The Maid and Money they may marry too.

175.

But it becomes *Heav'n's Emperor* to make,  
 Not seek a *Spouse* which may his fancy please ;  
 Nor can it with his Greatness stand to take  
 A Portion with his Bride, who Owner is  
 Of more than thine, or *Phœbus's* larger eye  
 Could in his furthest Travels e'r descry.

## 176.

Both Thou, and every pious Soul beside,  
 As *Spouses* by his Favour owned are :  
 But *She* alone is his *Imperial Bride*,  
 His *Heart's own Heart*, his *most endeared Dear*.  
 One *Lady* thus to glorious *Solomon*  
 Amongst his *Thousand* was his *Only One*.

## 177.

Before, alas, *She* black and crooked was,  
 The nasty Sink of all Deformities :  
 Such heaps of odious Blains and Boils ; a Mass  
 Of such Distortions ; such rank Heresies  
 Of Form and Feature ; could not any where  
 Be found in one Colluvies, as in *Her*.

## 178.

Indeed when first *She* in her Filth was born *Each*.  
 No friendly Hand took care to Wash her clean, 16. 4.  
 Or cut her Navel : helpless and forlorn  
 In her foul blood she lay, till *He* sent in  
 His yearning *Providence*, relief to give,  
 Which on *Death's* brink commanded her to Live.

## 179.

*She* Liv'd : but so as still her Life confest  
 By its Procession, what its Entrance was :  
 Yet when all other Lovers did detest  
 The thought of her most ugly-vile embrace ;  
 In *Jesus* steps, and cries, why may not *She*  
 Grow beauteous by my superfluity ?

## 180.

Then from the Mine of his exuberant Graces  
 Ten thousand rich and radiant Things he takes ;  
 Which all about the wondering Maid he places,  
 And of a *Worm* this *Queen of Glory* makes ;  
 That *chosen she* might be embellished  
 Proportionably to his royal Bed.

## 181.

And that she also might attended be  
 With fair and sutable Retinues to  
 Her radiant Self ; that *Train* magnifick *He*  
 Both furnish'd and maintaineth for her : lo  
 With what prest forwardness they waiting are  
 About her sparkling Throne, and brighter *Her*.

## 182.

The formost Squadron is of *threescore Queens*,  
 Who yet can from her Service, Honor take : *Cantic*.  
 The next's of *four-score* goodly *Concubines* ; 6. 8.  
 But they who those exterior Ranges make,  
 Where in a number numberless they flow,  
 Are *Virgins* all, both white and chaste as Snow.

## 183.

These were the minor single *Churches*, spread  
 So thick in every Gospel-conquer'd Place ;

Which still their Strength and their Dependance had  
 From this most *Catholic Majesty*, which was  
 Diffus'd as wide's all they, and never found  
 That Land or Sea which could its Progress bound.

## 184.

These every Morn, and every Evening raise  
 Their homage in religious Anthems high ;  
 Paying their Admiration and Praise  
 To *Her* the Monarch of all Piety :  
 And happy Tributaries too are they  
 Who always Gainers are by what they pay.

## 185.

But mark that Company whose station is  
 Before the Throne ; true *Maids of Honor*, whose  
 Sweet privilege it is this *Queen* to Dress :  
 Their hands alone have her adorn'd with those  
 Embellishments, which round about her shine,  
 And make that fairer look which was Divine.

## 186.

That slender strait-lac'd Maid, is *Unity*,  
 Who buckles on (for that's her proper part)  
 That golden Girdle which so decently  
 Huggeth her Sovereign's Loins : and with what art  
 Her noble Duty she performs, thou may'st  
 Read in the *Queen's* epitomized Waste.

## 187.

That sober *Matron*, in whose stayed Eye,  
 And venerable Face, so fair are writ  
 The awful Lines of Heaven, is *Sanctity* :  
 Who reverently before the *Queen* doth set  
 Her faithful self, and serves her for a Glass  
 By which to guide and order all her Dress.

## 188.

The Next, whose Soft and yielding Looks confess  
 The temper of her heart, is *Patience* :  
 Her *Empress* she bedecks with *Tenderness*  
 And makes her slow and loth to take offence ;  
 That all her Subjects by her Softness may  
 Be charm'd, so kind a Princess to obey.

## 189.

But *Magnanimity*, that highlook'd *She*,  
 Embraves that *Mildness* with right active *Fire* ;  
 This that *Virago* is, who scorns to see  
 Any Exploit of Gallantry outvie her.  
*Ecclesia's* Brows with *Stoutness* she doth build,  
 And helps her both her mighty Keys to wield.

## 190.

*She* whose wideopen Breasts so fairly swell,  
 And wears as large a Purse upon her side ;  
 Who looks about to see where she may spill  
 Her teeming Charity's never-ebbing Tide ;  
 Is *Bounty*, *Almshouse* to the *Queen*, whom she  
 Likewise arrays with *Grace* and *Courtesy*.

191.

other, whose ev'n Look was never knit  
 i Frown, nor loos'd into a smile ;  
 ie right hand holds a Sword, whose left a fit  
 xqual Balance, *Justice* is ; who still  
 Cases come, her *Ladie's* eyes doth dress  
 th what is neither *Wrath* nor *Friendlyness*.

192.

whose sharp Eye looks all things through and  
 brough,  
 sees both sides of double-faced *Chance* ;  
 in *Futurity's* blind Sea can rowe,  
 take a plenal Prospect by a Glimpse ;  
 searching *Wisdom*, and do's every morn  
 r *Sovereign's* Head most studiously adorn.

193.

amiable sweet-complexion'd *Maid*  
*Imperance*, which keeps the *Queen* so fair :  
 Distempers She with ready Aid  
 rs how her health and beauty to repair :  
 r Body sound, her skin she maketh sleek ;  
 : with warm *Roses* trims her lovely Cheek.

194.

e other *Virtues* too (for All are there,)   
 id their several Offices. But turn,  
 mark that neighbour Combination, where  
 iobler *Virgins* wait ; that thou may'st learn  
 their rare Worth how glorious is *She*  
 hose household Servants they are proud to be.

195.

marital *She* all over writ with Scars,  
 n with Palms, and clothed round in Blood,  
 uria's Champion is : ten thousand Wars  
 waged hath, and valiantly withstood  
 ie Outrages of Earth and Hell ; her Name  
*Martyrdom* : her Story, highest *Fame*.

196.

plainlook'd *Maid*, whose course and simple Hue  
 seem Discredit to this gorgeous Place,  
*Modesty* ; who though to outward view  
 shines with no alluring courtly Grace,  
 t is within as truly bright and fair  
 : on their outside her Companions are.

197.

*Jesus*, who the heart of things doth see,  
 so inamor'd of her Beauties, that  
 chose to dwell with Her alone when He  
 ed upon His Theanthropick State :  
 id Her (so high He found her Worth) commended  
 : *Queen Ecclesia* when He hence Ascended.

198.

next, her Sister is, *Obedience* :  
 : never saw'st a Twig more apt to bow,

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Nor Wax more pliant, whensoe'r her Prince  
 Summons her Duty into Action : though  
 A *Will* she once had of her own, yet She  
 Gave it her *Queen*, that so she might be Free.

199.

For, prudent as she was, right well she knew  
 How edg'd a Tool is every Humane Will,  
 Oft making her enslaved Owners rue  
 Her desperate Freedom ; whose career to quell  
 The safest way she found, was to submit  
 Her to a wiser Rein and stronger Bit.

200.

Lo there *Virginity* her self : O who  
 Can count the Graces reigning in her eyes ;  
 Or those which all about her body flow  
 In Love's and Pleasure's chaste Extremities !  
 Precious she is to Heav'n it self ; for she  
 As truly is Angelical as *We*.

201.

Indeed the old Acquaintance which we had  
 With her pure Softness, makes us what we are,  
 Upon our Wings her Hands their Whiteness spread ;  
 'Tis she who frees us from vexatious care,  
 And gives us leave to be attendant on  
 The bus'ness of Heav'n's *Sovereign* alone.

202.

The *Tenderness* which smileth in her Face  
 Cohabits with heroick *Bravery* ;  
 Which can ev'n from your mortal Weakness chase  
 Faint Nature's inbred Imbecillity ;  
 Encouraging dull *Flesh* it self to strain  
 And with pure *Spirits* equal pace maintain.

203.

She, she it is, who scorneth to enjoy  
 A Dispensation from her *Lord's* advice ;  
 Who chooseth not, to do *all that she may*,  
 But *all she can* ; who generously flies  
 Soul-bigamy ; who to her heart allows,  
 Since She's betroth'd to *Christ*, no other Spouse.

204.

But there stand Ladies more illustrious yet,  
 Stars of the first and fairest Magnitude ;  
 To which this Universe is deep in debt  
 For that commanding Light whose dint subdu'd  
 The monstrous Night of Ignorance which had  
 All Nations its blinded Pris'ners made.

205.

That awful Maid, Heav'n's glorious *Amazon*,  
 Before whose March the World made haste to bow,  
 And take the *Evangelick* Yoke upon  
 Its conquer'd neck ; thou by her Looks may'st know :  
 O brave *Apostleship*, which hast outrun  
 The Course, outshin'd the Glories of the Sun !

206.

The *Lady Treasurer* is She ; into  
The faithful hands of whose *dispensing Care*  
*Ecclisia's* precious Store was put ; that so  
All pious Souls might be directed where  
To find their holy Food, the heav'nly *Word*  
And *Sacraments* of their most provident *Lord*.

207.

Behind her standeth her *apparent Heir*,  
Who, when to heav'n she steps, her Office takes :  
Yet, modest as she is, doth still forbear  
The Glory her great *Mother's* Title speaks,  
And meekly turns the *Apostolical*  
*Denomination* to *Episcopal*.

208.

But when the Tide of Converts flowed high,  
*Episcopacy* happily was forc'd  
To substitute that sacred Deputy  
Part of the Charge to bear which She at first  
Manag'd alone : behold the *Virgin* there ;  
*Priesthood's* the Name she honored is to wear.

209.

She, in whose startled Look and dazzl'd Eye  
Enthusiastick Characters appear,  
Is sacredly-inspired *Prophecy* :  
Earth's Monitor, Heav'n's Privy-counsellor :  
She, whose quicksighted Soul can Wonders see  
A day, a year, an age before they be.

210.

The next, is *Doctrine* ; in whose lips there dwells  
A spring of *Honey* sweeter than its Name ;  
*Honey* which never fulsome is, yet fills  
The widest Souls ; *Honey* which first did stream  
In Heav'n's most happy *Canaan*, and thence  
Remov'd to Earth's its blessed Influence.

211.

The Sixth's, that mighty *She*, to whom the *Prince*  
Of *Wonders* left the noble *Legacy*  
Of his *miraculous Power* ; which ever since  
Hath flourish'd in her potent Arm : for She  
Still triumphs over *Nature's* Laws, and still  
Makes Mountains stoop to her imperious Will.

212.

The Sev'nth's, the Mistress of profounder Art  
Than in the brain of *Æsculapius* grew :  
She calls no Roots nor Herbs to take her part ;  
Nor needs the virtuous souls of Plants to brew ;  
But by her Touch, or her commanding Breath  
Knows how to slay both Sicknesses and Death.

213.

The Eighth, whose ready and officious Eyes  
Her Ministerial Aptitude declare,

Is *She* who on the sacred *Mysteries*  
With reverent distance waits, and takes the care  
Of Those who, did not pious *Charity*  
Keep open house, would no where harbour'd be.

214.

The Ninth, whose Stature rises high and fair,  
So broad whose Shoulders, and whose Breast so wide,  
Whose Joints well-knit, whose Bones well-timber'd are,  
But stronger far her Heart ; is signify'd  
By these sure Marks firm *Government* to be,  
The Pillar of *Ecclisia's* Policy.

215.

See'st thou the Last ? know *Psyche*, wondrous she  
Can by no Token but her *Tongue* be known ;  
And yet her *Tongue's* strange Multiplicity  
Looses her self again ; for what's her own  
Of all the Languages with which she flows,  
(Each one so right she hits,) no Censor knows.

216.

She in their proper Dialects can trade  
With all the World, and Heav'n's Wares set to sale :  
No *Sound* to *Sense* a Dress was ever made  
But she with it can strait acquainted fall,  
And best determin whether it doth sit  
Upon that *Sense's* shoulders right and fit.

217.

Unhappy *Babel's Antidote* is she,  
And cures the Wound which there did *Tongues* divide :  
All Languages in her sole Lips agree,  
For to her single *Tongue* they All are ty'd ;  
So are their *Virtues* too, and *Eloquence*  
Dwells there in all her Tunes of Excellence.

218.

But now behold where at the *Queen's* right hand,  
As best deserving that illustrious Place,  
The Flower of all these Maiden Flowers doth stand,  
The Gallantry ev'n of her *Queen* to grace :  
A *Virgin* fairer than her native Nest  
The silver Spheres, which by her Birth were blest.

219.

Lo she from head to foot all *Naked* is,  
As are the *Sun* by day and *Stars* by night :  
Her self She with her *proper Beams* doth dress,  
As *they* with their Attire of natural Light.  
External Helps true Beauty never lacks ;  
'Tis Shame alone which Vestments useful makes.

220.

Who ever thought the Rose or Lilly stood  
Guilty of course unhandsom Nakedness,  
Because they never put on borrowed Hood,  
Nor veiled up their native Sweetnesses ?  
For where shall Ornaments be found which may  
Fairer, such *Sons of Goodliness* array ?

IVE'S MYSTERY.

---

The pourtraiture of her foul self ; yet still  
The Lustre of the noble *Book* will blind  
Such saucy Readers, whose true Image is  
Reflected only in Hell's black Abyss.

229.

But mark what clings about the *Virgin's* breast ;  
A Knot of Things whose Splendor bids thine Eye  
Be with a Glimpse content, and not contest  
With what confounds bold *Curiosity*.

*Faith's Mysteries* they are, which by the bright  
Excess of their own beams, are hid from sight.

230.

In vain thou seek'st these flames to parallel  
By any Raies which e'r amaz'd thine Eye :  
*Souls* which in most heroick Worth excel  
Cannot endure their naked Majesty ;  
But happy count themselves that they can see  
These *Mysteries* ev'n through a Mystery.

231.

And happy thou, my *Psyche*, who are hither  
By Heav'n's indulgence and my conduct, brought  
If thou that Bliss neglected not to gather  
Which now is ripe, and bids thy Heart not doubt  
Here freely to enrich its Poverty  
At highest heav'nlyest Wealth's own Treasury.

232.

Thus *Phylax* spake : and *Psyche* all the while,  
Viewing these several Glories of the *Court*,  
Did with as many Satisfactions fill  
Her wondring spirit, and her self transport  
From this to that ; till *Truth's* strange Contépl  
Monopolized all her Admiration.

233.

For as the noble *Eaglet* perched high  
In open prospect to the naked Sun,  
Banquets and riots with her ravish'd Eye  
In that bright Sea of Beauty, where alone  
Her genuine *Sight* meets with its *flaming Love*,  
And by his sovereign Beams its own doth prove :

234.

So *She* with strong impatient Ardor here  
Stood feeding upon *Truth's* all-glorious Face ;  
Where since she found most satiating Cheer,  
She therefore still unsatiated was :  
Till lost in amorous Greediness, she cries,  
Sweet *Guardian* help me, or thy *Psyche* dies.

235.

*Phylax*, who knew the soul of that Complaint,  
(For on his own it beat) with tender Hand  
Reliev'd his *Pupil* as he saw her faint ;  
And, Well, said he, thy Grief I understand :  
Fear't not ; though sharp, 'tis salutiferous ;  
Thy Joys had dy'd, hadst thou not Grieved thus.

## 236.

The Pictures of thy late *Acquaintance*, and  
 Newly imbibed *Doctrins*, in the Eye  
 Of thy now self-revenged Conscience stand ;  
 Checking thy venturous Credulity,  
 Which durst embrace such *Monsters*, and dismiss  
 A *Beauty* so divinely bright as this.

## 237.

Yet let not Sorrow quench thy Hopes, for *She*  
 All Injuries rejoyceth to forget :  
*She* never laughed at the Misery  
 Of any Heart which would to Her submit :  
 Revenge indeed, but soft and sweet she takes ;  
 Her Foes to Liberty she Captives makes.

## 238.

This said : his *Charge* to that bright *Maid* he led ;  
 Whom, by their old *Acquaintance* he desired  
 Her favour on this begging Soul to spread,  
 Who with her lustre was already fired.  
*Truth* gently smiled at his sweet Request,  
 And by her Looks her forwardness confest.

## 239.

Forthwith, as humble *Psyche* trembling lay,  
 Pouring her tears and heart at her fair feet ;  
 She mildly took her up, and gave her joy  
 That she was rescued thus from *Error's* Net.  
 That word she clos'd with an Embrace ; and this  
 She more indeer'd by an Heav'nly Kiss.

## 240.

As when the vernal life-enlivening Sun  
 Embraceth languid Earth with courteous Raies ;  
 Through her cold starved Veins fresh fire doth run ;  
 New Life and Verdure smile in all her face,  
 Herby and floury Gallantry combine  
 Their fairest powers to make her mantle fine :

## 241.

So *Psyche* hugg'd and warm'd intirely by  
 The Arms and Lips of *Truth*, soon felt her breast,  
 Before envelopp'd in Obscurity,  
 Now by a pure and precious Light possest :  
 She felt her inward *Mystick* Day arise,  
 Which gently flourish'd through her wondring eyes.

## 242.

O mighty *Truth* ! whose glorious *Nakedness*  
 The troublous burly furniture transcends  
 Of *strongest Arguments* ; whose winning Kiss  
 Presseth thy Conquests home ; whose look commands  
 Success ; whose brave Conclusions need not stay  
 Till tedious Premises prepare the way.

## 243.

*Logos*, who had so pert and busy been,  
 Was strangely startled at the sudden sight :

For to himself his Blindness now was seen,  
 So critical was this new-dawning Light :  
 He saw his Blindness, and in seeing this,  
 Descry'd withal a thousand Mysteries.

## 244.

And that so clearly, that he fear'd no more  
 What Mists *Anthades* in his way could throw ;  
*Agyres* Charms he scorned, which before  
 To Darkness's paths had power his feet to draw :  
 This happy Morn he bless'd and kissed, which  
 His eyes with Heav'n's true Prospect did enrich.

## 245.

For here far more convincing Things he read  
 Than were his late adored *Demonstrations*.  
 No brisk *Distinction* now durst show her head,  
 Or hope to damp those glorious *Probations*  
 Which to *Syneidesis* her self so great  
 Appear'd, that unto them her seal she set.

## 246.

Nor less on *Thelema* this Wonder wrought ;  
 For with intire submission down she bow'd  
 Her high and mighty Neck, and low did lout  
 To what her sober *Logos* now allow'd.  
 Those precious Gems she hugg'd within her heart,  
 Resolved never more with them to part.

## 247.

With holy sprightful joy replenished  
 Was *Psyche*, at this happy Change's sight :  
 All *Catholick Verities* at large were spread  
 In her bright soul, whence *Scruples* took their flight ;  
 Resigning all that Region to be  
 Possesst by *Satisfaction's Clarity*.

## 248.

Ten thousand Thanks to courteous *Truth* she paid ;  
 And would as many times have paid them o'r ;  
 But *Phylax* her excess of Passion staid,  
 Telling her, she must now employ that store  
 She here had gain'd, where Need requir'd it, and  
 Turn Benefactrix to her *native Land*.

## 249.

She rose : but at the Throne fell down again  
 To pay her homage to the *Empress*, who  
 Higher enthroned in her heart did reign :  
 Then with loth willingness she yields to go,  
 Having receiv'd a *Benediction* from  
*Ecclesia* for her dear Viaticum.

## 250.

But as she went, she bless'd the blessed *Place* :  
 And, O, How happy are the Souls, said she,  
 Who in this *holy Court's* illustrious Face  
 May be Attendants, and those Glories see  
 With constant freedom, which all Heav'n can dart  
 With one short glimpse on their Spectators' heart !

251.

O happy they, who here secured are  
Far far above unhappy *Error's* reach !  
How vainly aimed I my zealous Care  
To find the *Holy Land* in *Chanaan*, which  
Lost me my foolish self ! henceforth to me  
No *Land* but this alone shall *Holy* be.

252.

O happy they who in this *Hall* may Live,  
Perpetually those noble *Spoils* to read ;  
And Acclamations of Honor give  
To *Her* who all these Monsters' blood hath shed :  
To *Her*, whom all the World must yield to be  
As large as is it self, in Victory.

253.

O happy they who have but leave to dwell  
Here in this Preface to that larger Bliss !  
This empty *Porch* alone doth far excel  
The Fulness of all other Palaces :  
This is the Morning unto Glory's Day,  
The Brink of Joy, the Top of Heav'n's highway.

254.

O happy they, who in this beauteous *Court*  
May wait upon the *Porch*, and feed their eyes,  
And with their eyes their hearts, in any sort  
Upon this *House* and *Home of Mysteries* !  
This Neighbourhood to Bliss, would prove to me  
A full Infeoffment in Felicity.

255.

O happy they, who may permitted be  
Ev'n in this Realm of Thorns, these craggy Ways,  
This Field of Hardship and Perplexity,  
This Maze of Fears and Snares, to spend their days !  
The Prospect to yon Palace would suffice  
To bless and sweeten all Anxieties.

256.

O happy they, who may remain with Thee,  
*Disconsolate Maid*, though at this *outmost Gate* !  
The Comfort but of such Vicinity  
To those fair *Towers*, would easily abate  
The trouble of thy sighs ; and ne'r would I  
Repent of *Penance's* sad Company.

257.

With these sweet *Plaints* she measur'd her return,  
Till to the waiting Chariot back she came.  
And well was *Phylax* pleas'd to hear her mourn,  
And by her sighs blow up the pious flame  
Of her Affection to that *holy place*,  
Which kindled was by *Truth's* divine embrace.

258.

Then mounting up, and gently seating Her  
At his right hand, his mighty Reins he shook ;

And these could scarce before his *Coursers* stir,  
For strait their leap into the Air they took ;  
Their ready Wings wide Oars displaying, through  
The waves of that soft Ocean to row.

259.

For deeply she remembring what Event  
Plagu'd her affected stay in *Palestine*,  
By dear-bought Wisdom learn'd to be content  
To leave this reverend Place, though more divine  
Temptations here invited her to stay ;  
Since wiser *Phylax* summon'd her away.

260.

So when a Child, woo'd by the sporting flame,  
Is once but scorch'd into a feeling sense  
Of such fair-faced Danger ; Fear and Shame  
Subject him to his Nurse's Providence,  
And make him any harmless Lustre shun  
If but her Nod adviseth him to run.

261.

But He, to entertain her by the way  
With advantageous Discourse, begun  
To reckon through what worthy Wonders They  
In their long Pilgrimage's Tract had run.  
For *Repetition's* trusty hand both saves  
The old Impression, and a new one graves.

262.

This rous'd her soul to recollect how she  
Under the shield of Heav'n's especial Grace  
Through thousand Dangers pass'd ; though resolutely  
*Satan* and all his Wit engaged was  
In open field to cross, or undermine  
By secret Wilyness her brave Design.

263.

Afresh her Mind did feast on every sweet  
And sacred Thing, which all the way she went  
With rich Varieties her eyes had met :  
So clearly did the *Angel* them present  
In their distinct and proper colours, by  
His Eloquence's prompt dexterity.

264.

Thus in two Chariots she at once did ride :  
But yet in this of his *Discourse* she flew  
With swiftest speed, outrunning ev'n the tide  
Of Time it self : for still her Joys were new,  
Cheating her Weariness as He along  
Through all her Journeys travell'd with his Tongue.

265.

Her Voice this tuned by her heart's soft strings  
To honest Gratitude's ingenuous lays :  
High was her Key, and delicate the Songs,  
Composed to the sweetest Air of Praise :  
For ever may these lips be seal'd, said She,  
When they suppress the Thanks I owe to Thee.



## 266.

To *Thee*, dear Pilot of my tender Bark,  
Which many Rocks e'r this had dash'd in sunder;  
Which oft had wander'd in the Deep and Dark:  
Which many storms' proud feet had trampled under;  
Which many Sands into its Grave long since  
Had swallow'd: hadst not Thou been my Defence.

## 267.

To *Thee*, whom no Contempt of mine could drive  
To just Disdain of this vile *Worm*: To *thee*  
By whose kind Care my better Life I live;  
If yet I live at all, and rather be  
Not dead and buried in those sins which I  
Preferr'd before the *Life of Piety*.

## 268.

Yet more I owe to *Him* (and more must pay)  
By whose appointment Thou conductedst Me:  
Be still my *Guide*, and in this loyal *Way*  
Of *Thanks*, instruct me what those *Thanks* must be.  
If they must be my *Self*, I ready am  
This sacrifice to offer to *His Name*.

## 269.

*His Name*, in whose dear Syllables alone  
I read my self intirely such: for there,  
There lives the Soul of that *Redemption*  
Which snatch'd me from the desperate Bondage where  
I lay abandon'd to the tyrannous Will  
Of Pride, Rebellion, Heresy, and Hell.

## 270.

*His Name*, in which the Praise and Adoration  
Of His *Seraphick* and *Cherubick Quire*  
Rejoyce to meet: *His Name*, of every Nation  
The dearest Joy and sovereign Desire.  
*His Name*, which o'r the World's subdued Pride  
Doth in sublime but gracious triumph ride.

## 271.

*His Name*, the only Musick which mine Ear  
Can of no Jars accuse: that lovely *Name*  
Which when Heav'n's most melodious Circles hear,  
They throw aside their other songs, and frame  
Their Tunes by *Jesus's* sweets.—Here off she broke,  
Ravish'd and *silenc'd* by the *Name* she *spoke*.

## 272.

And here the *Steeds*, who all this while had flown  
With stout but silent fervor, neigh'd aloud;  
Their Journey now was to its period grown,  
And *Albion* her chalkey forehead show'd;  
Which with erected Ears, and shaked Mains  
They doubled strait, and scoured o'r the Plains.

## 273.

Forthwith all clouded in their smoaking foam  
The Chariot they hurl'd to *Psyche's* door,  
Where *Phylax* bid his Pupil *Welcome* home;  
Which she did on her knee to him restore:  
And then she prais'd the steeds unwearied Pains,  
Stroking her thanks upon their ruffled Mains.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Argument, l. 2, '*cheated*' = deceived: St. 1, l. 6, '*sirly*' = surly: St. 6, l. 2, '*travelled*' = travailed—so c. xx., st. 7, l. 3: St. 7, l. 1, '*worrisonily*.' See Glossarial Index, s.v.: St. 16, l. 6, '*Locks*'—see *ibid.*: St. 17, l. 4, '*gagliardise*'—see *ibid.*: l. 6, '*leggiadrous*'—see *ibid.*: St. 35, l. 2, '*Philauty*'—see *ibid.*: St. 68, l. 5, '*shoulder'd*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v., for examples from Bp. Hall and Marston: St. 71, l. 5, '*lagg'd*' = hindered or made to lag: St. 72, l. 5, '*burly*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v., for other occurrences of the word: St. 120, l. 4 onward, '*The Presbyterian God*'—on this utter nonsense and bigotry, see our Memorial-Introduction: St. 127, l. 5, '*Backside*'—see Glossarial Index,

s.v.: St. 136, l. 4, '*Groundsels*' = threshold of a door or stones thereof: St. 152, l. 4, '*Sortlyness*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.: St. 177, l. 6, '*Colluvies*'—see *ibid.*: St. 192, l. 4, '*plenal*' = full: St. 196, l. 1, '*coursu*' = coarse. So in st. 220, l. 2: St. 197, l. 4, '*The-anthropick*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.: St. 204, l. 4, '*dint*' = stroke—misprinted in the original '*dint-subdued*': St. 207, l. 1, '*apparent Heir*' = heir apparent: St. 210, l. 3, '*fulsome*' = satiating: St. 235, l. 5, '*salutiferous*' = salutary: St. 253, l. 2, '*Preface*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.: St. 254, l. 6, '*Infeofment*' = put in possession, a Law term: St. 273, l. 6, '*Mains*' = manes.—G.



## C A N T O   X X.

### *The Mortification.*

#### The ARGUMENT.

*Right wisely busy in her Leisure, now  
'syche asserts her royal Power ; and by  
severest Tenderness contriveth how  
'n strict Obedience's chain to ty  
The Commons of her Realm : as knowing well  
The way to Live, was thus her Self to Kill.*

#### 1.

**P***Eace, gentle Queen of whatsoever makes  
Sweets acceptable, Bliss delightful be ;  
What fatal Conjunction of Mistakes  
Inchanteth mortal Hearts, that they will see  
Thy Worth not by its own clear light, but by  
The hideous Glass of War's Deformity !*

#### 2.

*They see Sol's beauty by his proper beams ;  
Gems by their native Lustre them allure ;  
They taste the Fountain's sweetness by the streams ;  
The Rose's scarlet Cheeks can them assure  
The Flower is gorgeous : yet will they not  
Thy Graces read, but by a Stain and Blot :*

#### 3.

*The Blot of every Sin, of Blood the Stain,  
Which in the lawless Fields of Mars doth grow :  
Thus silly Sheep by sad experience gain  
To know the safety of the Fold, when through  
The Mountains straying they have lost their way,  
And found themselves to Bears and Wolves a Prey.*

#### 4.

*Dear is this Learning, and how oft too late !  
O how much sooner, and much cheaper might  
They War's most tedious costly study bate,  
If they to Thee would come to School, and write  
But from th' Original of thy fair Eyes ;  
That Book, which dims the Volumes of the Skies !*

#### 5.

*Thy Temper is all Musick ; never did  
The least of Jars thy sweet Complexion crack :*

*From thine, all Concords first were copied ;  
Nor would the Center on his trusty back  
Agree to bear the World, didst Thou not by  
Thy dainty Chains his Load upon him ty.*

#### 6.

*In Time's first Dawn, when in th' untuned Deep  
Each Thing was wroth and snarled at his Brother ;  
When Heav'n and Earth tumbled in one blind heap,  
Struggled and strove to stifle one another ;  
When with their peevish selves all Creatures fought  
And in their own hearts for their Enemies sought :*

#### 7.

*With seasonable Kindness Thou didst come,  
And those wild Tumults sweetly chase away :  
The boistrous Pangs of Nature's travelling Womb  
With happy Quietness Thou didst allay,  
Making those Embryos friends, who never since  
Have to that Knot of Love done Violence.*

#### 8.

*All rest contented with the Stations Thou  
Appointedst them : and Earth is pleas'd as well  
With her poor Habitation here below,  
As Stars which in Heav'n's loftiest stories dwell.  
Nor will the Winds, though big they be and proud,  
Desire above the middle Air to croud.*

#### 9.

*The surly Sea, who in his boiling Wrath  
Against the shore with mountainous Waves doth mak  
Dreadeth that List of feeble Sands, which hath  
No power his desperate Carreer to slake ;  
Because he reads in it Thy potent Law  
Which to a meek Ebb chides his proudest Flow.*

#### 10.

*All honest Beasts and sociable, are  
Made such by Thy mild Influence : in vain  
The tender Oaten Pipe, and weaker Care  
Of Pan's plain Sons their silly selves would strain,  
Didst Thou not first persuade the Sheep to be  
Best pleased with the Flock's Community.*

## 11.

The boldest *Brats of Salvageness* are not  
So barbarous, but they to Thy Sweetness yield :  
The rugged *Bears* in Thy commanding Knot  
Are closed fast, when through the widest field  
They range and roar : nor durst fierce *Lyons* break  
Thy yoke of Friendship from their sturdy neck.

## 12.

*Men* whose discording Tempers them invite  
To seek new Worlds their several minds to please,  
Are by Thy Cement taught to take delight  
In courteous Unions of Families :  
One House will hold a Brood, when Thou dost join  
To build their Walls, and their Desires combine.

## 13.

No *Cities* ever could erected be,  
Did not Thine Hand the Architecture guide ;  
Were not the sound Materials by Thee  
For every Street and every Isle supply'd :  
Their Firmitude to neither Wood nor Stone  
They owe, but to *Thine Unity* alone.

## 14.

Most distant Countries Thou canst Neighbours make  
By safe and friendly Traffick, which doth bear  
One World into another's Lap, and pack  
Away the rich and radiant East, that here  
It may adorn the West ; whose mutual Store  
Of other Wealth requites that Golden Ore.

## 15.

Nations whose differing Languages divide  
Them from the hopes of joint Community,  
Are in one Common-wealth securely ty'd  
When Thou dost knit them up, and make them see  
That *All* want friendly Help of *All* : that *One*  
Is next to *Nothing* when 'tis left *alone*.

## 16.

A Scepter's mighty Load Thou makest light,  
And wean'st from Wearyness the Subjects' necks,  
Except by wilful sottishness they slight  
Thy Kindness, and their own Subjection vex.  
For Highnoon's dark to those who will not see ;  
And Feathers Lead, when Men *will* tired be.

## 17.

When sacred Thou prevail'st, all *Laws* do so,  
And fair *Astræa* ventures down again ;  
*Right* through the blessed Streets hath leave to go,  
And awful *Modesty* fails not to chain  
All *Rudeness* up ; which once let loose by *War*  
Nor Heav'n, nor Earth, nor its own Weal doth spare.

## 18.

The coolest Veil could never yet secure  
The bashful *Virgin* from Lust's rampant fire ;

But when in sober bounds *thy Rules* immure  
The youthful Violence of hot Desire ;  
Her only safety lily *Chastity*  
To thy *white Banner* owes, and *purser* *Thou*.

## 19.

The Gown may keep the thoughtful *Student* warm,  
Yet not but when they kindly are embraced,  
And girded close by Thy incircling Arm :  
Else is their poor unguarded Garb outfaced  
By Buff and Shields ; and they enforc'd to try  
What Habit best will sute them when they fly.

## 20.

For from their Studies reprobated They  
Though unaccused, must *Ejected* be ;  
And sadly driv'n to make where e'r they may  
The Universe their *University* ;  
Whilst in the *Muses' Hives* an upstart Breed  
Of misbegot *intruding Drones* succeed.

## 21.

All *Arts* which are of age, and grown complete,  
That Happiness to Thy Tuition owe :  
No Honey e'r had chose its dainty Seat  
In *Orator's* Mouths ; no Bay on *Poet's* brow  
Had flourished ; did not Thine Influence bless  
All Learning's Seasons with due Fertilness.

## 22.

By Thy sole Patent Heav'n on Earth hath room ;  
*Churches* have license to be what they are ;  
*God* is permitted here to have an *Home*,  
And *handsome* too : thou puttest in the Bar  
Which bids *Profaness* learn its distance, and  
Confess that there's *more than one Holy Land*.

## 23.

The Walls to their own *Altars* cannot yield  
Protection, if Thou lend'st them not Thine aid ;  
The Roof cannot the *Rites* and *Service* shield  
When by Heretick storms they are assay'd,  
Except Thou help'st the Churches air to clear.  
And bridle up that *popular Carreer*.

## 24.

The Theme of everlasting Admiration,  
Miraculous *Love's* selected *Mystery*,  
Lies prostituted to the Usurpation  
Of lay unwashed Hands but where by thy  
Just Discipline, from that *Communion* this  
Shameless *Community* forestalled is.

## 25.

The sacred *Priests*, who never injur'd be  
By unrevenged Hand, are not secured,  
Though all the Reverence of *Piety*  
In venerable Awe hath them immur'd ;  
Unless Thy potent Arm be stretch'd to keep  
The *Shepherds* from the mouths of their own *Sheep*.

26.

or by the teeth of spiteful *Accusations*  
Whetted by thousand Lies, they snarle and grin ;  
Then by the crueller Jaws of *Sequestrations*  
Mind and devour their patient *Pastors*, in  
Prodigious desire that in their stead  
They may by some rapacious *Wolf* be fed.

27.

Or if their Mercy let them live ; 'tis but  
To mock them by a killing Livelyhood,  
The *Fifth Part* ; which is sooner spent than got,  
And that in getting ; thus they suck the blood  
They seemed to have left, and find a way  
To make their very Charity destroy.

28.

Religion's venerable *Cedars*, They  
In whom the grand *Apostles* still survive ;  
Alas, must *Root and Branch* be torn away,  
And room to *Shrubs* and scrambling *Brambles* give ;  
Vile *Underwoods*, and their own Planter's shame ;  
*Elders* in nothing but their stinking name.

29.

In vain our *holy Mother's* own *Freehold*  
That Title weareth, so unnatural be  
Her Sons, and sacrilegiously bold ;  
Unless Thou curb'st their cursed Liberty :  
Poor *Church* ! she Bankrupt turns, except by Thee  
Her Patrimony she protected see.

30.

May *Princes*, upon whose majestick Head  
God's Name was poured in the *sacred Unction*,  
No sooner are by Thee abandoned ;  
But in despite to their *most awful Function*  
Of all th' ingrateful and apostate *Scum*  
Of their own *Vassals*, they the *Scorn* become.

31.

No Region, though before the Garden where  
All *Happiness* had ample room to grow,  
Forsoaken is by Thee, but strait doth wear  
The woful garb of *Misery*, and flow  
With streams of briney tears for those sweet currents  
Where Milk and Honey join'd to make the torrents.

32.

But *Plenty's Horn* in thy fair bosom dwells ;  
Whence, whereso'er thy happy foot but treads,  
Thy Benisons it liberally spills,  
And all the Fields with smiling Fatness spreads ;  
Whilst jolly Hinds repay thee honest praise,  
Not Guns' dread Thunder, but soft oaten Lays.

33.

How sneaks *Vice*, when thou thy face revealest,  
And seeks blind Holes to hide her blacker head ;

Whose Dwellings Thou to chosen *Virtues* dealest,  
Cheering them up to take sure root and spread  
Their Arms so wide that all the Country may  
Under their shade calm Happiness enjoy.

34.

O blessed *Maid*, how long, how long shall we  
Our Curses number by the days and years !  
The tedious days and years, which still we see  
All black with sullen clouds of fatal Fears,  
Whilst thou art fled, and leav'st our woful *Land*  
In most *unnatural War's* destroying Hand !

35.

How is unhappy *Britain* now become  
The *Isle of Sorrow* which was once of *Joy* !  
How have all Monsters made those Fields their Home  
Where only harmless Sheep were wont to play !  
How are the Drums and Cannons taught to roar  
Where only Pipes of Reed were heard before !

36.

How have we stained *Albion's* lily hue  
In bloody gore, and wash'd that Name away !  
How has our *Red-cross* prov'd too truly true  
To that its Tincture ! How are we a Prey  
Unto our Selves, whilst we have made a *Sea*  
No less *amidst* us, than *about* us be !

37.

A *Sea*, broke ope from our own desperate Veins,  
Which both to *Crown* and *Mitre* shipwrack threats :  
A *Sea*, in which though Some still fish for Gains,  
They'll be at length the Draught to their own Nets.  
Alas, there's nothing to be gained here  
But certain Loss ; which makes the Trade too dear.

38.

How have we coin'd fond *Names* of *Hate*, which we  
With sword and bullet to the death pursue !  
Are there no *Turks* ! that thus the Unity  
Of our brave *English Name* must by a new  
Portentuous Rent, all massacred appear  
Into the *Roundhead* and the *Cavalier* !

39.

Yea ev'n that *Roundhead*, like his *Master's Foot*  
Is clov'n, and into two new Monsters split :  
The *Presbyterian* (once the only Root,  
Now but a Branch,) and *Independent* ; fit  
And hopeful Twins, and like to multiply  
Into a more-and-more-divided Fry.

40.

How have we strove our *Lyon's* Nails to pare,  
Who was before the royal Dread and Aw  
Of all the *neighbour Beasts* ! How has our Fear  
And Jealousy now help'd their Cause to grow  
To greater strength ! How has our first Expence  
But op'd our Purse till all be drained thence !

## 41.

How have our idle *Compositions* given,  
Power to our foes' Divisions to maintain !  
How are our Servants by our Madness thriven  
Into imperious Lords ! whilst We are fain  
To be at charges toward our own Plunder,  
And keep an *Army* up to keep us under !

## 42.

*Sweet Queen of Joys*, O when, when will it be !  
When will the blessed Dawn of thy fair Eyes  
Clear our benighted Hemisphere, that We  
And all our wonted Bliss, with thee may Rise !  
Dear *Peace*, when will thy calming Presence please  
Our inland *Tempest's* billows to appease ?

## 43.

When shall we cease, with mighty Care and Cost  
To raise the heap of our own Ruins high !  
When shall we yield to be no longer tost  
In waves of self-affected Misery !  
When shall we with our Tortures cease to play !  
When shall we *Do*, what we so often *Say* !

## 44.

When shall we scorn to make our *Isle* the scorn  
Of All who at self-sought Disasters jest !  
When shall we judge our selves enough forlorn !  
When shall we think our Woes deserve at least  
Our own *Compassion* ; that our Bowels may  
Be wounded only by that healing way.

## 45.

(Such were my *Muse's* sighs, when She and I  
Heard in our Cell, the Crack of Church and State  
So sad a time of its Nativity  
Had *Psyche's* legend. For, the better fate  
Of worried *Britan* stay'd with *Him* to come  
Who only worthy was to bring it home.

## 46.

*He wondrous He*, upon the *Belgick* main  
Imbark'd, and then in triumph landed it  
Safe on the *Kentish* Strand : where *Charles his Wain*  
Broke from its long and black Eclipse ; and met  
Those gazing Throgs, whose strange Applauses prest  
Both Heav'n and Earth their Gladness to attest.

## 47.

From hence, to scarce-believing *London* flew  
The grand *Restorer* : in whose glorious Train  
How suddenly great *Britain* greater grew,  
Outshining her old self, to entertain  
Her new felicity ! O loyal Pride,  
Which meek Submission bravely testify'd !

## 48.

Thus through his vast *Metropolis*, the *King*  
New of her heart, press'd to his royal Home !

Whilst all th' adorned Streets with shouting rung.  
No Acclamations ever thundred from  
More earnest Mouths ; no Calm of *Peace* was e'er  
Welcom'd with such tempestuous Joys, as here.

## 49.

*Prudent and tender Phylax*, knew that He  
In both those Titles, nothing could bestow  
Which in Advantages would richer be  
To his most precious *Pupil's* heart, than now  
To exile every troublous Mist and clear  
The count'nance of her Habitation's sphere.

## 50.

He knew the worth of *Peace* ; and long ago,  
When he had left his *Charge* in *Palestine*,  
He hither flew, and order'd business so  
That all things into Quiet did combine :  
Yet none could tell it was to entertain  
*Psyche*, now ready to return again.

## 51.

But she, arrived at her native Home,  
Wonder'd to find *Security* made Queen  
Of all that Region : vacant was no room  
For *Molestation* to be tampering in ;  
Nor any gap left ope, by which she might  
Thrust in her head, and *Settlement* affright.

## 52.

Her Friends and Parents much advanc'd this Wonder.  
When in their cheerly Gratulations they  
Told her, how *Peace* had trod all *Perils* under  
Her sure-set feet, and puff'd the Storm away.  
They told it o'r, and o'r ; and marvel'd why  
She turn'd to *Phylax* her mistrusting eye,

## 53.

Which He observing, to her silent Doubt  
Made this Reply : suspect no Falsehood here ;  
'Tis Truth thou seest ; a Truth my Care has brought  
About, to bid thee welcome home, my Dear.  
Thy Voyage finish'd is ; and safely thou  
May'st in this Hav'n of Rest thy Bark bestow.

## 54.

But see thou rigg'st it still, and keep'st it trim,  
For fear some treacherous storm hereafter rise :  
What boots it, stoutly through strange Seas to swim,  
And poorly prove at home a *Tempest's* Prize ?  
Safe is the Harbour whilst thy Care awakes :  
Just Shipwreck sleeping Pilots overtakes.

## 55.

Complete *Security* dwells in no Bay  
But that above, to which thine Heart doth sail :  
There in the Downs of *Peace* for ever may  
Thy Vessel ride : but here no Help can bail  
Thee from the Wind's arrest, if thou forget  
To aid thyself, and thine own Weakness ease

56.

et them then, and bravely antedate  
 Rest that happy makes the heav'nly Port;  
 cheap, cheap's the Prize, though at the dearest Rate:  
 stick not then to pay thus little for't.  
 Thy Life no further than a span can reach;  
 And wilt not thou thus far thy Labour stretch?

57.

thou repent thee of thy bargain, say  
 at with false Wares thy *Phylax* cheated thee:  
 row, boldly throw both them and Me away;  
 d call the Shoar more treacherous than the Sea.  
 Conclude all things but Vanity, are vain,  
 And count Perdition for the only Gain.

58.

t surely no such desperate Thought will e'r  
 bauch the sober heart of *Psyche*: No;  
 / Hopes are greater of thy holy Care,  
 ith which mine own shall be combined too;  
 For as a Guard upon thy Guard will I  
 My wonted Love and Watchfulness employ.

59.

or will thy other Soul-embraving *Friend*  
 slow in lending thee her mighty Aid:  
 e who through every Obstacle can rend  
 r conquering way; *She* who hath often stay'd  
 Thy tottering feet, and often thee restor'd  
 To thy lost Self, and thy forsaken *Lord*.

60.

arce had he spoke; but (as the heav'nly Dew  
 to Earth's thirsty mouth drops soaking Joy)  
 ght seasonable *Charis* hither flew,  
 hose thrilling Influence op'd its dainty way,  
 With most invincibly-delicious art,  
 Through *Psyche's* soft breast to her softer heart.

61.

or did her Favor use, or need, her tongue;  
 it spake it self in *Psyche's* inmost ear;  
 id by soul-plying secret language rung  
 ore solid sweets than airy Words could bear:  
 The Virgin understood its meaning well,  
 And hugg'd it in her heart's profoundest cell.

62.

hat cell wherein her Life inshrined lay,  
 hich now rose up in pious reverence,  
 id to this royal Guest gave willing way:  
 r what is *Grace's* blessed Influence,  
 But Life's best Life? and therefore well may in  
 The vital Palace reign as sovereign Queen.)

63.

close she hugg'd it, that it there grew warm,  
 id glow'd so hot, that strait it fell on fire:

The sudden flame sounded a smart Alarm  
 Through all her breast, and roused brave *Desire*:  
*Desire*, the other Forces muster'd up;  
 And now no bar her high Design could stop.

64.

As when heroick Fervour has awoke  
 A Prince's heart to take a strict Survey  
 Of all his Realm, and Reformation make  
 Of what is swerv'd from Right's and Law's Highw  
 To his own *King*, the King of Heav'n, he calls  
 For Aid, and then to his great Bus'ness falls:

65.

So entheous *Psyche*, prostrate on her face,  
 Begs *Jesus's* help to speed her Enterprise:  
 (For *Phylax* now by Heav'n admonish'd was  
 To snatch his Presence from his *Pupil's* eyes:  
 In prest obedience to which Item, He  
 Fled strait into Invisibilty.)

66.

Dear Lord, said she, who never didst reject  
 Thy Worms, which to thy footstool crawl for Aid;  
 Thy Pity on thy Handmaid O reflect,  
 That she by her faint self be not betray'd.  
 Thou, who vouchsaf'd to kindle my *Desire*,  
 Assist me, least it prove an useless Fire.

67.

Well knows thy wronged Majesty, how I  
 The flames Thou giv'st me, oft, too oft, did choke  
 And sent up no Returns at all to thy  
 Most liberal Heav'n, but black and stinking smoke  
 Hell's proper breath, and yet as truly mine  
 When to *Cerinthus's* School I ran from Thine.

68.

O trust me not alone; though now my Will  
 Bravely inspired and spurred on by Thee,  
 Aims at a lofty mark; yet *Psyche* still  
 Is that unfortunate and feeble she  
 Who in her full carreers proves out of breath,  
 And when she soars to Life sinks down to Death!

69.

Dear is my *Guardian's* Company to me:  
 And yet when He is here, I am alone:  
 My soul in no Companion finds but *Thee*  
 A perfect Cure of Desolation:  
 For I my self, alas, do never stay  
 Ev'n with my self, if *Thou* but step'st away.

70.

But if *Thou* stay'st, I shall defiance give  
 To any Labour and to any Pain:  
 As oft's mine own do faint, I shall receive  
 New spirits from Thee, and venture on again:  
 Nor shall misfortune cheat me of my Bay,  
 For though I die, I still shall win the day.

## 71.

Yet not for mine, but for thy *Grace's*, and  
 For thine own Credit, here I crave success :  
 Paid soley to the Praise of thy kind Hand  
 Shall be th' Atchievment's glory : *Psyche* is  
 Beneath Disgrace, but it in honor do's  
 Concern *thy strength* no Victory to loose.

## 72.

Up tow'r'd her Prayer, and knock'd at *Jesus's* ear ;  
 So loud it knock'd, that strait he let it in ;  
 In, to his Favor's Presence-chamber, where  
 Their highest Ends all lowly Suters win :  
 Its Embassy was heard, and *Jesus* granted  
 What *Psyche* in this noble Business wanted.

## 73.

This bred fresh courage in her soul, and she  
 With doubled Gallantry adventur'd on  
 Her generous Task : Her antient *Royalty*,  
 Which bold *Incrachment* oft had trode upon,  
 She meant to rescue, and assert her Crown ;  
 Though for her *Spouse's* sake, more than her own.

## 74.

A general Court she calls, and summons all  
 Her Subjects in, her royal mind to know :  
 Large this Appearance prov'd ; both great and small  
 Hasting their prest obedience to show.  
 For, strict the Proclamation was, and they  
 Some special Business did expect that day.

## 75.

No sooner had this Conflux swell'd the Hall  
 Of *Psyche's* palace, but in princely state  
 Ballast both with her Scepter and her Ball  
 She fairly sails into her sovereign Seat.  
 Up stood the Company, while she sate down,  
 And bow'd their heads to Her's, and to her Crown.

## 76.

How kindly she that joint submission took  
 As Earnest of their several Duties, she  
 Assur'd them first by her welpleased Look,  
 (With which she paus'd a while ; for *Majesty*  
 Must not make haste) then by her softer Tongue,  
 From whence her charming honey thus she wrung :

## 77.

*My multiplied self, my numerous I,*  
 In whom as many and as pleasant Lives  
 I live, as each of you enjoy ; how high  
 Content to me your loyal Prescence gives,  
 Shall not be now my Theme ; it were too long  
 A story, and would do the other wrong :

## 78.

The Other ; which, since it would more than fill  
 This Day, (as having cost me several years

To travel through it,) I must only tell  
 Part of its Wonders ; for against your Ears  
 I plot no tyranny, nor aim to break  
 Them on a tedious Narration's Rack.

## 79.

Through many Climats I have whirled been  
 Safe by the Conduct of my *Guardian's* Care :  
 The World I in its several Garbs have seen,  
 And how their Clothes and Manners Mortals wear ;  
 Fair Cities, foul inhabitants ; and sorry  
 Hamlets, yet noble by their Dwellers' Glory.

## 80.

I saw Men live in their outsides alone,  
 Scarce dreaming that within a Soul they had :  
 And yet (because the *fashion* help'd it on,)  
 A Cloke they wisely of Religion made :  
 A Summer Cloke, so thin and light, that they  
 Ne'r felt it when upon their backs it lay.

## 81.

The crisp'd, perfum'd, belac'd, befooled Wights,  
 Jetting in histrionick Pride I saw ;  
 And jolly *Cupid's* smug salacious Knights  
 Proud of atchieving Virtue's overthrow ;  
 With *Bacchus's* wrangling Squires, whose strange  
 Contest  
 Was, who should prove the best at *being Beast*.

## 82.

Fondlings I saw their fatal Bane embrace,  
 And loath the Antidote of Piety :  
 I saw true *Honor* loaded with Disgrace,  
 And humble *Zeal* disdained by those high  
 And *silken Things*, who know no way to be  
 Gentile, but Pride and sinful Liberty.

## 83.

I saw severely-holy Souls, the Aim  
 Of lusty Gallants' scorn and peevish Hate ;  
 Who threap'd upon their patient heads the Blame  
 Of foolish Singularity ; and that  
 Alone because they down the flattering Tide  
 Of deep Damnation would not with them ride.

## 84.

The holier Stories, whence the *Holy Land*  
 Deriv'd her Name, I by their footsteps read ;  
 For many there still deep imprinted stand  
 To give all pious Pilgrims aim, and lead  
 Their hearts in that meek hardy Path, which for  
 Their sakes great *Love* himself would not abhor.

## 85.

But by that Lesson of Humility  
 Both proud and confident I strangely grew ;  
 My own poor waxen wings I needs would try,  
 And wilfully from those stout Pinions flew  
 Which *Phylax* always for my service spread  
 When sturdy Dangers levell'd at my head.

## 86.

My Wings, alas, did only me commit  
 An helpless booty to the Birds of Prey :  
 With Kites and Vultures strait I was beset,  
 Whose foul heretick Talions pluck'd away  
 My best and fairest plumes ; and hasting were  
 My blood and life with equal spight to tear.

## 87.

But *Heav'n* and *Phylax* present pity took,  
 And snatched me from that fatal Company,  
 Up to a Palace whose illustrious Look  
 Revived mine ; whose royal Courtesy  
 Gave me more solid precious Things, than those  
 Plunder's wild Law made forfeit to my foes.

## 88.

This was *Ecclesia's* famous Court ; where I  
 Beheld the *Miracles of Discipline* :  
 No Spectacle e'r blessed mortal eye  
 With Ravishments more sacred and divine ;  
 Which on my heart themselves so deep did seal,  
 That there th' Impression must for ever dwell.

## 89.

So sweet a Calm of heav'nly Peace was there,  
 That no Disturbance could its Jars intrude :  
 Which made it genuine Heav'n on Earth appear,  
 All over with harmonious Pleasures strew'd :  
 Each Courtier perfect was in's Office grown,  
 And lov'd it best *because it was his own*.

## 90.

And happy are those Courts, and none but those,  
 Where wise *Content* doth in all Stations dwell ;  
 Where every Officer, if put to choose,  
 Would only be ambitious to excel  
 In what's his own Employment, and appear  
 Splendid in none but in his *proper sphere*.

## 91.

Such welplac'd Beams as theirs, can only be  
 The comely Glory of a Prince's Court.  
 Thus all the prudent Stars above agree  
 To swell and garnish Heav'n's majestick Port :  
 Each orb thus loves his own dear Road, and on  
 His mighty Journey doth with Musick run.

## 92.

Thus those more radiant *Sparks* which on the face  
 Of th' Empyrean Vastness glittering are,  
 The holy *Angels*, hug their *Orders* Place,  
 And wish no nobler Work than meets them there.  
 And who can Us impede, if stoutly We  
 Resolve to model thus our Polity ?

## 93.

How lovelyly shine these Examples, which  
 Invite our Study into Honor's way !

What Tongue would grudge in its sublimest pitch  
 Of strained Art, to consecrate a Lay  
 Of praise to them ? and why should we admire  
 What yet we dare not venture to desire ?

## 94.

Foul Shame forbid our Souls should flag so low  
 As ne'r to try one reach at Excellence.  
 Grant it should cost us all a sweating brow ;  
 The Gain will more than wipe off that Expence.  
 Ease, Ease alone's the Rust of that brave Metal  
 Which strengthens noble Spirits for Virtue's Battel.

## 95

No pains so painful are to those who know  
 Their Soul's Activity, as *lazy Rest* :  
 And on my foes, might I free Curses throw ;  
 My worst should be, What Drones esteem the best :  
 No Imprecations would I shoot, but this ;  
 And damn them to no Hell but *Idleness*.

## 96

Come then, Enacted let it henceforth be,  
 That all our Bows shall to the utmost bend :  
 That generous and hardy *Industry*  
 Through all our Court her active arms extend :  
 That each one in his proper Office prove  
 How much my Credit, and their own, they love.

## 97

Though I be Queen, I stick not to submit,  
 And yield my neck to this our common Law :  
 The yoke for Me no less then you is fit ;  
 And be assured, I my part will draw.  
 If e'r you see me shrink at any strains,  
 It shall be your Discharge from further pains.

## 98

But if you winch and kick, and scorn to be  
 Partners with me in your propounded Prize ;  
 Know I'm no youngling now ; maturity  
 Dwells in my Hand and Brain ; well can I poise  
 My Scepter, and have learned how to make  
 Those who disdain to bow, be fain to break.

## 99

I paid an high price for that Learning, when  
 Crafty *Agenor* made his market here.  
 And who can blame my Prudence, if I mean  
 To make the most of what has cost so dear ?  
 It must and shall appear, how well I know  
 That Kindness makes but Rebels bolder grow.

## 100.

But O ! I feel my unaccustom'd Tongue  
 Distaste this threatening stile : for sweetest I  
 Esteem my breath, when melted to a Song  
 In Commendation of your Loyalty.  
 Your Loyalty, which now me thinks, I see  
 Flaming in forward Sacrifice to Me.



## 101.

She ceased here. When lo, on all the Hall  
A chain of general musing silence lay.  
Divers suspected that this Law would gall  
Their necks beyond all Patience: yet they  
Fearing their Parties votes would prove too weak,  
Durst not their belking Motions open make.

## 102.

Not with their Tongues: but with their Eyes about  
The Room they walk'd, and question'd one another;  
In every look they met both *Hope* and *Doubt*,  
Which mutually their trembling selves did smother;  
Their shoulders some, and some their heads did shake,  
Plainly confessing what they fear'd to speak.

## 103.

At length presuming it the safer way  
Their vessels down the potent stream to steer;  
They with the rest resolved to Obey,  
And rather bend than break. Thus thankless fear  
Of being crush'd by *Boreas'* wrath, can win  
The lazy Clouds through widest Skies to run.

## 104.

Thrice bow'd the whole Assembly to the ground,  
And thrice their Thanks professed to their *Prince*;  
Whose Prudence such a certain way had found  
To yoke her Subjects unto Excellence.  
And may Rebellion's brand and curse, said they,  
Mark and revenge all them that Disobey.

## 105.

Thus pass'd the *Act*: which being fairly writ,  
High on the middle Pillar of the Hall  
Was hung, by *Psyche's* wise Command, that it  
Might of their Duties daily warn them All.  
So is the Rod stuck up at School, whose look  
Awes Children's eyes and points them to their book.

## 106.

But She, to practice what was now Decreed,  
Begins with them who easiest were to tame;  
That their Examples useful seeds might breed,  
A ready stinging Argument of Shame,  
To lash those Servants who more manly were,  
If they more weakly should their Task forbear.

## 107.

Her *Porters* five She called one by one,  
Their several Instructions now to take.  
*Opsis* was first; to whom she thus begun:  
Though thine high Seat, and sprightly Quickness make  
Thee ready at Discoveries, yet I  
Am sharper sighted, and can deeper pry.

## 108.

Believe me then, Thou hast most need to be  
Jealous of what usurpeth *Beauty's* skin.

*Danger* is politick, and *Treachery*  
Too wise to lodge in a suspicious Inn.  
The rankest Weeds in richest soils abound,  
The deepest Holes in smoothest floods are found.

## 109.

That *Apple* which bewitch'd our *Grandame's* eyes,  
Was in *Pomona's* goodlyest robe array'd;  
Its plump and ruddy cheeks did sweetly rise,  
And seeming smiles in all its count'nance play'd;  
Yet in it's Juice there lurk'd that venomous Sea  
Which drown'd the World in deep Mortality.

## 110.

Fair were the Grapes to *Noah's* fearless eye,  
Nor with less pleasure faund they on his taste:  
His unsuspecting Heart was also by  
Their sweet enchantments ravish'd; till at last  
His treacherous Guest trip'd up his heels, and He  
Spew'd out confession of the victory.

## 111.

*Elisha's* servant read no cause of fear  
In that wild Vine, whose smooth Hypocrisy  
Woo'd him to fill his mantle with the Cheer  
Which thus had feasted his wellpleased Eye:  
Yet cheated Man, he did he knew not what,  
And shred abundant Death into the pot.

## 112.

*Israel's* and *Wisdom's* most renowned *King*  
In folly's guilt was plunged by his Eyes;  
Which in his *Queens'* bright Beauties rioting,  
Slyly seduc'd him first to idolise  
Those female Powers; and then fall down before  
What he set up, and *Stocks* and *Stones* adore.

## 113.

*Iscairiot's* Eyes, when fascinated by  
Most dangerous Money's gaudy glistering look,  
No longer could those richer Beams descry  
Whose pure Exuberance from his *Master's* broke:  
But he, blind Traytor, to eternal Night  
Betray'd himself, in scorning *Jesus's* Light.

## 114.

That gorgeous fruit which dangled on the Trees  
That decked *Asphaltites's* ugly shore,  
Outv'y'd in fragrant Gold th' *Hesperides*  
Admired boughs, and more Enticements wore  
On its smug cheeks: yet all this Stateliness  
Was but of Ashes and of stinks the Dress.

## 115.

The dainty skin which shines on *Beauty's* face,  
Where White's the life of Red, and Red of White.  
Alas too oft proves but the lovely Case  
Of odious lust and Pride. The goodlyest Wight  
Is seldom Good; and hard it is to find  
Under a splendid look, a graceful mind.

## 116.

Be wary then in time, for fear some Bait  
Demurely steals an Hook into thine Eye ;  
For fear the Blandishments of sweet Deceit  
Pour Bitterness on thy Credulity.  
Security delights in *Fear's* meek Cell,  
And scorns in *Confidence's* Towers to dwell.

## 117.

Thou'lt ne'r repent thee of the easy cost  
Before thine Eyes a constant Watch to set :  
Two nimble Lids thou always ready hast,  
Which, if thou wilt, all Dangers out can shut.  
Shall it be said, that *Opsis* means to keep  
Those Curtains only to inclose her Sleep?

## 118.

When *Dinah's* Eyes would needs be gadding out,  
And tracing *Hamor's* Court ; though honest She  
Only to feed her curious fancy sought,  
Insnar'd she was in *Shechem's* Treachery,  
And, silly Maiden, suddenly became  
An Holocaust to Lust's unhappy flame.

## 119.

O then indanger not, nor waste thy Look  
On any Object that concerns thee not :  
Thy *proper Bus'ness* is the safest Book  
On which thy studies can be fixed : but  
If thou on others cast'st thy venturous eyes,  
Thou dangerous Errors read'st and Heresies.

## 120.

Thou hear'st thy Task ; a Task by which thou may'st  
Be safe and happy, as my Self would be.  
So shall thy Tears be useless, when thou hast  
No Crimes to wash : so shall the Bravery  
Of thy sweet Beams persist for ever clear,  
And from Hell's gloomy Fire no outrage fear.

## 121.

The time will surely come, as sure as Fate,  
Which will this Abstinence of thine requite ;  
When thou shalt freely rove and range through that  
Ocean of Beauties which make Heav'n so bright.  
Discredit not with Earthly sights, those eyes  
Which are design'd to read the glorious skies.

## 122.

The glorious skies ; and what makes them be so ?  
That *double Fount* whence purest Glories rise,  
The *Eyes of Jesus* ; which on thine shall throw  
Whole Deluges of everlasting Bliss ;  
When they have done their duty here beneath,  
And once by *Him* awakened are from death.

## 123.

But sure that Duty never will be done  
By dwelling on that *Mirror* in thy hands ;

That brittle Emblem of Corruption,  
Which though a polish'd sparkling Front commends  
It wears unlovely Blackness on its back,  
And at the mercy lives of every Knock.

## 124.

*Opsis* this Charge receiv'd with anxious Look,  
And trembled at its smart severity :  
That Tremor, from her hand her *Mirror* shook ;  
Which falling into its own ruins, she  
With many a foolish tear its death lamented,  
And took her leave unwillingly contented.

## 125.

The next was *Acot* ; who came dancing in,  
And with her wanton fingers tripped o'r  
A tickled *Lute*, in jolly hopes to win  
The favor of her awful *Sovereign* ; for  
She felt the pulse of every String to find  
Where lay the soul of *Melody* inshrined.

## 126.

Grave *Psyche*, till the Galliard's Close, was mute  
But then reply'd : now lend thine ear to me,  
Who will requite thy Lays. I grant thy *Lute*  
Cheer'd and encourag'd by Art's bravery,  
May pant thee Airs more sweet in thy esteem  
Than any breath which from my lips can stream.

## 127.

But what is *Sweetest*, is not always *Best*,  
And therefore not so sweet as is its Name ;  
Else treacherous Charmers' Pipes must be confest  
To merit all the loudest Trumps of *Fame* :  
Though their delicious Tunes *Spirits* Hisses be  
Dissembled under cheating Harmony.

## 128.

Else might th' insidious *Sirens'* warbling Note  
Vie with the Accents of the Nightingale ;  
Although no barbarous Tempest's bellowing throat  
Did with more certain Peril e'r assail  
The Mariner ; unless with timely Care  
Against her Musick up he seal'd his ear.

## 129.

Else were th' *Hyæna*, who with friendly tone  
Demurely knocketh at the simple door,  
As courteous as his *Salutation*,  
Though in his breast he bloody Treason bore ;  
And that false Mouth which them bespake so fair  
Prepared were the silly Lambs to tear.

## 130.

Else should the *Parasite*, whose trade it is  
To feed and clothe himself by Praising thee  
And stroking all thy rankling Wickedness :  
Be thy more useful faithful Friend, than He  
Who for thy breeding Canker's sure prevention  
Applies the Corsive of sound Reprehension.

## 131.

Else should *Agyrtes's* honey-tipped Tongue  
Of ears and hearts more meritorious be,  
Than is th' unstudied and harsh-grating Song  
Of plain *Syneidesis*: though dangerous *He*  
Speaks nothing but the Dialect of Hell,  
Whilst trusty *She* doth vocal Heav'n distil.

## 132.

Remember *Acoe* with what oily words  
The *Serpent* ointed *Eve's* imprudent ears:  
Yet all the Syllables were two-edg'd swords,  
Longbearded Arrows, or evenom'd Spears;  
Which flew not only through *her* careless heart,  
But wounds and Death through all the world did dart.

## 133.

That *Serpent* marking what himself had done,  
Wisely applyd it to his own Defence:  
So did his cunning Generation,  
Who stop their ears against the Influence  
Of soft Enchantments. And it can be no  
Disgrace, to learn a *Virtue* of a Foe.

## 134.

Had *Delilah's* Tongue not been so musical,  
It ne'r had ventur'd upon *Samson's* might;  
Nor in his chamber conquer'd more than all  
*Philistia's* Powers could do in open sight.  
But when the sturdiest Bands were try'd in vain,  
Her supple Language prov'd his fatal Chain.

## 135.

Puff'd with Heav'n-daring Pride and Victory  
Great *Holofernes* fear'd no dint of Fear;  
When walled in with his vast Army, He  
Vow'd *Jacob's* Stock up by the roots to tear.  
Yet *Judith's* glozing Tongue his Boasts outdid;  
For having won his Ears, she gain'd his Head.

## 136.

O then thine Avenues let Prudence shut  
When worldly Charms are tuning *Falshood's* strings:  
Be deaf, and happy; rather than admit  
Those traiterously-melodious Flourishings;  
Which stealing once into thy heart, will there  
With everlasting Jars thy Conscience tear.

## 137.

The *Voice of Truth*, though seeming plain and dry,  
Flows with more honey than all Tongues beside:  
With Honey so sincere, that *Purity*  
It self in those sole streams delights to glide.  
Securely may'st thou be Luxuriant here,  
Nor any Surfeit from this Fulness fear.

## 138.

Thus shalt thou never need to hunt abroad  
For *News*, the Bait by which Fools mock their hunger;

Who when most fill'd with this most empty food  
Find their abused Appetite the stronger.  
Well may'st thou other *Novelties* refuse  
For now, alas, ev'n *Truth* it self is *News*.

## 139.

Let others slander't with the name of *Pride*,  
I'll stile it *Virtue* in thee, to disdain  
That Foam of useless Prattle, which doth ride  
Upon the idely-busy tongues of vain  
And shallow Mortals; who though all the day  
They spin out long Discourses, *Nothing* say.

## 140.

Scorn light fond Accents, and reserve thine Ear  
For those which solid Musick's sweets distil;  
Years post about apace: the Time draws near,  
When thou exalted on Heav'n's glistering Hill  
With those rich Notes shalt entertained be,  
Whose Comfort makes the spherick melody.

## 141.

My *Guardian's* blessed Voice there shalt thou hear,  
And all the winged Quire, whose sprightly Tongues  
*Blisses* and *Honors*, joys and triumphs cheer,  
By lofty raptures of their entheous Songs:  
Songs, which must ne'r inebriate any Ear  
But what were sober kept on purpose here.

## 142.

On *Acoe* so hard this Lesson grated,  
That in her heart she wish'd she had been deaf:  
And, since their old Rebellion was defeated,  
She fear'd the *Senses* could have no Relief  
By any new: full well she knew beside  
Who most should feel it when her *Queen* did chide.

## 143.

She groan'd, and let her Lutestrings down as though  
Those of her heart with them she loosned had:  
And then, O sweetest Womb of Pleasures, how  
Shall *Acoe* live, said she, now thou ly'st dead!  
With that, she fetch'd her Musick's funeral sigh,  
And kiss'd her *Lute*, and gently laid it by.

## 144.

Then *Osphresis* came in; who in one hand  
Court'd a *Civit box*, and in the other  
A *Nest of Rosebuds* built upon a Wand  
Of Juniper, and quaintly knit together.  
Which *Psyche* seeing, Court it warily,  
Roses wear Pricks as well as Leaves, said she.

## 145.

Could all the Balm of *Gilead*, all the spice  
Of happy *Araby*, inform thee how  
To counterplot those fatal Miseries  
Whose certain Seeds in thine own bosom grow;  
I could approve such Helps: but they, as frail  
And mortal as thy self, thy hopes will fail.

146.

as, so deep *Corruption* rooted is  
'n the center of thy fading breast ;  
at Odours spend their breath in vain to dress  
ie tainted Soil. How largely 'tis confest  
By all the former Ages Ashes, that  
Mortality on Man is seal'd by Fate !

147.

nd shall the Son and true apparent *Heir*  
' *Rottensness* mispend his time upon  
nprofitable *Sweets*, by which the Air  
for a while enrich'd and that alone ?  
*Sweets* which each silly Wind that whisketh by,  
Snatcheth, and scattereth, in proud mockery.

148.

'hy should'st thou studious be to make the Prey  
f stinking Worms, so sweetly dainty ? why  
fect'st thou on perfumed beds to lay  
hine head, which must e'r long a-rotting lie ?  
Why should'st thou with such curious cost and trouble  
Conspire *Corruption's* victory to double ?

149.

er't not a cheaper and a wiser Plot,  
forehand with displeasing smiles to grow  
acquainted ; that the brackish Grave may not  
y being strange to thee, the bitterer show ?  
Besides ; Perfumes, Contagions may be  
With Delicacies' Bane infecting thee.

150.

lowe'r, thou usest not those Odours which  
o much thou usest : others nostrils reap  
he crop of *Sweets* thou plantest, and grow rich  
t thy vain charge ; whilst thou dost only keep  
To please thy Neighbours' smell, thy powder'd Tresses,  
And precious-ly-aromatized Dresses.

151.

*Osphresis*, that thou didst truly know  
What fields of Fragrances, what beds of spice,  
What hills of Roses, plains of Spiknard grow  
n fair and eververdant *Paradise* ;  
Thou generously would'st scorn to dote upon  
Earth's poor Perfumes, which whilst they come are  
gone.

152.

et all the purest names of Odours are  
hort of that soul-enlivening *Incense* which  
rom Heav'n's high Altar pyramides doth rear  
If *Suavity*, and *Bliss* it self enrich.  
O then reserve thy Sense, for that which will  
Its Fast with all the best of Fulness fill.

153.

nd yet mean while I will to thee allow,  
fore worthy *Sweets*, than those thou throw'st away,

In *Virtue's* garden do but walk, and Thou  
Shalt meet such spicy Breaths of holy Joy  
As will compell thy ravish'd soul to think,  
This World's gentlest sent, but precious stink.

154.

Such Breaths, as will perfume thy heart indeed,  
And all thy Thoughts and Words aromatize ;  
Until their odorous Emanations breed  
Delight in *God's* own nostrils ; who doth prize  
All pious Incense, only by the sent  
Of its meek Sacrificers pure Intent.

155.

So spake the *Queen* : whose words, though soft and  
sweet  
As is the morning blast of eastern Gales,  
Seem'd strong and rank to *Osphresis* ; who beat  
Her foolish thoughts on present Hills and Dales  
Of fragrant wealth, which she desir'd to crop,  
Being loth to live on that cold sent of hope.

156.

Deep sighing, she thrice on her *Civet*, and  
Thrice on her smiling *Poisy* smelt ; but yet  
At length she drop'd them out of either hand,  
Perceiving *Psyche's* awful Count'nance set  
With Resolution ; and no longer stout,  
As *Geusis* marched in, she trembled out.

157.

But *Psyche*, prompted by the *honey Comb*  
Which *Geusis* hug'd, thus 'gan the maid to greet :  
What if that *Nest of Sweetness* hath no room  
For any thing that is intirely sweet ?  
What if the Bee hath in that Cabinet  
More of her Sting, than of her Honey put ?

158.

Hard, hard it is, to eat no more than may  
True friendship keep 'twixt *Safety* and *Delight* :  
The least Excess will thee to Pangs betray,  
And break thy Work by day, thy Rest by night.  
Indeed a surfeit goes like Honey down,  
But strait with Gall the heart is overflown.

159.

How ravenous is the mouth of *Mars* his Sword,  
Vast Armies swallow'd up by it, confess :  
Yet *Luxury* with sharper Stings is stor'd ;  
Her throat's devouring Gulf much wider is :  
No reeking Steel thou ever yet didst see  
Blush in the guilt of so much blood, as *She*.

160.

We wrong, alas, we wrong the bloody Paws  
Of Lyons, Panthers, Tigres, Bears, and Wolves ;  
Yea and the direful *Plague's* relentless Jaws,  
By calling them *most salvage* : We our Selves  
More deadly *Plagues*, and Beasts more cruel are ;  
For our own Lives with our own Teeth we tear.

161.

Of his *Sobrieties* sage stayed weight  
 Had great *Belshazzar* not been cozen'd by  
 The cruel Sweets of *Luxury's* Deceit ;  
 He had not in Heav'n's scale of Equity  
 Been found so light, as by *Darius* down  
 From his high Empires Zenith to be blown.

162.

Of her in time had *Dives* taken heed,  
 When in each Dish for him she lay in wait,  
 When into every Boul her self she shed,  
 When each superfluous Bit she made a Bait ;  
 In Hell the wretched Gallant had not lain  
 Acting poor *Lazarus* his part in vain.

163.

His broiled Tongue had not so earnest been  
 In lamentable Outcries, to obtain  
 No crowned Cups of lusty foaming Wine,  
 But one cold drop of Water, to restrain  
 Those rampant Flames which with luxuriant spight  
 Reveng'd his former Luxuries' Delight.

164.

But *Lazarus*, whose meek ambition was  
 No more than with this *Glutton's* Dogs to be  
 A Commoner ; into the sweet Embrace  
 Of *Abraham*, and of *Felicity*  
 Mounted, on Angels' pinions tow'r'd, and there  
 Injoy'd a fuller Feast than *Dives* here.

165.

*Wise Saint*, his stomach he had sav'd, that he  
 With a full Appetite might thither go  
 Where sumptuous Dainties hold their Monarchy,  
 And purest Pleasures by whole Rivers flow.  
 And if Thou after Him desir'st to climb,  
 Be sure to trace his footsteps here in time.

166.

I know the Boards of many *holy Souls*  
 In Fatness often have been seen to shine ;  
 On which their golden overflowing Boulds  
 Leap'd up in sparks of aromack Wine :  
 But canst thou say, That they themselves did so ?  
 Surely their Looks and Lives will tell thee No.

167.

This constant Plenty did but keep them close  
 To temperance's manlyest Exercise ;  
 And difficultest *Virtues'* list they chose  
 When to their Boards they went, to play the prize  
 Of Abstinence, and, by forbearing, fight  
 With those arrayed Armies of Delight.

168.

Heroick Hearts ! who though beleaguered by  
 A siege of Superfluity, could yet

Maintain chaste Moderation. But thy  
 Metal and temper, *Genius*, are not fit  
 To wage war with temptations : no, 'tis well  
 If thou by flying canst thy Safety steal.

169.

To *sparing Diet* fly : there may'st thou eat  
 And drink thine Health ; but never in Excess.  
 Excess makes Sickness reek in all thy meat ;  
 And with thy Liquor, Surfeits treason press  
 Into thy Cup ; by which before thou art  
 Aware, thy Head is drowned, chok'd thy Heart.

170.

But fasting's virtue never fails to be  
 A sovereign Purge where vicious humours reign ;  
 Whilst other *Physick* drains thy Purse, not Thee,  
 This plots not to evacuate thy Coin ;  
 But battle bids, and bids to none but those  
 Who are thy Body's or thy Spirit's foes.

171.

This will prepare, and keep thy Taste in taste,  
 Till this short *Eve* shall be expired, which  
 Ushers thee to that everlasting feast,  
 Where at the *Lamb's* most royal Board the rich  
 Extremities of Delicacies will  
 More than thy mouth, yea or thy wishes fill.

172.

And since thou know'st thy Duty ; likewise know  
 I love thee better than to let thee 'scape  
 Severest censure, if thou swerest now  
 From this fair Path which leads to *Bliss's* Top ;  
 And with such ballast stuff'st thy self, as will  
 If Heav'n prevent not, lag thee down to Hell.

173.

Close all this while her *Comb* had *Genius* held ;  
 But this last Word's smart dint prevail'd to smite  
 It from her quaking hand : at which she swell'd  
 With sullen sadness, and began to bite  
 Her lips : but marking then stern *Psyche's* eye,  
 She bow'd her head and made her will comply.

174.

Scarce was she out ; but mincing *Haphe* came,  
 Whose hands were in a Muff of Sables drown'd ;  
 Her Body wantonized in a frame  
 By *Ease's* measure made, a Robe, which round  
 With silken softness courted her : no Pin  
 Nor Seam presum'd to touch her dainty skin.

175.

The sight made *Psyche* smile : And what, said she ;  
 If that soft furniture grow thick with Pricks ?  
 If harshest Hair or sackcloth, gentler be,  
 Which close and strait on hardy Bodies sticks ?  
 Alas the Wounds of Silk more dangerous far  
 Than those of sharpest Swords and Arrows are.

176.  
nds can never further sink  
ottom ; but a proud  
t the *Soul*, and drink  
r knows she how to shroud  
nishop so long as she  
on outward Bravery.

177.  
wounded by  
soft array,  
hains' austerity  
ope a cruel way  
lesh : her wounds did her destroy.  
hly Pain with Heav'nly Joy.

178.  
a Soft and curious Dress  
ced down to hell :  
i, array'd in Simplicity,  
d Mortals so excel,  
rod's Court despised, yet  
into Heav'n's was let.

179.  
is homespun *Camel's hair*,  
how would thy quaint and new  
thy Silks, thy Sables dare  
inate face to shew ?  
thless Skin have blush'd to see  
es then glorious He.

180.  
an Fancy's storehouse show,  
Man disfigured by  
ts ; and madly bent to grow  
himself ! what Vanity  
as for man to aim  
than his *God* to frame !

181.  
hast but one Part to play,  
things then art thou drest ?  
l ruffling loose to day,  
id slender ? if the best  
the Best can be but one :  
o them all, yet weddest none ?

182.  
hat course and rural Suit  
for *Adam* make ;  
in Gallantry confute,  
best Dainties up would'st rake  
e, to array, when He  
io's King of Earth and Sea !

183.  
he *Saints* of old, *Hebr.*  
er than Goats or Sheep *11. 37.*

For Skins, in which they might their own infold :  
A rude Plantation this ; yet hence they reap  
A royal Harvest, and bedeck'd in fair  
Robes of immortal Glory glittering are.

184.  
No beds of wanton Down desired They *11. 38.*  
Wherein to loose themselves ; but were content  
In Dens and Caves their manly heads to lay ;  
Where they to Rest with fuller comfort went  
Than pompous lusty *Solomon*, when he  
Climb'd up his couch of stately Ivory.

185.  
Nor e'r was't known that precious Pearl would lie  
In any Shells but wondrous course and plain ;  
That any search could Gold and Silver spy  
But nestled in some dark and dirty Vein :  
That briskest sparks of fire would choose their rest  
But in some black rude Flint's unlikely breast.

186.  
I grant that now *distinct Degrees* require  
Such Garbs as may their Dignity proclaim :  
Not that they by their outside beams aspire  
To gaudy foolish Glory ; for their aim  
Is only by this necessary Art  
Their Place's proper honor to assert.

187.  
Else Man's perversly-blear and peevish Eye  
Would find a way how not to be aware  
Of what dread Lustre flames in *Majesty* :  
Or that the *Sacerdotal Temples* are  
With venerable Privileges crown'd,  
Which from their Function's Sanctity redound.

188.  
This made Heav'n's Ordination of old  
The consecrated Body of the *Priest*  
With reverence-commanding Gems and Gold,  
And finest Linen's Purity invest.  
But what's all this to Thee, whose private State  
All Helps of publick Dignity may bate ?

189.  
My peremptory Pleasure therefore 'tis  
That Thou thy fittest Patterns copy out :  
Since thou delighted art with Tenderness,  
Be Tender of thy Bliss ; and never doubt  
But that will softer prove, and warmer be  
Than are thy *Wishes* and that *Muff* to thee.

190.  
This said ; she spake her Expectation by  
Her serious Looks which darted *Haphe* through  
With servile dread, and summon'd off her eye  
Which hankered upon her *Fur* till now.  
Sad was the foolish Maid, she knew not why,  
Being only chid from *tickling Misery*.

191.

For full as loth as that Beast's back which wore  
The furry skin at first, did part with it,  
She let her hand drop down her *Muff* before  
Her *Sovereign's* foot, and made her head submit.  
But yet she shrunk her shoulders, and betray'd  
How sad a load she counted on them laid.

192.

*Psyche*, her Cinque-Ports being thus secured,  
For *Glossa* call'd ; who cheerfully came in,  
And with a thousand Complements allured  
The kind Opinion of her frowning *Queen* :  
But thou mistak'st, said she, in reck'ning by  
Thy numerous Complements thy Loyalty.

193.

*Truth's* quickly said : for pure unspotted she  
Delights in her own genuine Nakedness,  
And scorns that ceremonious Bravery  
Which *Flattery's* Deformity doth dress.  
Dull Wood alone needs Vernice ; radiant Gems  
Are brave in their own native naked beams.

194.

*Much Talk* is either stretched out by Lies,  
Which poison all the streams wherein they flow ;  
Or tricked up with pritty Vanities,  
Which like fond Ribands, serve but for a show,  
And catch Spectators' eyes, but tie not that  
Which they embrace with their close-fauning Knot.

195.

The idle Froth which plays upon the face  
Of troubled Waters, swelleth not with Wind  
So pitifully slight and empty, as  
Is that which bubbles from a royled Mind ;  
When, overflowing Wisdom's sober brims,  
In drunken Prattle on the Lips it swims.

196.

As is thy neighbor *Geusis* apt to be  
Luxurious by too much *Taking in* ;  
So thou the hazard run'st of Gluttony  
By *Pouring out* : if once thy Lips begin  
To give the Reins to Words, thou in profound  
Intemperance wilt suddenly be drown'd.

197.

*Silence*, her Master never did undo ;  
But O how guilty is *Multiloquie*  
Of this unnatural Treason ! *Nature*, who  
The danger spy'd by Providence's eye,  
Was studious this mischief to prevent  
When thee a ready *double Guard* she lent.

198.

The *outer* are thy Lips ; which though they be

So close they shut, that not the first Degree  
Of Words, not Breath it self has power to bore  
Its path, but silently must tack about  
And through the Nose's sluices wrestle out.

199.

The *inner*, are those Ranks of Ivory, which  
Right strongly barracado up thy way :  
To sally out in vain thy *Murmurs* itch,  
Unless the Passage fondly these betray.  
'Tis no hard task for thee to rest in peace,  
Who strengthened art by two such Guards as these.

200.

Before thou speakest, thou art Queen alone,  
And freely may'st command and rule thy thought :  
But thou to foreign Jurisdiction  
Surrendrest it, when Words have blown it out :  
For strait 'tis subject to the cruel Laws  
Of every Auditor's censorious Jawa.

201.

When leave thou giv'st to other Tongues to walk,  
They travel for thy gain : if wise he be  
Who speaks, thou learnest Wisdom by his Talk ;  
If fond, thou reapest from his Vanity  
A wholsom warning : but when e'r thy Cock  
Alone doth run, thou spendest on the Stock.

202.

Fear no Discredit by *Pauciloquie* :  
All *Jesus's* footsteps high and noble are ;  
Never was stripped Sheep more mute than He,  
His *humane fleece* when Spight inhumane shore.  
And if the *Word* himself was not ashamed  
Of *Silence*, can it in the *Tongue* be blamed ?

203.

Nay dullest *Fools*, when they their Lips contained,  
Have often purchas'd Wisdom's reputation ;  
Whilst greatest *Clarks* who rashly have unreined  
Their prancing Tongues, from their own Credit's station  
By their unruly venturous Coursers down  
The Precipices of Contempt are thrown.

204.

What will it boot thee to inhance that score  
Of debts thou ow'st the dreadful *Judge* ; since thou  
A strict account must render up before  
His throne, of all the stragling words that flow  
From thee in vain ? Why, why wilt thou to death  
Be sentenced by thine own *lavish Breath* ?

205.

Improve it rather in an holy Thrift,  
And make it up to Heav'n thy Prayers blow ;  
Or Hallelujahs thither let it lift ;  
And not, like wanton Gales, play here below.  
But if thou needs wilt idly prattle, I

206.

o word to this, check'd *Glossa* could reply,  
at look'd demurely, and obeysance did :  
er conge to withdraw, in *Psyche's* eye  
nd in her Nod, no sooner had she read ;  
But out she meekly went, and left the room  
Free for the *Passions* now thither come.

207.

s these in order stood before the Throne,  
With earnest Looks the *Queen* first aw'd them, and  
hen thus began : Now you are here alone,  
am content to let you understand  
How you I prize, so long as you can be  
What Heav'n has made you, to your selves and Me.

208.

if all the Commons who allegiance owe  
o this my Crown, I you the noblest count ;  
fore quick, more generous Service you can show  
han those whose highest faculties can mount  
But to exterior grosser things, which are  
Lab'ring in Sensibilitie's dull sphere.

209.

in your fleet backs I can far higher flie,  
nd with more speed, than on the *Senses'* wings :  
ut you I welcome bid, or I defie  
he tribute which to me their Service brings.  
You are the lovely *Mirror* which presents  
My Disposition's truest lineaments.

210.

he inward Body of the Soul are you,  
he outside of the hidden Heart : all springs  
Which there peep up, learn openly to flow  
a your free chanel ; and th' abstrusest things  
Which in the Mind's dark Temper nuzling lie,  
By you exposed are to every eye.

211.

ut as your native strength and worth is high,  
o is the Guilt of your Extravagance :  
hough Worms, the Sons of vile Dirt, mudling lie  
n their Dames' bosom, they do not inhance  
Their Baseness : but should Birds be groveling there,  
The sordid Crime unnatural would appear.

212.

le then but truly what you are, and flie  
n your own sphere : so you shall surely meet  
ogether with your own Felicity,  
fy Love and Praise : damp not that generous heat  
Whose embers in your veins desire to flame  
Into the Lustre of eternal Fame.

213.

ove, know thy self, and own an holy Pride ;  
hine Arms were not made pliant, to embrace

Such low ignoble Joys as can abide  
Beasts for their Owners : never then disgrace  
The gallantry of thy illustrious wings  
By hankering here about vile *earthly Things*.

214.

Though to *Humility's* submissive Law  
Thou art sworn Subject ; yet thine Aim may be  
At *Excellency's* lofty crest : for know  
That *Meekness Jesus's* steps may trace, and He  
Through deep Contempt's black Valley towred up  
To *God's* right hand, and Glory's brightest Top.

215.

*Virtue*, and *Heav'n* (the soil whence first it sprung)  
Exposed are to thee a royal Prey :  
If rotten *Earth* can more allurements bring,  
More worth, more satisfaction, than they ;  
Pour scorn upon them, and thy self apply  
To hug the Pleasures of Mortality.

216.

The great Adventures of all *Saints* deride,  
Who spent their lives those Prizes to obtain ;  
And bless fond Wantons, who swum down the Tide  
Of these short Sweets, into that Gulf of Pain  
Where endless *Horrors* boil, and where ev'n *Love*  
It self is changed, and doth *Hatred* prove.

217.

But ne'r may'st *Thou* prove so, most noble *Thou*,  
The privileged and selected she,  
Who, whilst thy Sisters all are fain to row  
In some shore-girted measurable Sea,  
Into Infinitude may'st lanch, and there  
Thy endless Course without all Compass steer.

218.

*Fear*, be not thou afraid to know thy Part :  
'Tis not to quake at any Powers which Hell  
Or Earth can arm against thy jealous Heart :  
Those Tempests all are chain'd, nor can they swell  
Higher than *his more lofty Hand* will yield,  
Which always out is stretch'd to be thy Shield.

219.

See'st thou that single Hair, which shivering lies  
Upon thy breast, and dreads the mildest Wind ?  
Were all th' *Aereal Principalities*  
In one sworn knot of Violence combin'd,  
'Twould pose their Might and Wit to tear it thence,  
If checked by that *Hand of Providence*.

220.

Thy duty is, to tremble at the sight  
Of that foul *Monster* which makes Hell so black ;  
*Sin's* face alone is that which needs affright  
Thy tenderest Eyes ; a Face, whose dint can rack  
The Basilisks with pois'nous torture, and  
All Dragons' fiery Souls with terror rend.



## 221.

Yet if thy Wilfulness will not attend  
The frightfulness of that most dismal look ;  
View but the Horrors of a *Cursed End*,  
And make Eternal flames a while thy Book :  
There shalt thou read what will deserve to be  
With ghastly Dread contemplated by thee.

## 222.

And in this shaking fit, shalt thou admire  
What madness makes fond Mortals quake so much  
At fortune's frowns, or at a Prince's ire ;  
Yet never fear the wrath of *Vengeance* ; which  
Inrag'd by Brimstone in the burning Pit,  
Gapes wide for All, who, slighting, merit it.

## 223.

But when with soft and gentle Tremor thou  
Would'st sweetly exercise thy self ; apply  
Thy reverent Thoughts to *Him* whose sovereign brow  
Adorns the Crown of highest Majesty.  
So will thy *God* his eyes to thine incline ;  
Which on thy heart with *dainty Awe* will shine.

## 224.

And Thou, stern *Hatred*, as relentless be  
As Rocks, or Souls of Tigres in thy spight :  
But see the dart of this thy Cruelty  
Miss not its proper Butt : thine only fight  
With *Sin's* bold troops must be ; on which accurst  
And dangerous Enemy do, do thy worst.

## 225.

All other foes, how fell soe'r, belong  
To *Love's* vast Jurisdiction ; for She  
Knows how revenge to take on any Wrong  
By drowning it in mighty Charity.  
Thy Wrath is sharp, but hers is gentle ; Thou  
With steel dost break, but She with Warmth doth thaw.

## 226.

Be wary then to guide thy stroke aright,  
For close the *Sin* and *Sinner* linked are ;  
Least when thou aim'st against the Crime, thy fight,  
Unto the Person thou extend'st thy war.  
The Person's *God's*, who nothing hates which he  
Hath made, and therefore will not suffer Thee.

## 227.

*Hope*, lavish not thy fruitless Expectation  
On any birth this World's womb forth can bring :  
Why should'st thou dance attendance on vexation,  
On wind, on froth, on shadows vanishing  
In their original ; and gape to be  
Replenished with meer *Vacuity* ?

## 228.

On *fulness* rather wait, and lift thine Eye,  
Thy longing eye, to Heav'n, in which it dwells.

Far off indeed the Object is, but thy  
Discerning Power, at distance most excels.  
Be brave and confident, thou can'st not miss  
A mark so ample and so fair as this.

## 229.

Since *Absence* nothing is to mystick Thee  
But its bare name (for to thy reaching eye  
The thing is *present*, though it hidden be  
In darkest bosom of *futurity*.)  
O turn *fruition* ; antidote thy Bliss,  
And climb aforehand into *Paradise*.

## 230.

But thou, tart *Anger*, never hunt abroad  
For meat to please thy washpish appetite :  
*Home* will supply thee with sufficient food  
To fatten thee with solid true Delight.  
What *faults* soever thou espyest here,  
Fall to and make thee merry with the cheer.

## 231.

Thy *useful Self* why should'st thou strive to be  
In others' bosoms, rather than thine own ?  
*Wrath's* arrows seldom fly aright, when she  
Levels against a foreign Mark her frown :  
Her Archery is surest practis'd on  
The Buts of her domestick Sins alone.

## 232.

No less to Thee, pale thoughtful *Jealousy*  
Belongs this Item : Let no vain surmise  
Of others' bus'ness breed perplexity  
In thine ; but inward turn thy prying eyes,  
And give the reins to thy suspicion here  
In any thing which looks not sound and clear.

## 233.

I grant thee leave, ev'n not to spare thy *Queen* ;  
Be diligent, and if thou wilt, severe :  
For sure if thou such heretofore had'st been,  
Immured safe in never-sleeping fear  
*Psyche* had dwelt, and not been conquer'd by  
The charms of *Lust*, and fouler *Heresy*.

## 234.

Yet *Sorrow*, thou thy fears may'st safely spend  
On alien and on publick Mischiefs ; thou  
May'st help *Compassion* freely to extend  
Her reaching bowels, and her bounty show  
In sympathetick tenderness to all  
Whom tyrannous Disasters hold in thrall.

## 235.

Provided, all thy store thou pour'st not forth  
To quench thy Neighbours' flames, but stor'st up some  
To wash out those sad stains which from thy birth  
Have daily multiplied here at home.  
These, these, deserve them : but no drop shalt thou  
On any temporal Cross of mine bestow.

236.

no ! a *Tear's* a nobler thing than so,  
or must be squander'd in such vain expence.  
o oriental Pearls, though married to  
richest Embroideries, shew such pretence  
To Beauty, as those precious Beads, whose Mine  
Lives in the fertile womb of humane Eyn.

237.

et wanton *Fortune* take her proud delight  
trampling on what Error *Goods* doth call :  
name which mocks the Thing, whose frail and slight  
ving at *Change's* beck must rise and fall.  
Let her insult ; why should thy Tears flow down  
For *fortune's* faults, and not lament thine own ?

238.

oy, thou hast hitherto too careless been  
a distribution of thy lavish *Smiles* :  
What is't to thee, if fields abroad are green ;  
f *Plenty* with her Bliss thy coffers fills ;  
If any thing *without thee* prospers, when  
Thou poor, and parch'd, and barren art *within* :

239.

f thou at home canst nothing worthy find  
If just applauding Notice ; no brave feat  
If resolute Virtue, no soul-plying Wind  
If Heav'n's great *Spirit*, no adventurous Heat  
Of holy Love : alas, thy Merriment  
Is but th' *Hypocrisy of Discontent*.

240.

Fis but a shaddowy dreaming Pleasure, which  
lay float and play in thy fantastick brain,  
but ne'r can to thy bosom's region reach  
Which still beclouded is with pensive pain.  
Yea ev'n thy laughter with deep wrinkles plows  
Thy face, and in thy Mirth Care's Visage shows.

241.

n smiling Wine let rampant Roarers brue  
The Quintessence of their lymphatick mirth :  
et idleness's busy Sons persue  
Pleasure through thousand Sports ; in tedious Earth  
Let Muckworms delve, and grope, Content to gain :  
What 's that to thee, if they will sweat in vain ?

242.

n *God* alone, and what of Him in thy  
seek loyal Soul thou find'st, fix thy delight ;  
and then walk out ; yet only to descry  
What hearts pant Heav'n like thine ; that only sight  
Abroad, deserves thou should'st Spectator be ;  
All else, with *Grief's* suit better than with Thee.

243.

nd *you* the rest, whose near attendance on  
ly royal Person equally requires

Exact and generous Duty ; see you run  
Not on the errands of your own Desires,  
But mine ; which should be yours : and know, that I  
Much better than your selves can you employ.

244.

So shall our Kingdom with such Peace be blest  
As no intrusion of storms shall fear.  
So of your selves you all shall be possess  
And reign in your own bounds, as I do here.  
So no *Agenor* shall again intice  
You to Conspire to your own Miseries.

245.

But if you scorn to walk in *Honor's way*  
(Which way is, *Doing what becomes you best*)  
Yet must not I permit you to betray,  
Your own Capacity of Welfare. Is't  
Your Lot or Office here to Govern? No ;  
Your *Queen* her power better knows than so.

246.

She ending here : the Passions each on other  
Cast cowardly-couragious glances : for,  
Though loth their itching Waywardness to smother,  
These strict injunctions griped them so sore,  
Yet none such venturous metal had, as up  
To lead their belking Stomacks' forlorn Hope.

247.

Then vex'd at one another's faintness, they  
Hung down their sheepish look, and bent their knees  
In token they were ready to obey  
Their *Queen's*, however new and strange, Decrees ;  
And so in peevish shame went blushing out  
That they into Subjection's Guilt were brought.

248.

For those whose Palats ne'r were taught to taste  
The piercing Sweets of *Holy Discipline*,  
By wilful *Licence's* mad Revels cast  
Their fond Accounts of freedom, and repine  
At any chains, although they keep them in  
From rushing to the slavery of Sin.

249.

*Psyche* observ'd how they this serious Bit  
Into their mouths like sullen Horses took ;  
How mutinously they foam'd and champed it,  
And in their hearts the Reins aforehand broke.  
This made her instantly resolve to ride  
Them hard, and weary out their lusty Pride.

250.

Not theirs alone ; but her chaf'd *Senses* too,  
Whom their new *Laws* had almost *Passions* made,  
So hard their stubborn necks they grated, so  
Straitly they ty'd them to a sourer trade  
Than e'r they drove before, or than they had  
Observ'd professed by the World abroad.

## 251.

She by a Peremptory brave Decree  
 Enacted *Scorn* of every thing which here  
 The *Tempter* makes a bait to Luxury,  
 Pride, Avarice, or any Crimes which bear  
 Chief rule in mortal Hearts, whilst heedless they  
 Mark not the Hook ev'n when they are its Prey.

## 252.

A general Proclamation then she made  
 That none who to her Scepter homage owe  
 In any case presume abroad to gad ;  
 Unless *Necessity* were seen to go  
 As their Companion ; who might limits set  
 Both to their Walk, and what they did in it.

## 253.

Nor would now Prudence her commission seal  
 To any *Judge's* serious eye, to see  
 Due execution of her Laws ; for well  
 She knew, that to her self her own would be  
 Most true and trusty : and she vowed here  
 To prove her self as *Watchful* as *Severe*.

## 254.

As when an headstrong *Torrent*, wont to throw  
 His lawless arms on every Mead where he  
 Listed to riot, is injoyn'd to flow  
 In some strait Chanel's Regularity ;  
 The stream with belking indignation beats,  
 And foams against the Banks with murmuring threats :

## 255.

So with high-swelling self-tormenting Wrath  
*Her Subjects* pent in these new narrow bounds,  
 Impatiently rebel against their Path,  
 And every one his fretful grief expounds  
 In long long commentaries of Complaint :  
 The only freedom of their close Restraint.

## 256.

Were *other Subjects* yok'd so strait as We,  
 Their Company would lighter make our yoke ;  
 For *Misery* spread in Community  
 Abates the terror of her cruel look.  
 But how, said they, shall we support alone  
 This mountainous load of Persecution !

## 257.

If 'twere the *fashion* any where beside,  
 For *Sense* and *Passion* thus in chains to lie ;  
 Our Souls it would not torture to be ty'd  
 In *patternable slavery* : but why  
 Must all the World laugh at our Woes, whilst We  
 The sole Examples of this Bondage be ?

## 258.

*Psyche*, who all their struggling Murmurs heard  
 With awful Majesty inflam'd her eye :

And, Come, said she, if I must needs be fear'd,  
 Who would much rather have been loved by  
*My Subjects* ; be it so : for know, that still  
 Keep you intirely *Suck* I must and will.

## 259.

Yet since the *fashion's* all your Plea, and you  
 As *singular* have tax'd your present State ;  
 Observe I pray how amply I allow  
 You your own wish : but see you kick not at  
 My royal love, nor force me to the *fashion*  
 Which Princes use in Rebels' Insultation.

## 260.

The noble *Mode* which I have put you in,  
 Is that which made the *Saints* of old so fine ;  
 That they the eyes of Heav'n it self could win,  
 And ravish All but those to whom divine  
 And earth-despising Beauty dimmer seems  
 Than pallid Gold's and glaring Silver's beams.

## 261.

Yea, that illustrious Realm whose situation  
 Lies higher than the Stars, has no disdain  
 At that which you repute a *servile fashion* :  
 For every *Angel* his own will doth chain  
 Close to his *Sovereign's Law*, and never flies  
 Abroad, but when his pinions *That* employs.

## 262.

Tell me not then what Garbs and Humors are  
 By this blind foolish World ador'd ; but take  
 Your Copy from those Patterns which outdare  
 The worth of any Parellel ; and make  
 Those men your Pity, who make you their scorn :  
 Your *fashion* gorgeous is, but theirs forlorn.

## 263.

These words with such convincing horror flew  
 Upon the faces of the mutinous Rout,  
 That all their Murmurs' Blasts away they blew ;  
 Calming the storms which in their bosoms wrought.  
 And now their *Stoutness* nothing had to say,  
 Nothing remain'd to do, but to obey.

## 264.

So when the stubborn Colt has kick'd, and flung  
 And try'd his rebellious strength in vain,  
 Finding his stomach and his neck too young  
 To grapple with his skilful Rider's Rein ;  
 To strong *Necessity* he giveth place,  
 And melteth into an obedient pace.

## 265.

Thus from exterior Troubles sequestred,  
 Close to her private bus'ness *Psyche* fell ;  
 She, long before the Sun sprung out of bed,  
 And call'd it morning, e'r the *East* could tell  
*Aurora* dressing was ; for I, said she,  
 Have fiercer Steeds to rule than *Titan's* be.

266.

Then, higher in to Heav'n, than he can roll  
His wheels, she leap'd ; so stout and sinewy were  
Her early Mattens ; which carreerd her Soul  
Up to the pinnacle of Glory ; where  
Praises and Prayers in a flood before  
Her *Spouse's* footstool she of course did pour.

267.

Her hands then letting down, she set them to  
Their second Task ; and hasted to prepare  
Clothes for the Orphans and the Widows, who  
By generous Charitie's Adoption were  
Become her Children : thus did prudent She  
Nobly make fruitful her Virginity.

268.

And from this *voluntary Offspring* She  
Leap'd pure delight : for they who Parents are  
By Nature's Help, too oft engaged be  
In their unnatural Brood's vexatious Care :  
But she from her's no Discontent could find,  
Being the chosen Children of her mind.

269.

'et with her Work, her Prayers she so enchas'd  
That she of both a goodly checker made :  
Or through her pious hands no bus'ness pass'd,  
But *Heav'n* she enterwove ; her constant trade  
Was but a faithful Prenticehood to *Him*  
Whose royal Temples wear Heav'n's Diadem.

270.

O though the mariner with busy Care  
Vails on his Card, yet oft he lifts his eye  
To drink direction from that trusty *Star*  
Which darteth on his Voyage, Certainty ;  
And by this mixed study safely rides  
Over the proudest and the furthest Tides.

271.

Never could She find leisure to attend  
In *ceremonious Idleness*, nor by  
The civil speciousness of Visits spend  
Her precious Time on courteous Vanity.  
Wealth against Wealth she never meant to try,  
Nor bandy Feasts, or Entertainments vy.

272.

'et painful Bus'ness her abroad could draw,  
And wheresoe'r the sick despised *Poor*  
Lay succourless, she by the *Gospel Law*  
Her self accounted summon'd to restore  
Her needy *Lord* that tender help which she  
Had oft receiv'd from his Benignity.

273.

For *Him* on all those languid Beds she saw ;  
His *pained broken limbs*, His parched skin,

His burning Tumours, His black stripes, His raw  
And gaping Wounds : and these so strongly won  
On her Compassion, that her own they proved,  
Whilst her soft bowels them both felt and loved.

274.

The odious *Sores* which would have loathing bred  
Ev'n in the Surgeon's eyes, she gladly view'd ;  
Her choicest Plasters pleasantly she spread,  
And all her Powders with delight she strewed.  
Her self she robbed of her Clothes to wind  
About the Naked, and the maimed bind.

275.

By their Diseases height she joy'd to measure  
The worth of such distressed Company :  
The foulest *Lepers* yielded choicest pleasure  
To her Attendance ; who aspir'd to be  
Chief Servant unto those whose noisom stench  
Could Parents love and Childrens duty quench.

276.

In vain her *Senses* turn'd their nauseous head,  
Since she resolv'd to love what they abhorr'd :  
In vain her dainty *Passions* murmured,  
And *Logos* too with some Dislike was stirred :  
Her Resolution she the more professed,  
And ever Kiss'd the Sores which she had dressed.

277.

The coy-ey'd *Ladies*, with a squeamish look,  
Admir'd and loath'd her lowly Complement :  
Not for a world would their fine Fingers brook  
The touch of what they saw her Lips resent  
As soft and sweet : yet could not their Disdain  
Her Kisses most courageous zeal restrain.

278.

She still her merciful Design pursues,  
And by divine Insinuation tries  
How in her Potions she may Heav'n infuse,  
And reach the soul's mysterious Maladies.  
Heart-startling Hints she sprinkles here and there,  
And poures in holy Cordials every where.

279.

Nor by this paradoxick Zeal alone  
Did she run counter to the World's career ;  
But valiant in her high Devotion,  
Adventur'd further yet to domineer  
Over her Flesh and Blood ; whose lusty heat  
Down flat by Abstinence she meant to beat.

280.

Wherefore no set and customary Time  
Tempted her to unnecessary Meat ;  
But earnest Hunger always toll'd the chime  
Which smartly her admonished to eat.  
And then her Meal she would not measure by  
Her stomachful, but bare sufficiency.

## 281.

And thus did she her Food her Servant make,  
 Whilst others, slaves to their own Tables were ;  
 Thus did she relish every Bit, and take  
 The genuine Pleasure of her sober Fare :  
 Whilst those whom *Plenty's* Fat brimful doth keep,  
 Their Palat's proper Joys can never reap.

## 282.

This Art so pluck'd her Bodies plumes, that she  
 Could easily grasp, and rule it with her Will :  
 For she resolv'd it never more should be  
 Permitted bigger than it self to swell ;  
 And if it winch'd and struggled, straiter yet  
 By fresh severity she yoked it.

## 283.

The tenderest Flesh's delicacy, she  
 Us'd as an argument to pass them by :  
 Those Fishes, whose rude shells are found to be  
 Of daintiest Nutriment the Treasury,  
 She for that Reason still despis'd ; and none  
 But choicest Viands always chose to shun.

## 284.

The Garden's roseal and lily store,  
 With all its wealth of Spice and Odours, she  
 For being such, did scorn : of eastern Ore,  
 Since it was rich, she would no Hoarder be :  
 From Lute and Harp, because they pleasing were  
 She pleasure took to sequester her ear.

## 285.

(For yet *Religion's* cheerly jovial Days  
 Incurag'd not the Christian Hemisphere :  
 No Musick married Instrumental Lays  
 To holy *Churche's* Anthems, striving here  
 To echo those celestial Tunes which ring  
 From Angels throats about their glorious *King*.)

## 286.

Else surely *Psyche's* Soul must needs have leap'd  
 At such Delights ; and her sweet-tuned Heart  
 With its exultant Pulse due time have keep'd  
 To all such pious Airs ; by which the Art  
 Of charming *Sanctity* can steal upon  
 The coldest bosom, hot Devotion.)

## 287.

Delicious *Wine*, because it guilty was  
 But of it self, exactly she eschewed :  
 The Gallantry of clothes, she held Disgrace  
 In those whose hearts had Vanity subdued :  
 By simplest *Nature's* Rules she strove to square  
 What she did touch, or taste, or smell, or hear.

## 288.

To Heav'n she charg'd on *Fervor's* wings to ride  
 All those *Affections* which could traffick there,

To be her Factors, and her Stock provide,  
 Against her Death should thither send up her.  
 And those, whose work lay here below, she taught  
 To think it Heav'n, when upon Earth they wrought.

## 289.

By constant waiting on her Penitence  
 Her Tears acquir'd so quick an habit, that  
 No Tide with such perpetual Effluence  
 Its swelling Brine above the shores could shoot ;  
 Her Flood disdained Ebbs, and still she found  
 Both night and day her cheeks and bosom drown'd.

## 290.

*Etesian Winds* could never hold so long  
 In breath as her loud sighs unwearied Blast ;  
 Nor could the Air's thin storms blow half so strong,  
 Or one another forward croud so fast :  
 And what for her Design so fit a gale  
 Who meant through *Sorrow's* Ocean to sail ?

## 291.

Indeed when Days of reverend *Churche's* Joy  
 Did in their festival horizon dawn,  
 She laid aside her penitent Annoy,  
 And with the Catholick Triumph mix'd her own :  
 Yet still her Sighs and Tears she could not choose  
 At least for joyous Love, to interpose.

## 292.

Her Couch was ready furnish'd every where,  
 Her valiant Sleep being on the naked Ground :  
 Forecasting as she was, her lodging there  
 Right politickly she contriv'd ; and found  
 A way to make her Grave seem neither odd  
 Nor uncooth, when she there should go to bed.

## 293.

And though faint Flesh, this Couch might churlish deem,  
 She felt it courteous in the best of Love ;  
 Those *lusty Thoughts* which in a soft-lay'd Dream  
 With hot uncleanness through the fancy rove ;  
 Were curbed by this sober Hardship's Rein  
 Which cool'd all mutinies' pulses in her Brain.

## 294.

For, *wanton Cogitations* Cowards are,  
 The delicate tender Sons of *easy Rest* :  
 Who painful *Virtues* hardy quarters fear,  
 And only love a lazy downy Nest.  
 Soft are their limbs, and therefore warm and drie  
 Would fain be kept, and upon *Feathers* lie.

## 295.

When sparing *Capricorn* would not allow  
 To Day, a space as liberal, as to Night ;  
 She no advantage took, but studied how  
 To piece up curtail'd Day with Candle-light :  
 And still was up, though *Phœbus* were in bed,  
 Till her Devotion's Task she finish'd had.

## 296.

But that to such extension swell'd, that she  
Was often spy'd, and overtaken by  
The laziest *Morn*, e'r her great work could be  
As great's her mind, and gain maturity.  
Yet then to Rest she seldom bowed till  
Her weary Head down on her Prayerbook fell.

## 297.

For *Time*, inestimable *Time*, was that  
On which her only Avarice she fed :  
Griev'd that the world with such elaborate  
And costly Idleness had studied.  
A thousand courtly *Pastimes*, seeing they  
Alas, pass not the *Time*, but *Man*, away :

## 298.

Madly-improvident *Man* ; who though vain he  
Be sure he's sure of nothing, but to Die ;  
Though in his power the next poor moment be  
No more than is the next Age ; labours by  
The help of long-extended empty *Sport*  
To make the too-too-posting Hours seem short.

## 299.

*Psyche* ne'r found so tedious a Day,  
But still she thought Night crouded on too fast :  
She knew, as *hard* and *narrow*, so the *Way*  
To Heav'n was *long* ; and in her greatest haste  
She fear'd Death's darkness might rush on, e'r she  
Safe at her mighty Journey's end could be.

## 300.

Unwearied Custom in this strictness made  
The sweetest world unsavory to her Taste :  
Her *Senses* relish'd not their wonted Trade,  
Tame were her *Passions*, and her *Fervor's* chaste ;  
Her Body humbled and beat down so low,  
That no rank weeds in that dry Soil could grow.

## 301.

Her Pulse beat none but *Moderation's* pace ;  
Her virgin Blood cloistred it self within,

And never look'd abroad but when her face  
In graceful *Virtue's* blushing Dress would shine :  
Her venerable gravely-moving Eye  
Darted no beams but those of *Piety*.

## 302.

About her Soul her fleshy Vestment sate  
As close and fit as *Fitness* could devise ;  
A Maid more trim and sprucely delicate  
She seemed now in Heav'n's judicious eyes,  
Than when she wore a larger bulk without her  
And her *full Body* ruffled more about her.

## 303.

So just and strait her Feature was, no wild  
*Distortions* or *Distempers* room could spy  
Where to assail her : *Health* its kingdom held  
In every Part, and brisk *Activity*  
Liv'd in her mortified Flesh ; whose skin  
Look'd near as pale, as she was pure within.

## 304.

But yet her *Mental Powers* more lively were,  
Not being hampered or clogged by  
Those Fumes and Clouds which from luxuriant Cheer  
Full at the face of heedless *Reason* fly ;  
And damp those Eyes with lazy Dimness which  
Objects sublime intended were to reach.

## 305.

The Bow of all her sprightly *Faculties*  
She order'd to be always strung and bent :  
No bus'ness was so quick as to surprise  
Her heart asleep ; nor could she be content  
Lazy *Concoction's* leisure to attend ;  
If work were ready, ready was her Hand.

## 306.

Thus quite disbanded in her troubled sky  
All gloomy Frowns she saw, which cleer'd into  
The cheerful beauty of serenity :  
She saw her rudely-blustering servants, who  
Disturb'd her Region, in one Calm united :  
And at this sight of Peace her soul delighted.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

CANTO XX. On various historical matters whereon the Poet pronounces (mis-)judgment in this Canto, as elsewhere, see our Memorial-Introduction, e.g. st. 20, 26, and 27, 'Ejected,' 'Sequestrations,' and 'the Fifth Part,' etc. etc. : St. 7, l. 3, 'travelling' = travelling : St. 8, l. 4, 'stories' = storeys : St. 9, l. 3, 'List' = boundary : St. 46, l. 1, 'He wondrous He' = 'our most religious king' Charles II. : St. 65, l. 1, 'entheous' and st. 141, l. 4 = inspired : St. 81, l. 1, 'Wights'—misprinted 'Weights' : *ib.* l. 3, 'salacious' = lecherous : St. 82, l. 6, 'Gentile' = gentle, i.e. genteel, well-born : St. 83, l. 3, 'thray'd' = contended pertinaciously : St. 98, l. 1, 'winch' = vince : St. 101, l. 6, 'belking'—see Glossarial Index, s.v., for

other occurrences : St. 110, l. 2, 'faund' = fawned? St. 130, l. 6, 'Corsive' = corrosive : St. 160, l. 4, 'salvage' = savage : St. 165, l. 6, and st. 214, l. 4, 'trace' = track, follow : St. 166, l. 1, 'Boards' = tables—still retained as in 'side-board' : St. 172, l. 6, 'lag' = drag, weighten down : St. 182, l. 1, and st. 185, l. 2, 'course' = coarse : St. 193, l. 5, 'Vernice' = varnish : St. 194, l. 6, 'close-fauning.' See on St. 110, l. 2 : St. 195, l. 4, 'royled'—see Glossarial Index, s.v. : St. 197, l. 2, 'Multiloquie' = much speech, talkativeness : St. 202, l. 1, 'Pauciloquie' = little speech, silence : St. 231, l. 6, 'Buts' = arrow-marks, butts : St. 271, l. 4, 'courteous Vanity' = vain ceremonial courtesies : St. 283, l. 3, 'Fieshs' = oysters.—G.



## CANTO XXI.

### *The Sublimation.*

#### The ARGUMENT.

*Dead to unworthy Life, her self above  
Her self, aspiring Psyche lifts, and in  
Perfection's Sphere appoints those wheels to move  
On which her Logos and her Thelema ran.  
Then Satan she defies, though crafty He  
Came clothed in Angelick Clarity.*

#### 1.

**H**ard is thy hap, poor *Virtue*, who by All  
Applauded art, yet truly Lov'd by Few ;  
Whilst lucky *Vice*, although both Great and Small  
Brand her for Ugly, yet her horrid Hue  
They hug so close, that 'tis no Hell can fright,  
No Heav'n can woo them from that mad Delight.

#### 2.

With Most, *Thou* serv'st to trim Discourse, and paint  
Praise-hunting Gestures and ambitious Looks ;  
But *She*, inshrined like the adored Saint,  
Reigns in the Temple of the Soul : in Books  
*Thou* dwellest, *She* in Lives ; and though *Thou* art  
Frequently Read, *She*'s oftner got by heart.

#### 3.

Or if thy worth so fortunate can be  
(For sometimes wondrous things will come to pass)  
As to convince our Approbation ; we  
Afford thee still a wary shie Embrace :  
Some piece of thee we venture on : but are  
Jealous, in Goodness to proceed too far.

#### 4.

And witty too in Self delusion, we  
Against high-streined Piety can plead ;  
Gravely pretending that *Extremity*,  
Is *Vice*'s Clime ; that by the Catholick Creed  
Of all the world it is acknowledg'd, that  
The temperate *Mean* is always *Virtue*'s seat.

#### 5.

Hence comes the Race of mungrel Goodness ; hence  
Faint *Tepidness* usurpeth *Fervor*'s name :

Hence will the earthborn *Meteor* needs commence  
In his gay glaring robes, *sydereal Flame* :  
Hence foolish Man, if moderately Evil,  
Dreams he's a *Saint* because he's not a Devil.

#### 6.

Rare souls are they, who still forgetting what  
Behind them conquer'd lies ; with restless heat  
Reach at new Laurels, and adventure at  
Whate'r inviteth Gallantry to sweat ;  
Who, like our *Psyche*, scorn their course to stop,  
Till they have doubled fair *Perfection*'s Top.

#### 7.

For as the generous *Spark* is not content  
With having climb'd the Air's first stage, since by  
The spurring fervor of its natural Bent  
Above the third it aims ; and needs must die,  
Unless it may its high Design atchieve,  
And in *Fire*'s elemental bosom live :

#### 8.

So *Psyche*, who to Excellence's sphere  
Steer'd her brave Course, now for a second flight  
Her Wings and Resolution did prepare ;  
Knowing a *Third* remained still, which might  
Her former Venture frustrate ; if in this  
She coward turn'd, and bow'd to Weariness.

#### 9.

In meekly-daring Zeal, she vow'd to try  
The utmost of her strength : and fear'd not what  
Mishap might intercept her Bravery :  
Though *Chance*'s Wheel in her hand rolled not,  
In *God*'s it did ; And upon This will I  
Since he has giv'n me leave, said she, rely.

#### 10.

As sure I am that he can bear me up,  
As that, left to my self, I down shall tumble :  
Nor can I fail to reach the glorious Top  
Of my inflam'd Ambition, whilst I humble  
My climbing heart : no longer will I, though  
On Earth I live, a Dweller be below.

## 11.

*Legs* forthwith appearing at her Call,  
 With fixed count'nance thus she him bespoke :  
 Thou seest with what exact Obedience all  
 My vulgar Subjects on their shoulders take  
 My heaviest yokes ; and far, far be it *Thou*  
 Who greater art, less Loyalty should'st show.

## 12.

If common Herbs and Grass can learn to give  
 Faithful Attendance on their Lord the Sun ;  
 What Candor can the Marigold reprove  
 From Censure's shameful Lash, if she alone  
 Whom Nature joins so near to Him, denies  
 Her higher Duties' kindly sacrifice ?

## 13.

Could thy best Hopes have ever thought that my  
 Wild suburb Servants would have found such dear  
 Content in those sad Loads ; whose Novelty  
 Quite slew at first their jealous hearts with fear ?  
 Yet now Tranquillity and Joy and Bliss  
 The fruit of my severe Injunctions is.

## 14.

To brutish Dulness being near of kin,  
 Their ears disrelish'd *Reason's* sweetest Plea ;  
 And hard it was for heavy them to win  
 Upon their carnal selves, and bow to Me.  
 But should'st thou linger so, it monstrous were,  
 And would with thine own Essence interfere.

## 15.

Remember but thy noble strength, and dare  
 To be thy self : no Arrow with such speed  
 Inatcheth its shortest journey through the Air ;  
 No lightning with such nimble wings can spread  
 Its self from East to West ; as thou canst fly  
 Ev'n to the crest of all Sublimity.

## 16.

Abuse not then that brave Activity  
 By hankering and flagging here below :  
 Stout-winged Eagles ne'r were made to be  
 Consorts to flitting Dunghil flies. O how  
 Wilt Thou thine own worth answer, if thine aim  
 Thou tak'st beneath thy Self, and thy high Name ?

## 17.

Alas, these sublunary Gewgaws be  
 So full of Emptiness, that wretched they  
 Will shrink and crumble into Vanity  
 When thou begin'st to grasp them : never play  
 At such poor game, as will but mock thy Pains ;  
 So far are they from answering cost with gains.

## 18.

*Learning*, which looks so big, and nods Disdain  
 On course illiterate Swains, could never yet

More than that self-tormenting Wit attain  
 Of understanding its own *Want of Wit* :  
 Whilst *simple Souls* are never vexed by  
 Those stinging Checks of *learn'd Simplicity*.

## 19.

Yet no disdainful *Knower* e'r can gain  
 That Admiration which ambitious He  
 Hunts for with studious and palefac'd pain,  
 Unless his Auditors unlearned be.  
*Art wonders not at Art ; 'tis Ignorance's*  
*Staring applause which Learning's fame advances.*

## 20.

How lost are those poor Worms, who though they cr  
 On Earth, will needs be traversing Heav'n's Hill :  
 Where whilst their dazel'd Eyes and Brains do roll,  
 The spheres with Birds and Beasts and Fish they fill  
 And though they talk much of *Seav'n others* there,  
 Alas themselves the greatest *Planets* are.

## 21.

*Nature's Disciples*, whose vast Library  
 In every mine, and every Garden grow,  
 Ne'r learnt for their own Health's security  
 Such sure Receipts as each brute Creature knows :  
*These* know, *They* Guess, and make it plain appea  
 That Beasts Physicians, Men but Doctors are.

## 22.

The busy *Schools*, what are they but perplex  
 And snarled Mazes, in whose wild Meander  
 With thousand craggy scrupulous By-paths vex  
 The everdoubting *Student's* forc'd to wander ?  
*Learning* her self's a *Circle*, and the Soul  
 Can find no Rest where she must always roul.

## 23.

Had any Rest dwelt there, thou hadst not in  
*Ecclesia's* glorious Hall beheld how all  
 The *Patriarchs of Worldly Wit* did grin  
 Upon the Chains which held their Pride in thrall ;  
 And by sad Demonstration made them see  
 How hard they studied endless fools to be.

## 24.

What gains reap'st thou thy self when thou didst so  
 Thy pains on *Nazerene* or *Cerinthian* soil ;  
 When coyly scorning *Heav'n's* Instruction, thou  
 Would'st with terrestrial Wisdom needs beguile  
 Thy better Knowledge ? in thy Blush I see  
 Confession of that costly Vanity.

## 25.

But ask thy *Memory*, and she will tell  
 Thee what thou undertook'st when thou wert freed  
 From fairtongu'd Heresy's foulhearted Hell :  
 Of all thy Self mad'st thou not then a Deed  
 To me ? a Deed which still in force doth stand  
 For sure I am, I cancell'd not the Bond.



## 26.

And now Performance I require, nor will  
I bate a Tittle of the Obligation :  
If this strict Course involv'd thee any ill,  
I easily would admit thy Deprecation.  
But Bound thou art to thine own Happiness,  
And Heav'n forbid I thence should thee release.

## 27.

No such Indulgence must I thee allow  
As most malicious Tyranny would be :  
Sooner among the clouds shall Dolphins row,  
And Eagles flutter through the deepest Sea ;  
Then I will Accessary be to thy  
Enslaving freedom and self-felony.

## 28.

No ; thy perpetual Task henceforth shall be  
In Heav'n's soft air thy right-aim'd wings to stretch.  
Say not, they are too short ; for Constancy  
Of Exercise will quickly make them reach,  
And thee enable gallantly to rise  
And soar amongst the *Birds of Paradise*.

## 29.

Amongst those *Birds* who on the royal face  
Of th' everhighnoon *Sun of Majesty*  
In meek audacity devoutly gaze.  
Reading his mighty Providential Eye,  
And all those splendid Marvels his Dignation  
Permitteth to created Contemplation.

## 30.

Thy endless study thou shalt settle there :  
But with this sober caution, that thine eye  
Trust not its blear and feeble self too far,  
But on that never-erring Glass rely  
Which in *Ecclesia's* Court to thee was given :  
*Truth's Mirror*, and the *Spectacles of Heav'n*.

## 31.

There may'st thou meet a Feast, and only there,  
Which all thy vast Capacity will fill :  
There may'st thou riot in that sacred cheer,  
Which would'st thou buy, the whole World could not sell ;  
That cheer, whose worth's above the World as far  
As its Exuberance and Dwelling are.

## 32.

Leaps not thy Soul at this ? If any where  
Thy search can once retrieve a worthier Prize  
I'll not command thy strength to wrestle here :  
But since all Treasures this alone outvies ;  
I must not suffer *Scorn* to say of thee,  
*Logos could reason find a fool to be*.

## 33.

And that *Anamnesis* thine handmaid may  
Advance thy brave Adventure, upon Her

My strict and peremptory charge I lay  
To see no Trash pollute her Register :  
For many a Toy which wears an harmless look,  
May cunningly deflower her virgin Book.

## 34.

Wild *fancy* would be tame ; did she not find  
A thousand Shapes of vain and useless Things  
Wandering about the storehouse of the mind ;  
On whose soft backs she gets, and madly flings  
About the region of the Brain ; when sleep  
In her blind arms doth Thee close pris'ner keep.

## 35.

Those *Arts* unfortunately-pregnant *Wits*  
Bring forth to wait on *Curiosity* ;  
That too-industrious *Learning* which forgets  
Th' *eternal Wisdom* ; that sage *foolery*  
Which puffs up Pharisaick Hearts ; that *skill*  
Which with fine froth the Theatre doth fill ;

## 36.

Quaint *Legends*, fond *Romances*, wanton *Songs* ;  
With idleness's bus'ness, tickling *News* ;  
Which swarm so thick upon unwary Tongues,  
And man's sole Treasure, precious *Time*, abuse ;  
Must not that Bosom clog and pester, where  
*Heav'n* is desir'd to be a Sojourner.

## 37.

No ; *Heav'n* is large, and our poor Hearts are narrow ;  
*Heav'n* will our utmost Stowage freight, and more.  
The spacious breasts of *Seraphs* could we borrow,  
Still in Capacity we should be poor ;  
Still would our Blisse's eb-defying Tide  
Over our highest banks in triumph ride.

## 38.

Those *Notions* which their bounden tribute pay  
To *Sanctity*, I will not her forbid :  
But yet her Zeal's prime care shall be, to lay  
Up store of that pure Heav'n-descended *Bread* ;  
Which *Manna's* famous bounty doth outgive,  
And teach frail Men eternal Lives to live.

## 39.

That *Bread* which flourish'd from the *Mouth of Bliss*,  
*God's sacred Word* consign'd in Scripture ; where  
Wisdom's best Jewels, and the rich excess  
Of deepest Learning, all inshrined are :  
That living Mine of Oracles, that spring  
Of every sober heart-contenting thing.

## 40.

Such precious *Eloquence* ne'r built its hive  
On any *Roman* or *Athenian* Tongue,  
As in this honey-shaming *Book* doth live :  
Such rare ecstasick *Sweets* were never rung  
From humane *Poets'* love-oppressed Soul,  
As in each leaf and line their currents roul

41.

or what is every leaf, and every line,  
at several Channels through whose bosom glides  
he soft and supple Soul of most divine  
lost satisfying *Truth*; which welcome bids  
All holy Guests, and with unwearied Store  
Of royal Pleasures flow for evermore.

42.

er prudent Bottles must at every one  
f these dear *Streams* be taught to drink: yet she  
all with most constant ardent study run  
o *David's* blessed *Well*; where *Suavity*  
In three times fifty Springs is bubbling up,  
And *liquid Heav'n* to thirsty Souls set ope.

43.

hen in the *Song of Songs* (that is, of *Love*,  
Who there in sacred Wantonness doth play,  
reining his strong inamor'd Notes above  
he loftiest spheres most sublimated lay.)  
Her pious Revels she may freely make,  
And choise of *Solomon's* best Riches take.

44.

ut from the *Evangelick fountains* she  
he readiest floods of Holyness shall draw;  
loods, in whose more than crystal Clarity  
innumerable virgin *Graces* row;  
Floods were *Humility*, who only hath  
All *Virtues* for her handmaids, joys to bathe.

45.

ll *Mysteries* array'd in Sweetness there,  
nd *Life's own Life*, she shall not fail to see:  
here *God's* own Motions in an human sphere  
accommodated to her Weakness, she  
Shall safely read; and from the dropping Lip  
Of *Jesus*, how much more than *Nectar* sip.

46.

nd thus laid in; thy Stock so great will be  
as well may laugh at any fear of driving  
that generous Trade of busy Piety,  
nd any Doubt of answerable Thriving.  
'Tis rotten Wealth makes Bankrupts such, but thine  
Estate shall be immortal and divine.

47.

ere *Psyche* ceas'd. But *Logos* scratch'd his head,  
nd muster'd up his contradicting Wit:  
'et her Proposal when he pondered,  
nd what strong Reasons back'd and flanker'd it;  
Finding all Pleas forestall'd, he bow'd in mute  
Obedience to what he could not confute.

48.

he, glad on any terms that *Logos* had  
buckled his shoulders to this noble yoke;

In all his Task a decent method made,  
That *Time* it self might call him to his book;  
And turn his leaves and shew him every day  
What lesson ready for his study lay.

49.

For sad Experience oft had shewed her  
That best Employments, if not ranked in  
A constant Equipage, would enterfere,  
And one another's Progress undermine:  
That *Order is the soul of Business*, and  
Supports the Work both of the Brain and Hand.

50.

A glorious *Week of Attributes* she chose  
Among the *Deitie's* most boundless Treasures;  
And prest her *Sev'n Days* to attend them close  
Each at his proper cue: Time's constant measures  
She meant to count, not by the posting Sun,  
But her own Contemplation's Motion.

51.

The Morn which to the World set *Sunday* ope,  
(That *Sun's* fair Day which did at *Salem* rise.)  
Awak'd her not, but found her ready up  
And busy at her work: the reverent eyes  
Of *Logos* wide were ope, and earnestly  
Fix'd on the *Godhead's* wondrous *Unity*.

52.

Nothing is lac'd so strictly-strait into  
It self, as this *immeasurable Nature*;  
That *Singularity* which seemeth so  
Close girt to every Individual Creature;  
Hangs loose about them, if they judged be  
By this sole *Rule of pure Simplicity*.

53.

A dull *Passivity* doth sneaking lie  
About the center of the *Seraphs'* hearts,  
Checking those Flames of their Activity  
Which seem *all spirit*: and wheresoever Parts  
Can be descry'd, though ne'r so close they run,  
Yet still the whole's not *absolutely One*.

54.

O no! should *God* dissolve those secret Glues  
Which in their strait and spruce subsistance knit  
The purest *Angels'* Natures; that which shews  
So strangely single, would in sunder split;  
Their wings would moult and melt, their flames would  
die,  
And they themselves from their own selves would fly.

55.

Ev'n *Unity* it self had never grown  
It self, if not shrunk up and model'd by  
This *Prototype*: that *Unity*, which thrown  
About this world, girts up all things which lie  
Under the foot of that eternal Throne  
On which he reigns, who is *supremely One*.

56.

Yet not more truly *One*, than strangely *Three*,  
But knit up in a most mysterious Knot  
Of simple singular *Triplicity*:  
Which *Psyche*, though she comprehended not,  
Yet with admiring eyes she dwelt upon,  
As Eagles on the *Light*, the *Flame*, the *Sun*.

57.

There she beheld, how infinitely Bold,  
And equally Besotted was their sin,  
Who in their wild Religion's List inroll'd  
A *Croud of Gods*: she now could easier win  
Upon her Faith, to think that there were *none*  
At all, than yield there could be *more than One*.

58.

O how she praised and ador'd that high  
And burning *Jealousy*, which though she saw  
Flaming with most indignant Ardency  
Upon the forehead of the ancient *Law*:  
Till now she knew not so profoundly why  
Heav'n most abhor'd *Polytheous Piety*.

59.

But then embrav'd by meek heroic heat  
Nearer and nearer to this *Knot* she drew;  
And prostrate at her mighty *Maker's* feet  
This panting Cry upon his footstool threw:  
Great *Lord*, why may not I with Thee be *One*,  
Though not by *Unity*, yet by *Union*!

60.

O, I am now a thousand Things a day!  
But were I once to Thee intirely join'd;  
No Objects should thy *Psyche* steal away,  
Nor into their vain selves transform my mind:  
Thy self, and mine I should behold in *Thee*,  
And all things else I could desire to see.

61.

So I no longer should this moment be  
All *Hope*, and nothing else but *Fear* the next:  
So by no Checker of pure *Clarity*,  
And gloomy *Doubling*, should I still be vex't:  
So to it self my *Life* no more shall give  
The *Lye*, nor I be Dying while I Live.

62.

The *next Day's* Dawn her meditations drew  
On her adored *Master's Truth* to feed;  
*Truth* so supreme and infinitely true,  
As Seas of boundless satisfaction shed  
Upon her *Intellect*: whose daintiest Feast  
By *Truth* alone is furnished and drest.

63.

Solid substantial Treasures here she saw,

And found compulsive Reason to avow  
This maxim which astounds a natural Ear;  
That *God is in such sovereign Certainty*  
Himself, that *Nothing truly is, but He*.

64.

The Universe's Fulness being founded  
On *Emptiness's* self, it cannot be  
More real than its Bottom: what is grounded  
On frothy Bubbles, sticks to Vanity  
Close by the roots: and seeing *All Things came*  
From *Nothing's* womb, they must be like their *Dame*.

65.

Hence, when a quickpac'd Intellect doth trace  
The lines of any Creature's Essence, though  
At first it meets with what presents a face  
Of solid *Something*: it will quickly grow  
To its vain journey's end; and stopped be  
By huge Abysses of Vacuity.

66.

But when it launcheth forth into the Sea  
Of *increated Nature*, it can sail  
Through true and genuine substantiality  
Which never will its contemplation fall  
By terminating *Want's* ignoble shore,  
But lets it drive its Course for evermore.

67.

And in this blessed Ocean *Psyche* met  
Such vast *Reality*, that in disdain  
She call'd the World, and all that swell'd in it,  
A *mighty lye*, dress'd up and trim'd with vain  
Embellishments; whose outside flatteries  
Make blear-ey'd credulous fools *Delusion's* prize.

68.

Yet far more Sweets her *Third Day* did afford;  
For then her Speculation fix'd its Eye  
Upon the royal *Goodness of her Lord*,  
The *fountain* of unbounded *Suavity*:  
A fountain which it self at home doth fill,  
And through the Universe its Influence thrill.

69.

For as the Sun on every Star doth poure  
The Bounty of his inexhausted beams;  
Inriching them with his illustrious store,  
Who else could ne'er have kindled their own flames:  
So all the Raies of *Goodness* which are read  
In *Creatures' eyes*, are but the *Sparks of God*.

70.

Meer *Sparks* indeed, who of their *Weakness* by  
Their twinkling Tremor plain confession make:  
But *God's* supreme original *Bonity*  
Doth from its Home its vast demensions take:  
It lives, and flames in his most boundless Breast,

71.

Here *Thelema* leap'd in, and clearly found  
That *God* alone was absolutely *Good* :  
Fain, fain she would her ravish'd self have drown'd  
In this delicious *Attribute's* dear flood ;  
But *Psyche* rein'd her Zeal ; whose life she meant  
Should in another sacrifice be spent.

72.

Her *fourth Day's* task was wondrous hard and high ;  
For now her thoughts adventured to look  
Upon the Volumes of *Immensity*,  
The seal'd though ope, the plain though mystick Book  
Of her grand *Lord's* *Extent* : a Book which made  
The World to less than its *first Nothing* fade.

73.

But as her Contemplations wander'd here,  
The further they went on, the further they  
Were from the end of their most endless sphere,  
Loosing themselves in their increasing Way :  
Yet *Psyche* felt her heart take dear delight  
Thus to be *lost* from morning unto night.

74.

Oft did she cry, what though by *loosing*, I  
Am fain to *find* ; by being *Blind*, to *see* ?  
What though I cannot *Comprehend*, but by  
Granting my want of due Capacity ?  
I am content, my *God*, since I by this  
Negation thy greatness best confess.

75.

I see thou art *Immense* and *Infinite*,  
And therefore *See thee not* ; yet see thee more  
By this unable and denying Sight,  
Than they whose saucy Eyes dare by the poor  
Comparison of whatsoe'er it be  
Express the Measure of thy *Deity*.

76.

But since thou art so vast, O mighty *Lord*,  
Whence is't, that Man's scant narrow Heart to Thee  
An acceptable Dwelling can afford !  
How is it, that thy *Love's Immensity*  
Shrinks up thy *Nature's* ! which is yet as great  
As 'twas before, ev'n in this *Little seat*.

77.

And O, may *Psyche's* Breast become the Scene  
Of this dear Wonder ! thy *Infinite*  
Can no where find a Mansion so mean,  
So low, so disproportion'd to include  
What knows no bounds : O then inhabit me,  
And so shall I be sure to dwell in thee.

78.

The *fifth Day* summon'd all her Might, to view  
That matchless *Power* of pure *Divinity* :

Strait in her face the whole *Creation* flew  
With witness of its *Author's Strength*, which she  
Read from the fairest Heav'n's sublimest Crest  
Down to the gloomy Center's lowest Nest.

79.

Yet though the universal fabrick were  
The full Expansion of Magnificence ;  
She often chose the smallest Character  
Of close short-writ Epitomes ; and thence  
Observ'd *God's* finger-work in smallest flies,  
As great as was his Arm's in widest Skies.

80.

But *Man* took up her deepest Admiration :  
*Man* that rich Extract of all things beside,  
That wondrous Juncture of the whole Creation,  
By which the Heav'n to Earth is strangely ty'd ;  
Yea more than so, for *God* unto the Creature  
Is married by none but *Human Nature*.

81.

Such comely Architecture, such Concent  
Of fair Proportions, such Variety  
Of well-agreeing Rooms, such Ornament  
Of Softness, Politure and Colour, she  
Observed here, as fully taught her why  
*Man* was enthron'd in Nature's Sovereignty.

82.

Yet not content thus at the second hand  
To feast her hungry Meditations ; she  
Gallantly made a further Venture, and  
Gaz'd on her *Maker's naked Potency* ;  
Where she discover'd *strength* enough to build  
More Worlds than Atoms she in this beheld.

83.

Nor Bounds nor Bars she saw, which could forbid  
The Pleasure of his Hand, but only those  
Which *Contradiction* had established :  
Yet serv'd not they his Power to inclose,  
But to demonstrate that his noble *Might*  
Could nothing do but what was *true and right*.

84.

O how she pitied those gay Princes, who  
Upon exterior helps misplace the Name  
Of *Strength* : and dread not what all foes can do,  
If they have once prevail'd with vaunting *fame*  
To publish to the World their numerous force  
Of Castles, Ships, Arms, Money, Men, and Horse.

85.

For what are those swollen words to any King,  
Whose Arm's as short, whose sinews are as weak  
As those of his mean Peasants ; who can bring  
No Legions into the field, nor wreak  
His challeng'd fury on his ready Fo,  
If his be not his Subjects' Pleasure too ?

86.

Can his sole Word the battle fight, and wrest  
The Laurel from the struggling Enemies?  
O no! his Power doth more in Others rest  
Than in Himself; and if by Mutiny's  
Unhappy spark, Rebellion's flame burst out,  
By his own forces his defeat is wrought.

87.

But *Psyche* saw how her *Creator's* Might  
Fast to his proper *Will* alone was chain'd;  
*Omnipotence*, whene'er he pleased to fight  
Led up his Van, for in his Hand it reign'd;  
In that vast hand which doth support and stay  
All other Arms from mouldering away.

88.

Yet though thus *Potent*, He is also *Mild*,  
And she as such the *Sixth Day* him admired:  
She sadly weighed, how all Ages held  
One Principle of Boldness, and conspired  
Against their *Patient God*, as if his strong  
Right-hand were bound because He held his Tongue.

89.

Amaz'd she stood, to mark how He kept under  
Incensed *Justice*, who would fain have thrown  
His ready Vengeance dress'd in dreadful Thunder,  
In Wars, Plagues, Deluges, Drought, Famine, down  
Upon the wretched heads and hearts of those  
Who durst in spite of *Mercy*, be his foes.

90.

Indeed she saw that *Mercy* fix her eye  
Upon the *Rainbow*; where she sweetly read  
An Obligation of her Lenity,  
Though Hell-encourag'd *Sin* bore up its head  
As high as Heav'n: yet by her own consent,  
Yea and desire, that signal *Bow* was bent.

91.

The *Bow* was bent; yet not to shoot, but show  
How *Mercy* bound her self to do her best  
The world to shelter from a *second* Blow,  
Which from the *first* her only Hand releast.  
Else had the *Deluge* not repented, and  
To Earth made restitution of dry Land.

92.

Else had the vaster *flood of fire* e'er now  
Broke from the banks of *Fate*, and over run  
Not only Nature's Colonies below,  
But all the fairly-spread Plantation  
Of highest Stars, and this condemned World  
Into its final funeral Ashes hurl'd.

93.

This *Speculation* inform'd her how  
Much more heroick is the Victory,

When *Sweetness* wreaths the *Bay* about the brow,  
Than when plain *force* snatches it thither: *He*  
In whom are both supreme, takes more delight  
In conquering by his *Mercy*, than his *Might*.

94.

And O may I, said she, (when Night at length  
Warn'd this her Meditation to conclude,)  
Not by the dint of thy enraged *Strength*,  
Dear *Lord*, but by thy *Mercy* be subdu'd!  
If on a *Worm* thy Power thou wilt try,  
O let it be the *Might of Lenity*!

95.

But then each *Season's* Day brings her thoughts their  
Cue,  
The *Wonders* of his *Glory* to behold,  
Which from the *six* preceeding did accrew,  
And *Brightness's* Excess about him roll'd:  
*Wonders* which gave Heav'n's *Quire* their Task to sing  
Eternal *Hallelujahs* to their *King*.

96.

And ravish'd here with mighty Joy and Love,  
She took with entheous Them her part of Praise;  
With utmost Zeal's intension she strove  
Her Acclamations to their Key to raise:  
And though she could not Sing so high nor clear  
Her hearty Musick pleas'd *Heav'n's* candid ear.

97.

She Thought, and Sung, and then she thought again,  
For still new floods came rushing in upon her:  
*God's* other *Attributes* illustrious Train  
Themselves in homage pay unto his *Honor*;  
In whose incomparable *Vastness* they  
Can all their now *Infinities* display.

98.

Whatever breaths, or lives, or owns the least  
Share of Existence, constant Tribute brings  
To this bright Treasury, as well's the best  
And fairest *Cherub*: yea ev'n empty things,  
*Defects* and *Sins*, though not by *Doing*, yet  
By *Suffering* what they merit, render it.

99.

And shall my duty faint and pining be,  
When all the World besides so fruitfull is?  
Forbid it mighty *King of Souls*, said she;  
Let not thy *Psyche's* heart the glory miss  
Of honoring Thee, yea though my Life it cost;  
That Life's best Saved which for Thee is lost.

100.

In these high Roads thus did her restless soul  
Renew her fervent Journeys day by day:  
And as the Sun perpetually doth roul  
From East to West, yet still in Heav'n doth stay;  
So loftier-moving she in *God* alone  
Still found her happy self where-e'er she ran.

## 101.

Thus having spent, or rather gain'd, some years,  
 She chang'd her task, but not her Industry :  
 For her meek Contemplation she prepares  
 To wait upon her *Spouse's* Majesty ;  
 And those sweet *Marvails* of his *Love* to read  
 Which over her, and all the World, was spread.

## 102.

And here with sympathetick Exultation  
 In amorous flames she strove her heart to melt ;  
 For in the tract of every speculation  
 His *Acts* and *Passions* in her heart she felt,  
 Which always sad, or cheerly was, as she  
 His *Sorrows* or his *Joys* in thought did see.

## 103.

A *Pilgrimage* much longer now she went,  
 And travell'd all the way with more divine  
 Delight, than when she from her *Britain* bent  
 Her zealous Course to holy *Palastine* :  
 Longer she dwelt on every Monument  
 Of what her *Lord* for her had done, or spent.

## 104.

For then her Soul ran gazing to her Eye,  
 But now her Eye did to her Soul retreat :  
 And in that mystick Holy Land descriy  
 Those Monuments all copied by the sweet  
 Art of Devotion, but exposed to  
 No dangerous Ambush of *Cerinthian Fo*.

## 105.

A thousand times she sigh'd and wonder'd why  
 Brisk generous *Spirits*, who hunt for noble *Stories*  
 Through all *Books* else, should not be ravish'd by  
 The Lustre of the *Evangelick Glories* ;  
 But more exactly strive to know the List  
 Of *Cesar's* Acts, than what was done by *Christ*.

## 106.

But more she marvell'd how a *Christian Heart*,  
 Which scorn'd to give its blessed *Name* the Lye,  
 Could possibly forbear to snatch its part  
 In its *Redemer's* sacred *History* :  
 How Love could quit its loyal self, and yet  
 Not know whatever of its *Spouse* was writ.

## 107.

Yet all this while on *Logos's* Wings she flew,  
 (Though *Thelema* sometimes would flutter by,)  
 And these were much too short and weak, she knew,  
 To tower and double that sublimity ;  
 Which makes *Perfection's* third and highest story,  
 The Crown of Saints, and all the Angels' Glory.

## 108.

On *Thelema*, to practise therefore now  
 Her Wit, she set, by charming Courtesy,

Contriving how her mighty Heart to bow,  
 And make it plyant to the Plot, which she  
 Had lay'd to Catch her into Bliss : and then  
 She gently grasp'd her hand, and thus began :

## 109.

O Thou, the dearest of my Servants, who  
 Command'st the Keys of all that I possess ;  
 Yea and of Me thy native Sovereign too,  
 Who have no power to stir abroad, unless  
 Thou op'st the door ; how much I wish, that I  
 Had more to trust with thy Fidelity.

## 110.

But since I neither am, nor have no more,  
 Let this suffice to bind thy heart to Me :  
 In gratitude Thou canst no less restore  
 Than prest Compliance, though I ask of thee  
 Some hard and costly service, so to prove  
 The rate and value of my Steward's Love.

## 111.

But I my proper Interest can bate,  
 And by my Subjects' Gains account mine own :  
 Whate'r Advantages inhance their State,  
 In my repute will higher build my Crown.  
*They* are my Riches, nor can I be poor  
 So long as thriving *They* increase their store.

## 112.

All my Desire 's no more than this : That thou  
 Would'st venture highest Happiness to reap ;  
 And now dull *Sense* and *Passion* valiant grow,  
 Now *Logos* daily up to heav'n doth leap ;  
 Not flinch alone, nor be content to stay  
 In any lower Region than *They*.

## 113.

Remember that thy *Wings of Strength* are made ;  
 No flight 's too high or long for metall'd Thee :  
 No hard Design e'r made thy Courage fade,  
 Unless thy Self did'st timorously agree  
 To thy Defeat ; such thine Advantage is,  
 If Win thou *Will*, to Win thou canst not miss.

## 114.

*Jesus*, the sovereign Lord of Thee and Me,  
 Will give thee leave to make himself thy Prey :  
 Reach then thine Arms of noble Love, that He  
 Imprisoned in thy Embraces, may  
 For ever make thee Free, and with the best  
 Of Heav'n fill up and deify thy breast.

## 115.

If this Adventure thou esteem'st too high,  
 Throw down thy self before his blessed Feet :  
 He cannot let thee there despised lie,  
 But will thy Homage with Acceptance greet ;  
 And for that *Resignation* of thine,  
 His gracious Self to Thee again *Resign*.

## 116.

This gallant Challenge wrought so strong upon  
The generous heart of *Thelema*, that She  
The forward Proof of her Submission  
Shot instantly from her low-bended Knee ;  
And Heav'n forbid, she cry'd, I should deny  
Your Pleasure, or mine own Felicity.

## 117.

Though not at *Jesus's* royal feet, (O no,  
I am too vile to aim my Pride so high,) Yet, Madam, all my Self at your's I throw  
To be accepted, and disposed by  
Your Love and Wisdom ; use me as you please,  
Lo I return you yours, and mine own *Keys*.

## 118.

Triumphant Joy strait flam'd in *Psyche's* breast  
The *Virgin's* ready Loyalty to see :  
Whom she embraced thrice, and thrice she kist,  
And sweetly forc'd to bate her humble knee.  
Her welcome *Keys* she then to her own side  
(Weeping and smiling) in a loveknot ty'd.

## 119.

And now I feel my self a *Queen*, said she,  
*Queen of my Self*: yet be assured Thou,  
O faithful *Maid*, shalt find thy self more free  
By this subjection, than when thou did'st bow  
To thine own blind and rash Desires ; which have  
Made thee too oft to Vanity a Slave.

## 120.

Exalted thus to her own Wishes' Crest,  
Into her pious Oratory She  
With Throngs of Vows impatiently prest,  
To celebrate a new Solemnity :  
An Holocaust she had to sacrifice,  
For which her own stout Zeal the Fire supplies.

## 121.

Did golden Mountains tempt her now to stay ;  
Did Millions of Worlds made up in one  
Inestimable Bait, smile in her way,  
And woo her but to let one Minute run  
Before her work ; not all th' enchanting force  
Of those strong Complements could stop her Course.

## 122.

No ; she of joyous Love in travail is,  
And feels the pangs of dainty Parturition ;  
Till forth she brings her mighty *Sacrifice*,  
'Tis not all Heav'n can ease her smart condition.  
*Speed*, *Speed* alone could gratify her now :  
*Speed's* wings she snatch'd, and to her bus'ness flew.

## 123.

So fast she flew, that she outstript the Thought  
Of all the World, which now she left behind her :

No other Work but what she went about  
Lay in her Fancie's shop : Self could not mind her  
Of her own self ; for, totally on fire,  
She nothing was but what she did desire.

## 124.

A Preface of a thousand Sighs and Tears  
Before her brave *Oblation* she spread ;  
As many mystick Groans to *Jesus's* ears  
Like Harbingers of her design she speed :  
Then prostrate on the ground her Face she laid,  
And of her humbler Heart the *Altar* made.

## 125.

Upon this *Altar*, bound both hands and feet,  
Her *Thelema* she for the *Offring* threw :  
And, bend thy gracious Eye, she cry'd, thou sweet  
Compassionate *Lamb of Heav'n*, to Me, who sue  
For thy Acceptance of this *Sacrifice*,  
Which at the footstool of thy *Mercy* lies.

## 126.

Thy royal Bounty gave this Will to Me ;  
But I have long long found my self too weak  
To manage such a great Estate : to Thee  
I therefore render it. O gently take  
It home again, and govern it for Me  
The feeble Handmaid of thy Majesty.

## 127.

Do with 't whate'r thou wilt ; so it be Thine  
I care not what betide it ; since I know  
Thy *Pleasure*, like thy *Self*, must be *Divine*.  
O see, see how it pants and heaves ! if Thou  
Wilt not accept it, let it lie, for me ;  
How can I love what is despis'd by Thee ?

## 128.

Never did Lightning flashing from the skie  
Rush down and flame to Earth with less delay,  
Than did the Fervor of this *Prayer* file,  
And snatch from thence to Heav'n its sudden way ;  
Nor made it there a stop at any Sphere,  
But scour'd through all and reached *Jesus's* ear.

## 129.

Propitious *He* strait yielded his Consent,  
And opening wide his blessed Arms, embraced  
His *Psyche's* *Offring* with as high Content,  
As if Himself had more than She been graced.  
O *King of sweetest Love*, what Contemplation  
Can stand enough amaz'd at thy Dignation !

## 130.

But zealous she now striving up to send  
Her *Altar* after her brave *Sacrifice* ;  
Perceiv'd a suddain Plenitude extend  
Her bosom with such ravishing Rarities ;  
That she perplex'd with unknown sweets, admir'd  
With what strange *Paradis* she was inspired.

131.

length examining her incroaching Bliss,  
ther *Thelema* in her heart she spied ;  
in so lovely and majestic Dress.  
t whence she came she by her Looks descryed,  
nd most profoundly felt she could by none  
e sent, but by her *heav'nly Spouse* alone.

132.

*Will* it was, indeed : for noble He  
: to Return, more than he Takes, disdains ;  
ieu of *Psyche's Offring*, instantly  
s *Present*, which more precious Worth contains  
han Heav'n and Earth, from his own bosom's nest  
le delicately shot into her breast.

133.

s grasp'd her soul so fast, and knit it so  
irely to her *Spouse's* heart, that She  
uit seemed to have nothing more to do  
th *Psyche's* Interest, since potent He  
Was seized of her ; and of self bereft,  
he now to *Love's* sole Tyranny was left.

134.

r lost great *Love* his time, but domineer'd  
her subdued heart with full career ;  
d she as glad to be his Slave appear'd  
he rejoiced to triumph on Her.  
or by his Conquests counted she her own,  
eing by every Fall far higher thrown.

135.

rown up to new strange stages of Delight,  
d fresh Excess of those immortal Things  
hich never were debas'd to mortal sight,  
r stoop'd to please the Ears of proudest Kings :  
Things which the largest heart of Man with vain  
ndeavor pants and stretches to contain.

136.

no ; spiritual mystick Joys, although  
ey in the Bosom's inmost Closet dwell,  
eir Habitation's limits overflow,  
id past the shores of *Comprehension* swell.  
Lost in her Gains was *Psyche*, and by this  
Riddle of Solace made her Prize's Prize.

137.

id now her Soul, much like a weaned Child  
hich wholly hangs upon his Nurse's Will,  
self not by it self did move and wield,  
it absolutely resting on the Skill  
And Care of her dear *Lord* who tutor'd it,  
Was carried wheresoever He thought fit.

138.

is made all Sweets and Dainties here below  
or with such Names our fond Mistaks will grace them)

Disrellish in her accurate Sense, and grow  
*Truly themselves* : which was enough to chase them  
From *wise Acceptance* ; for their *borrow'd shape*  
Is that alone which do's our love entrap.

139.

On *God* her only Joys she chose to feast ;  
His Pleasure was her sole and precious Bliss ;  
Her heart's sage Palate found such savory Taste  
In all His Statutes, that the Pleasantness  
Both of the Honey and the Honey-comb  
Lost in her approbation all their room.

140.

What grated hardest on her Soul before,  
Wrongs, Slanders, Pains, Distress, Calamities,  
Mishaps, and Sickness tortur'd her no more ;  
For by her *Spouse's* beck she mov'd her eyes,  
And still embrac'd as *Best* whatever He  
Did either Order, or Permit, to be.

141.

This kindled such a Bonfire of Delight  
Throughout her breast, that had she been invited  
For goodly *Paradise* to yield her Right  
In this Possession, she would strait have slighted  
The mighty lure, and triumph'd still to be  
The Holocaust of *Love's* Extremity.

142.

Yet was her Passion's wondrous Violence  
Sweetned with such divine Serenity ;  
That with less undisturbed influence  
The Sun's full Beams about the Welkin flie  
To light the Day, than did these Flames of *Love*  
Through all her Heart's calm quiet rigions move.

143.

In dainty Silence she her Soul posset  
With firm Adhesion to her secret Bliss ;  
Ev'n all her motions mingled were with Rest,  
Because they still concentered with *His* ;  
Whose Actions, though all Infinite they be,  
Their number up is ty'd in Unity.

144.

Mean while the *World*, whom her Austerity  
Could not but check and sting ; by peevish scorn  
Revenge'd themselves : for lo, said they, how she  
By Melancholy's blackness grown forlorn,  
Esteems her self as fair as if the best  
Of heav'n's bright Beauties had her count'nance dr

145.

In proud Retirement her Content she mews,  
And doggedly Reserv'd disdains to hold  
Fair Correspondence, or as much as use  
The Courtsy of her Friends : as if she could  
Not keep the *Statutes* of her *God*, but by  
Breaking the Laws of all Civility.



## 146.

She from her self by wilful Robbery  
 Plunders those honest sweets which gracious *Heav'n*  
 To check Life's Tide of Infelicity  
 Hath into *Moderation's* bosom given ;  
 And taxeth *God's* own Bounty, by Refusing  
 What Men cannot approve but by their Using.

## 147.

Should any paltry Begger venture so  
 To serve her Ladyship, could she surmise  
 That both the thankless Gift, and Giver too  
 He scorned not ? scarce would his humble Guise  
 Persuade her that his Stomach's inward Pride  
 Was by Devotion's Fervor *Mortify'd*.

## 148.

Thus did the Ravens against the Swan inveigh :  
 But now no seeds of Discontent remain'd  
 In *Psyche's* heart : she let them say their Say,  
 And from their Envy this new Laurel gain'd :  
 Her silent Patience answer'd all their Scorn,  
 And to her Crown their Calumnies did turn.

## 149.

But as she reigned in this mystick Peace ;  
 Her's, and all pious Souls' eternal *Jo*,  
 Counting his own Vexations by her Ease,  
 Tore his fell heart with studying what to do.  
 At length resolv'd, he hastes, the Uglyness  
 Of his Design, in Beauty's Mask to dress.

## 150.

Time was, when He Precentor of that Quire  
 Which all the Spheres with Hallelujahs fill,  
 Arrayed was in glorious Attire,  
 Whose gallantry did then become him well :  
 But when he Discord sung, and Rebel turn'd  
 That Crime for him his hideous Blackness earn'd.

## 151.

Yet he remembring his original guise,  
 And skill'd in cunningest Hypocrisy,  
 Patch'd up himself a Coat of gorgeous *Lies*,  
 And many a comely Trapping got ; whereby,  
 Though He the *Sovereign* were of foulest *Night*,  
 He might an *Angel* seem of fairest *Light*.

## 152.

His ragged Horns of steel he plucked in,  
 And on his rusty brazen Count'nance spread  
 A soft, a ruddy, and wel Polish'd skin ;  
 His Front, with envious wrinkles furrowed,  
 He planed over, sweetning all his Face  
 With blooming *Youthfulness*, and smiling *Grace*.

## 153.

Into a knot he gathered up his Tail,  
 And ty'd it at his back ; of every Toe

And Finger carefully he cut the Nail ;  
 And then his Hands and Feet he painted so  
 That what before was harsh and sooty, now  
 Usurped cleanly Daintiness's hue.

## 154.

The glaring Pitch of his wide-flaming Eyes  
 To moderate and comely Beams he turned ;  
 Beams which profess'd Cognition with the Skies,  
 And like the highest Stars' pure glances burned.  
 He borrowed both *Arabia's* Gales and Spice  
 His Breath's rank Sulphure to aromatise.

## 155.

His bushy snarled Locks of fretful Snakes  
 He shaved off from his more angry Head ;  
 By whose advice into the Tomb he breaks  
 Of an embalmed Virgin lately dead ;  
 And stealing thence her fresh-perfumed Tresses,  
 His Baldness he with Curls of Amber dresses.

## 156.

An hundred Swans then having plundered ;  
 Their fairest and their softest feathers he  
 In two brave Combinations marshalled,  
 And measured and poised equally ;  
 Which to his shoulders close he fitted, and  
 A pair of goodly Wings had at command.

## 157.

A Robe he chose whose colour scorn'd the Milk,  
 And with his Wings did correspondence hold ;  
 Its texture was of light and pliant silk  
 Belac'd and fring'd with oriental Gold :  
 That both its Pureness and its splendor might  
 Maintain, that down from *Heav'n* he took his flight.

## 158.

Accouter'd thus ; whilst *Psyche* wearied by  
 Her holy Vigils, yielded unto sleep ;  
 Into her chamber softly stole the sly  
*Impostor*, and found out a way to creep  
 Under the eyelids of her heart, where He  
 Himself presented in his Pageantry.

## 159.

But when she started and awoke : fear not  
 Said cunning He, for *Phylax* is thy friend :  
 These Raies of mine did never Terror shoot,  
 But to thy Weakness Strength and Comfort lend :  
 And *Heav'n* forbid that I should prove unkind  
 Now thou my favor most deserv'st to find.

## 160.

The gallantry of thy Devotion I  
 Come to applaud, and to increase its fire :  
 I grant thy zealous Wings have towered high,  
 But yet thy *Spouse* would have them labour higher ;  
 And as *immoderate* in their Answer prove  
 As is the Challenge of his boundless *Love*.

161.

Is not thy Soul now chose her worthy station  
 as far above this groveling World below?  
 Is not the Virtue of thy last *Oblation*  
 clasp'd thee close to thy *God*? how then canst thou  
 Any ignoble Solecism bear,  
 And make thy Motion lower than thy sphere?

162.

be *Watches* frequent are and long, which thou  
 dear attendance upon Him dost keep;  
 et oftner generous *He*, and longer too  
 o purchase Rest for thee did loose his sleep.  
 Be active now, remembering thou shalt have  
 Sufficient sleeping time in thy still grave.

163.

ow hast thou pluck'd thy Bodie's plumes; but *He*  
 Vas rent and torn and furrow'd up with lashes:  
 hall not the Zeal of thy Austerity  
 e legible in correspondent Gashes?  
 I know thou lovest not thy skin; but yet  
 'Twere not amiss *thus much were writ on it*.

164.

evere and resolute thy fastings be  
 scanned by the faint World's vulgar fashion;  
 ut forty Days *He* deign'd to fast for thee,  
 nd now expects thy faithful Imitation:  
 As well he may, who an eternal feast  
 To quit a few days' fast, in Heav'n has drest.

165.

ince then he means that thou with us shalt reign,  
 etimes it will become thee to prepare  
 y self for our *Society*, and strein  
 ut all the dregs thou hast contracted here:  
 That raised to our Purity, thy Soul  
 May in Angelick Orbs for ever roul.

166.

y *Moses* and *Elias*, who beheld  
 ut at a distance *Jesus's* glimmering face,  
 hall *Psyche* be in Abstinence excell'd?  
 an she, on whom the *Evangelick Grace*  
 With such full lustre beats, by those whom blind  
 And shady Types envelop'd, be outshin'd?

167.

o no; dear Pupil; since thy generous breast  
 ar'd wish to be inflamed by that fire  
 Whose Aim's *Perfection*; let no lazy Rest  
 eclog the Wings of thy sublime Desire.  
 What though thy death it hastens? Thou and I  
 To life's fair Realm shall but the sooner fly.

168.

hus sought the wily *Tempter* to invite  
 he *Virgin* to a fair-fac'd Precipice;

But as the Lamb's inspir'd by natural fright  
 To hate the Wolf, though in the honest fleece  
 Of mildest sheep he trim his spight's adventure,  
 And with the smoothest flattery complement her.

169.

So *Psyche's* heart (for Heav'nly *Charis* there  
 Close in the center of her Soul did lie,  
 Misgave her at the sight, and quak'd for fear  
 Of this strange *Angel's* uncouth Courtesy:  
 For all his dainty looks and skin, yet she  
 Assured was, it could not *Phylax* be.

170.

None of those soft and blessed Heats she felt,  
 Which sweetly when her genuine *Phylax* spake  
 Did all her breast into Compliance melt,  
 And way for their own gentle Conquests make:  
 Besides, the *Voice*, though scrud to appear  
 Divine, seem'd something out of tune to Her.

171.

*Too high* it seem'd, and of too loud a strein;  
 Still was her *Spouse's* musick wont to be:  
 Sweet Gospel notes, whose mildly-charming chain  
 Drew by the strength of thrilling Suavity.  
 Nor knew she why He suddenly should raise  
 Into a Trumpet's Roar his gentle Layes.

172.

Besides; had mighty *He* this Message sent,  
 She knew her Heart (which now did pant and move  
 By His sole motions,) must needs relent,  
 And by submission his Commands approve.  
 But now she by reluctant Nauseousness  
 Felt, whosoe'r it were, 'twas none of *His*.

173.

Awaking therefore her wise Confidence,  
 And with three Invocations having sued  
 Her *Saviour* to engage in her Defence,  
 Upon her faithful forehead she renewed  
 His potent sign; and then with courage cry'd,  
 In *Light's* fair looks why dost thou *Darkness* hide?

174.

Fair is thy face's Preachment to mine Eye,  
 But yet thy Tongue's foul Language to mine Ear  
 Sounds nothing less than *Phylax*: wherefore hie  
 Thee hence, false *feind*, and seek thy booty where  
 A beauteous Count'nance, and a snowy Pair  
 Of wings, the full proof of an *Angel* are.

175.

I know my Debt to my great *Lord*, is high;  
 Yet I no more can pay him than I have:  
 For his dear sake I more that once could Die,  
 Yet must I not Destroy what He do's save.  
 O no; *Heav'n* gives no such Advice, but *Hell*,  
 Our selves in meer Devotion to kill.

176.

As when the *Sun's* stout beams burst out upon  
A waxen *Idol*, straight its goodly face  
Too weak to bear that glorious Dint, doth run  
Away in droyling Drops, and fouts the place  
Which it adorn'd : so *Satan* melted at  
The *servant Answer* noble *Psyche* shot.

177.

Off dropt his Coat, his Perriwig, his Wings,  
His roseal Vizard, and his milky skin :  
And in the room of those usurped Things  
His proper shape of Horridness began  
To clothe him round : at which indignant he,—  
Least *Psyche* should triumph his shame to see,—

178.

Tore his way down to Hell, in cursed Night  
His baffled Head and his Disgrace to hide :  
A thousand Stinks behind him at his flight  
He left : and being tumbled home, he try'd  
Upon the Souls which in his brimstone Lake  
All yelling lay, his vexed spight to wreak.

179.

But as the *Victor*, those quaint spoils admired  
Which dropped from her beauteous-hideous *Fo*,  
And with her Sacrifice of Thanks aspired  
Unto the footstool of her *Saviour*, who  
Had in that fight her faithful Champion been ;  
Her old unfeigned *Phylax* flutter'd in.

180.

O how her heart leap'd at the welcome sight,  
And thus broke from her lips ! *Thou, thou art He* ;  
I knew thee at the dawning of thy light  
In which no fauning lurks, nor fallacy :  
Spare all Probations : Thou need'st not tell  
Me who thou art ; I know my *Phylax* well.

181.

This said ; her self before his feet she threw,  
Which hugging fast, she welcom'd with a kiss.  
He gave his Passion leave a while to shew  
The meek impatience of this sweet Excess :  
Then up he took her, and return'd upon  
Her Lip, what that unto his feet had done.

182.

And, Joy, said he, my valiant Dear, of thy  
Victorious Encounter with thy *Fo* :  
That goodly furniture of Treason I  
As well as Thou who art the *Victor*, know :  
I saw the pilfering *Traitor* when he pickt  
It up, and when his ugly self he trickt.

183.

Close at his heels I follow'd him when he  
His forgery advanc'd, and hither flew :

I was Spectator when he stormed thee,  
And in Heav'n's Name his Hell against thee drew :  
Unseen I saw the dangerous battle, and  
By it I stood, but aided not thy Hand.

184.

No ; thy dear *Spouse*, who never can forget  
His humble faithful Servants, that supply  
Of Power provided, and conveyed it  
By ever-ready *Charis's* ministry.  
I claim no share ; thy Thanks and Praises are  
Intirely due to none but *Him* and *Her*.

185.

Thou find'st how bountifully they repay  
The loyalty of thy sublime Devotion ;  
And what thou gain'st by giving *Thelema*  
To *Him*, who will not be in debt. Thy station  
Is now secure, unless thou back shalt start,  
And fondly home again recal thy Heart.

186.

Surely thou never hadst so much thy *Will*  
As since thou hadst it not : for all things now  
Throughout the Universe thy mind fulfil,  
And Nature's Laws to thy great Pleasure bow ;  
Because thy Pleasure's not thine own, but *His*  
Who of Omnipotence the Sovereign is.

187.

That dainty *Peace* thou valuedst so high,  
Hath now its lodging taken in thy breast ;  
Nor could the *Tempter's* deepest Subtilty  
Disturb thy Calm or undermine thy Rest.  
Be then content for ever to possess  
By holding fast thine hold, thine Happiness.

188.

For if thou let it slip, and weary grow  
Of blessed Ease, it soon will fly away :  
No *Certainty* inhabits here below  
In this unstable flitting World ; and they  
Alone dwell out of *Change's* reach, who are  
Infeof'd above in endless Quiet's sphere.

189.

Take heed no desperate Logick make thee be  
Most dangerously secure : O never dream  
That thou by *God's Immutability*  
Unalterable prov'd ; for still the same  
Will He remain, though from this Bliss's brink  
Thou start'st, and fall'st into Perdition's sink.

190.

'Tis true, those everlasting chains which tie  
*Heav'n's Destinations* to their Ends, excel  
All Adamantine firmitude, and by  
No opposition of Earth or Hell  
Are forced to betray their hold : yet this  
No ground of Confidence to Mortals is.

191.

For those *Decrees* profoundly treasur'd are  
In *His* dread bosom which no *Angel's* eye  
Dares peep into. This maketh pious *fear*,  
Religious *Awe* and holy *Jealousy*;  
The only Anchors which Assurance can  
Afford unto the tossed heart of Man.

192.

And this to him *Heav'n's* favour is ; least he  
Should bold and careless grow, if once he saw  
The *Patent* of his own felicity  
Were sign'd and seal'd so sure, that by the Law  
Of absolute Necessity, he through  
All Tempests safely to his Port must row.

193.

For then should he be but a thankless slave  
To Bliss ; whose Crown for none prepared is

But them who venture at it by the brave  
Ambition of Humble Holiness :  
Then if he lists, his mighty *God* might he  
Disdain, and dare him with his own *Decree*.

194.

O then with reverend Dread march on my Dear,  
In this Design of thy high Virtue ; and  
Think it sufficient Happiness, if here  
Thy *Fear* can *Desperation* countermand ;  
If thou by *Trembling* canst *Victorious* grow,  
And meet thy Laurel with a sweating Brow.

165.

As for these *Spoils*, the Trophies they shall be  
Of what by *Love's* assistance thou hast done :  
These Memorandums of thy Victory  
May keep awake thy wise Devotion :  
Lo here I hang them up ; and if again  
The *Serpent* hither creep, shew him his *skin*.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Stanza 18, l. 2, '*course*' = coarse.

.. 29, l. 5, '*Dignation*' = dignotion, distinction.  
So st. 129, l. 6.

.. 37, l. 2, '*fraught*' = freight.

.. 42, l. 5, '*three times fifty*' = the Psalms, CL. in  
all.

.. 47, l. 4, '*flanker'd*' = flanked, strengthened.

Stanza 58, l. 6, '*Polytheous*' = polytheistic.

.. 70, l. 3, '*Bonity*' = goodness.

.. 96, l. 2, '*entheous*' = inspired, as before.

.. 133, l. 5, '*seised*' = legal term, put in posses-  
sion.

.. 154, l. 3, '*Cognition*' = knowledge.

G.



## CANTO XXII.

### *The Persecution.*

#### The ARGUMENT.

*Still Satan wars on Psyche's Constancy ;  
Both by his own and Persecution's Hand ;  
But most impreguably resolved She  
Their Mines and Onslates doubts not to withstand ;  
Until her Guardian by a blessed Cheat  
Enforc'd her to a glorious Retreat.*

1.

**T**Heir Nest though Joys, and Loves, and Bliss make,  
In *Peace's* bosom ; oftentimes beneath  
That Surface of Security a Snake  
His unsuspected Venome sheltereth :  
For 'tis an everlasting Statute, that  
No genuine Rest can here below be got.

2.

Else *Glory's* Favorite, admired He  
Who reign'd on *Peace's*, *Plenty's*, *Wisdom's*, throne,  
Had compassed Content's serenity,  
And in his Joys found Ease : but *Solomon*  
Could neither with his Brain nor Treasure free  
His great Self from *Vexation's* Vanity.

3.

The *Creatures* courteous Faithlessness, who still  
Shrink from our grasping hands and cheat our Hope ;  
Admonish our Desires themselves to fill  
At those pure springs of fulness, which stand ope  
In Heav'n alone, and never fancy here  
Complete Delights and Satisfaction's Sphere.

4.

This makes courageous hardy *Exercise*  
Dearer to *Virtue* than is lazy *Quiet* ;  
Hence she so highly *Patience* learns to prize,  
And constantly her self with *Sufferings* diet ;  
That this sharp sauce may wholesomly repress  
Of *Peace's* Sweets and Fat, the Fulsomness.

5.

*Affliction* is the only School where she  
Is *Magnanimity's* brave Lessons taught :

The Theatre on which her Gallantry  
Before the royal Eyes of Heav'n is brought ;  
Where of her Acting both the *Angels*, and  
The *Angels' Sovereign* Spectators stand.

6.

Full well she knows that stealing *Rust* will creep  
Upon the briskest *Sword*, if lazily  
In his blind quiet sheath he lies asleep,  
And be not rubb'd, nor chaf'd, nor vexed by  
Harsh scouring, churlish whetting, or kept bright  
By its perpetual bus'ness in the Fight.

7.

That never *Horse* was made of so much fire,  
Nor temper'd for so proud impatient speed,  
Though *Pegasus* had been his sprightly *Serv*,  
Or *Titan's* fiercest heav'n-devouring *Steed*,  
But if he stirr'd not from his fat and lusty  
Manger and Rack, would soon prove lame and resty.

8.

That purest *Air*, if in Tranquillity  
It loiters in the Sun, will putrid grow :  
But when 'tis startled and afflicted by  
Thunder and Lightning : when it feels the blow  
Of boistrous winds ; its drowsy dull *Disease*  
Wakes at the frightful News, and vanishes.

9.

That sluggish *Lakes* which alway sleeping lie  
Upon their easy beds of Mud, beget  
Of Toads and Stinks a nasty Progeny :  
But those brisk busy *Rills*, which, though beset  
With craggy Hindrances, still struggle through,  
Preserve their Worth, and clean and limpid flow.

10.

That never Soil was so ingenuous yet,  
But, if not duly worried, digg'd and plow'd,  
Harrow'd and torn, and forced to be fit  
By such sharp usage ; with a rampant *Crowd*  
Of useless Thorns and Thistles would defeat  
All hopes of honest advantageous *Wheat*.

## 11.

hat never *Tree* was known so thrifty, as  
o spare his juice and husband it aright ;  
ut on loose idle Suckers would misplace  
he careless Bounty of his verdant Might ;  
Until the disciplining Pruner's Hook  
Lopp'd of those Wantons, and reform'd the Stock.

## 12.

hat if the goodliest *Watch* be not wound up ;  
a vain the curious Wheels are glib and fit,  
even and stout the String ; in vain that shop  
f artificial life is clean and neat ;  
The Virtue of the Spring, alas, is drie,  
The Hand turns only lame, the Quick doth die.

## 13.

hat finest *Vestments*, when they idle lie,  
Would gather nasty Dust, and quickly breed  
f Moths,—a most ingrateful fretting frie—  
Unless the earnest Wands and Brushes did  
Rouse up their laziness, and whip away  
Those busy bold Incroachers from their Prey.

## 14.

hat *Mariners* who in the easy Bay  
Their Winter and their Summer fondly waste ;  
Would never learn to steer their Bark, till they  
Were by some Tempest into Danger cast ;  
And had accustomed their venturous Minds  
To ken the boisterous language of the Winds.

## 15.

hat *Soldiers* listed are in vain, and wear  
steel by their side, and Brass upon their head ;  
If they decline the pitched field, and fear  
To face the shouting Fo, and battle bid,  
To force Success, and bring away their skars  
As Letters testimonial of their Wars.

## 16.

And though no *Life* scarce any Title merits  
But that of *War* ; (so many Enemies  
By his most wretched Birthright Man inherits,  
Since rebel *Adam* taught the World to rise  
Rebelligiously against himself ;) no state  
More than the Christian, is besieg'd with Hate.

## 17.

The *Christian Life* the surest *Warfare* is ;  
And though a thousand Victories it gains,  
Yet on it still more and more Armies press,  
More Care, more Sweat, more struggling still remains :  
Though in an *inward Calm* Peace luls us, yet  
*External Tryals* still will us beset.

## 18.

Though all the headstrong *Senses* and the *Passions*  
be civilized *Virtue's* yolk to bear :

Though all the stickling peevish Insultations  
Of crossgrain'd *Will* and *Reason*, by the care  
Of an untired *Soul* be tam'd, yet still  
There is a *World without* to work her ill.

## 19.

For by her Christian Course, against the Tide  
Of all that world she rows ; and therefore by  
Eternal Opposition is try'd,  
And hardned to victorious Constancy.  
No way had She Magnanimous to seem  
If she had floated down the willing stream.

## 20.

But now her gallant *Metal* wetted is ;  
Her own luxuriant *Twigs* are prun'd away ;  
Her *Clothes* are brush'd from Moths and Dustiness ;  
Her soil is digg'd and dress'd ; the lazy *Bay*  
She changeth for the active manly Main ;  
And in *pitch'd field* her foes doth entertain.

## 21.

Her *Beasts* are to their pace right strictly kept,  
And daily ridden hard ; her wholesome *Air*  
By frequent Tempests of loud sighs is swept,  
Tempests, which make her Bosom's region fair ;  
The *Torrents* of her Eyes continue clear  
Because perpetually they flowing are.

## 22.

Her *Watch* by constant Vigils up she winds,  
And every Wheel in its due motion keeps :  
By which unwearied Diligence she finds  
How every Hour doth pass : yea though she sleeps,  
Still her *Devotion's waking spring* persists,  
And towards Heav'n she moves ev'n whilst she rest

## 23.

Thus though *Affliction's* looks be sad and sour,  
Her Heart is kind, and she the best of friends ;  
Whilst *Ease* her Poisons gently plots to pour,  
Her Antidotes *She* most severely blends ;  
Her *Physick*, smart and searching Corsives be,  
But their Conclusion's always Lenity.

## 24.

And *Psyche*, since she's to her *Spouse* as dear  
As is the blessed Apple of his Eye,  
Abandon'd to *Affliction's* full career  
Must now be left ; that as *Sol's* Majesty  
From blackest Clouds breaks out with fairest Rays,  
So might her *Virtue* pluck from Briars Bays.

## 25.

When *Satan* for his late Repulse could find  
No comfort in his spiteful Tyranny  
Over his damned Slaves ; his frightful Mind  
Boil'd with such hot Impatience, that He  
Into the Air's cool region again  
Flung up himself with terrible Disdain.

## 26.

Where, as he champ'd his meditating Rage,  
He chanc'd a winged Squadron to espy,  
Returning home in beauteous equipage,  
Having dispatched each his Embassy,  
With which they had been delegated hither  
From Heav'n, to fit our Earth to mount up thither.

## 27.

This prompted him to brew a new Device :  
With cunning speed he play'd the Thief again,  
And having stoll'n a Tire of Gallantries,  
After the *Angel-troops* posted amain ;  
Trimming his cursed feature as he flew,  
Till like a Bird of that fair Brood he grew.

## 28.

Something behind he lagg'd, least piercing *They*  
His impudent Imposture should descry,  
And intercept his Project by the way  
In just Disdain of his foul Company.  
So at wise distance sneaks the Traitor, when  
True-hearted Peers to Court he follows in.

## 29.

But fluttering through the spheres, his lips he bit  
To see the famous fatal Tract whereby  
He once was tumbled headlong down ; and yet  
Though they with fell Despite and Blasphemy  
Were big, he durst not ope them, knowing well  
*Heav'n* ill would bear the Dialect of *Hell*.

## 30.

Arrived at the everlasting Gate,  
Into th' imperial Palace of their *King*,  
The well-known *Angels* in triumphant state  
Their entrance made : but *Satan's* foreign Wing  
Shiver'd for fear ; so did the Vizard he  
Had clapp'd upon his Guilt's Deformity.

## 31.

For from the Luster of his *Maker's* eyes  
Such Dread flashed on his, that swarthy He,  
Who had been us'd to Night's black Prodigies,  
Was dazel'd at the naked Majesty  
Of more than day : Three times he winck'd, and then  
With both his hands his spurious eyes did screen.

## 32.

Such fright the sooty *Bats* is wont to seize  
When *Highnoon's* darts of splendor shoot them through :  
The woful *Ghosts* who in sad shadows please  
Their gloomy Thoughts, thus terrified grow,  
If in the East the curtains ope are thrown,  
And up *Aurora* get e'r they be down.

## 33.

The blessed Spectacles which here he saw  
Were sharper Torments than he felt at home ;

No *Glories'* sparkling streams could near him flow,  
But burnt him more than his own *fiery* Doom :  
Each holy *Joy* a Torture was, and He  
Fry'd in the midst of this felicity.

## 34.

He fry'd and flam'd, and strait his look's spruce Cn't,  
His forged Plumes, his curled Grove of Hair,  
His dainty Coat, and all his gorgeous Theft  
A sacrifice unto the lightning were  
Of *Jesus's* Eyes ; and in his naked Dress  
He now appear'd of helish Ugliness.

## 35.

The *Angels* started at the hideous sight,  
And standing at a distance round about,  
Gaz'd on the *Portent* ; who with all the might  
Of Impudence, although a while he fought,  
Could not against his guilty shame prevail ;  
Down hung his Head, his Tallons, and his Tail.

## 36.

Thus when the conscious *Traitor's* hateful face  
Is in the presence of the *Prince* descry'd,  
And persecuted by the joint Disgrace  
Of all the loyal Court ; against that Tide  
Of Ignominy he in vain contends ;  
Such Horror all his Stubbornness transcends.

## 37.

As *Jesus* saw the *fiend*, abashed so,  
He charg'd him to confess from whence he came :  
Nor durst the thus commanded *Monster*, though  
Lyes were his only Trade, a fiction frame :  
Yet loth to loose the credit of his Pride,  
With dogged sullenness he thus reply'd.

## 38.

Whence can I come, but from *Beneath* ? unless  
You know some *higher* place than this your *Heav'n* ?  
This *Heav'n*, from whence by you, I must confess,  
(But let All judge how justly) I was driven.  
From visiting the Earth I come, where I  
Have far more Subjects than your *Daisy*.

## 39.

But mine, said *Jesus*, (for he scorn'd to chide  
The stomachful *fiend*, since ever-damned He  
Finds equal Torment for his endless Pride,)  
Although so few, yet highly *Precious* be.  
*Vain multitudes* to Thee their homage pay :  
Mine not by *Number*, but by *Weight* I weigh.

## 40.

By *Virtue's* *Weight* ; for that alone can show  
The worth of *Gems* : and such my Servants be.  
Who though a while *Inhabitants* below,  
Yet are an *Heav'n*-descended Progeny ;  
Whose genuine *Raies* assert their noble birth,  
And in their *Dust* prove something more than *Bar*.

41.

One Example speak the praise of All;  
 y handmaid *Psyche*; Hath thy prying Eye  
 hich scoureth round about the terrene Ball,  
 ll notice taken of her Piety?  
 And how none live in all that World, who be  
 Higher above it, than is lowly she?

42.

not her Soul intirely fixed here,  
 occupying Heav'n and endless Bliss?  
 r Earth nor Hell can strike her thoughts with fear,  
 t *He* alone who her Creator is;  
 f *Him* she always stands in *dainty awe*,  
 or still she loves as much as dreads his Law.

43.

t wheresoe'r she reads the open face,  
 can discover but the Limbs or Claws  
 ugly *Sin*, she flies the dangerous Place,  
 d into straitest hardest shifts withdraws;  
 Rather than hazard to be overrun  
 With pleasure-promising Destruction.

44.

not the temper of her wary Heart,  
 monished by wise instinct, afraid  
 every Bait, which by the subtlest Art  
 spight and Wickedness for her is laid?  
 Or is there any *Hag* which she doth more  
 Than *Thee*, ev'n in thy *fairest Looks* abhor?

45.

ung by these words, with strong intestine Pain,  
 e *Monster* felt his heartstrings stretch'd and torn;  
 t that he might not bear these Pangs in vain,  
 ut on his *God* his Stomach's Vomit turn;  
 He rear'd his face of everlasting Brass,  
 And what he spake, of that bold metal was.

46.

not your mighty providential Arm  
 come that paltry Wench's hedge, said he,  
 fallibly to shut out fear and harm,  
 nd make her Pris'ner to *Security*?  
 Is not brave *Phylax* forc'd to be her Squire,  
 And dance attendance on that Brat's desire?

47.

n all her Errands runs not servile He?  
 as he not trotted from the farthest West,  
 duty to her Curiosity,  
 to the fondly-venerable East?  
 Where like a silly Pilgrim up and down,  
 Forsooth, the *Angel* jogg'd from Town to Town.

48.

ay and your Daughter *Charis* too (yet who  
 ould think her so, who her Employment sees?)

As though in Heav'n she nothing had to do,  
 Degraded is to Earth, and charg'd to please  
 This *Imp of Dust*, on whom her noble store  
 Of Sweets, to win the *Urcheon*, she must pour.

49.

A worthy Purchase you have got; but I  
 For my part, would not buy a *Worm* so dear.  
 If wretched *Psyche's* price must be so high,  
 Surely you need no rival Chapmen fear:  
 Only by this proportion I would know  
 What rate you would for *Me*, for *Me*, allow.

50.

*Me*, whose sublime, and therefore envied Nature  
 Hath no cognation to ignoble Dust:  
*Me*, whose sole blemish is the Name of *Creature*,  
 Which yet is not my Fault: *Me*, whom you must  
 Confess to be the Crest of your Creation,  
 However plunder'd of my native Station.

51.

But as for *Her*, might I have leave to try,  
 I soon would shew you of what brittle Clay  
 She moulded is: would *Phylax* not deny  
 To let me on her naked shoulder lay  
 This Hand of mine, no Touchstone you should see  
 Was ever nimbler at Discovery.

52.

For on your pamper'd Darling should *Distresses*  
 With full and free Commission domineer;  
 That *Tongue* which now your Praises' Pageant dresses  
 (For to the Task 'tis hir'd, and hir'd full dear)  
 Would change its Tune, and on your *Godship* spit  
 More Curses than my Self e'r spew'd on it.

53.

If *Psyche's* bosom harbours any Breed  
 Of such profound *Ingratitude*, replied  
 Almighty *Jesus*, 'tis no more than need  
 The ugly Embryos be in time descried.  
 Go, use thy Skill; full Power to thee I give:  
 No *Phylax* shall against thy Project strive.

54.

Yet must thy Tether not extend so far  
 As to her Life: her Life belongs to me:  
 For in my Hand th'authentick Volumes are  
 Of mortal and immortal Destiny.  
 Nor could'st thou make th' Experiment, unless  
 She lives, to belch out her *Unthankfulness*.

55.

As when the Lyon's loos'd to tear his Prey,  
 With furious Joy he shakes his dreadful Crest  
 He mounts his surly Tail, and rends his way  
 Into the Theatre: so *Satan* prest  
 Back through the Spheres, and thought his Shame was  
 cheap  
 He suffer'd there, since he his End did reap.



56.

For his mad Spight's irrefragable Pride  
Would not permit him mannerly to part :  
He neither bow'd, nor bent, nor signify'd  
The least of Thanks for gaining what his heart  
Did most desire ; but thought he needed not  
Take other leave, who leave to rage had got.

57.

As down through Heav'n he rush'd, he proudly threw  
Scorn on the Stars which he could not possess :  
Then through the Air imperiously he flew,  
And by his looks proclaim'd that Realm was his ;  
The blackest Clouds which floated there, made haste  
To clear the way, till blacker He was past.

58.

His swarthy Wings lash'd that soft Element  
With violent speed, and made it roar aloud :  
No wind did ever with such furious Bent  
Or hideous Noise, through those mild Regions croud ;  
No Bolt of Thunder ever rent its path  
With such precipitant tumultuous wrath.

59.

Though once he hop'd he might have reach'd his Aim  
By those fell Agents he dispatch'd from Hell :  
Yet since without their Errand home they came,  
To this curs'd bus'ness he in person fell ;  
Resolv'd whatever Labour or Disgrace  
It cost him, *Psyche* should not 'scape his chase.

60.

Thus came the *Monster* to his dearest Place  
On Earth, a Palace wondrous large and high,  
Which on *scav'n Mountains'* heads enthroned was,  
All which it higher rais'd with Majesty ;  
Thus by its scav'nfold Tumors copying  
The number of the *Horns* which crown'd its *King*.

61.

Of dead Men's Bones were all th' exterior Walls  
Rais'd to a fair but formidable height ;  
In answer to which strange Materials  
A Graff of dreadful depth and breadth did wait  
Upon the Works, fill'd with a piteous flood  
Of innocently-pure and holy Blood.

62.

Those awful Birds whose Joy is ravenous War,  
Strong-tallon'd *Eagles*, perch'd upon the head  
Of every Turret, took their prospect far  
And wide about the World ; and questioned  
Each *Wind* that travel'd by, to know if they  
Could tell them News of any bloody Prey.

63.

The inner Bulwarks rais'd of shining Brass,  
With *Firmitude* and *Pride* were buttressed.

The Gate of polish'd Steel, wide open was  
To entertain those Throngs, who offered  
Their slavish Necks, to take the yoke, with which  
That City's Tyrant did the World bewitch.

64.

For She had wisely order'd it to be  
Gilded with *Liberty's* enchanting Name :  
Whence cheated Nations, who before were Free  
Into her flattering Chains for Freedom came.  
Thus her strange Conquests overtook the Sun,  
Who Rose and Set in her Dominion.

65.

But thick within the Line, erected were  
Innumerable *Prisons*, plated round  
With massy Iron and with zealous Fear :  
And in those Forts of Barbarism, profound  
And mirey *Dungeons*, where contagious stink,  
Cold, Anguish, Horror, had their dismal sink.

66.

In these, press'd down with Chains of fretting Brass  
Ten thousand innocent *Lambs* did bleating lie  
Whose Groans, reported by the hollow Place,  
Summon'd Compassion from the Passers by ;  
Whom they, alas, no less relentless found  
Than was the Brass which them to Sorrow bound.

67.

For they designed for the Shambles were  
To feast the *Tyrant's* greedy Cruelty ;  
Who could be gratified with no Fare  
But such Delights of *salvage Luxury* :  
Though sweetest Dainties woo'd her morning Taste  
She with an hundred *Lives* would break her Fast.

68.

Vast were the Treasures of her house ; yet she  
Solac'd her Fancy in no Furniture  
But choicest Tools of *Inhumanity*,  
Which might her bloody Ends to her assure.  
This stuff'd her Court with direful *Engines* ; this  
Made every Room an *Armory* profess.

69.

Swords, Daggers, Bodkins, bearded Arrows, Spears,  
Nails, Pinsers, Crosses, Gibbets, Hurdles, Ropes,  
Tallons of Griffens, Paws and Teeth of Bears,  
Tigres' and Lyons' Mouths, hot iron Hoops,  
Racks, Wheels, Strappados, brazen Cauldrons, which  
Boiled with oil, huge Tuns, which flam'd with pitch.

70.

These, and more dangerous Weapons yet were there ;  
Fairfaced *Promises*, but lin'd with *Spight* ;  
High royal outside *Courtesies*, but mere  
*Traps* and *Conspiracies*, which with Delight  
To heedless Men the worst of *Poisons* give,  
And stealing to their hearts slay them alive.

71.  
rait enter'd in ;  
Place, and well was known ;)  
r all were proud to win  
id in his way fell down  
and to kiss his feet,  
ir Sovereign to greet.

72.  
in she could not stay)  
riot to take,  
i's sharp Commands obey :  
he started back,  
ential Dread to see  
e of her *Deity*.

73.  
id pray'd Him to ascend  
which was standing there ;  
re to his *Worm* commend,  
ty to hear  
d so low, as thus to come  
thless Vassal's Home.

74.  
is loyal Creature,  
did her embrace ;  
pondent Feature,  
is own infernal Face.  
d and hugg'd her close, and round  
royal Tail he wound.

75.  
isure now, said He,  
who must secure mine own ;  
y *Brittany*  
is *Rebellion* sown ;  
, if it thriveth, may  
e, and thine oversway.

76.  
ng *Canker* there hath got  
arts of heedless Men ;  
nick *God* are not  
olliest Homage, when  
ght it to *Me* prefer  
re than a *Carpenter*.

77.  
should as noble be  
as brave my Train  
parks, the gallantry  
lid *God's* own Yoke disdain ;  
eir dirty *Fishing Boat*  
Court of *Jesus* got.

78.  
t mighty I  
d ; and I confess

My foot once slip'd ; yet still my Majesty  
Above *Reproach's* wretched triumph is.  
My *Honor* suffer'd not in that my Loss,  
And though I fell, I fell not to a Cross.

79.  
They use to cast it in our teeth, that We  
By blackest Powers of Spells and Incantations  
Both founded and advanc'd our Monarchy :  
As if there were not stranger Conjurations  
In this besetting *Witchery*, which can  
Make worse than Beasts of Reasonable Man.

80.  
For, Brutes to brutish can the silliest Flock  
Afford, who would themselves with Him intrust  
Who runs away to Heav'n ; and bids them look  
For Wrongs and Crosses, which induce they must  
For his *dear Sake* ? right *dear* indeed, if they  
Their Lives must to his cruel Precept pay.

81.  
Strange *sheep* were they which thus would fooled be,  
And for their Loyalty to Him alone  
Be quite abandon'd, and relinquish'd free  
To thousand Wolves' and Bears' Incursion :  
Nay *Sheep* would never turn so sheepish ; yet  
*Men* to this Paradox themselves submit.

82.  
Grant Heav'n be in reversion their own ;  
What shall the *Fondlings* gain by dwelling there,  
Who must eternally be crouching down,  
And paying Praise's Tribute to *His* ear,  
Who will requite them with a Chain, which shall  
Bind ev'n their *Wills* in everlasting Thrall !

83.  
Were not their Souls more generous, if they  
The gallant Freedom of our Hell would choose ;  
Which scorneth that ignoble Word *Obeys*,  
And lets full Blasphemy for ever loose ?  
Faint-hearted Fools, who needs will *Vassals* be  
For fear least I should make them truly *Free*.

84.  
Thou see'st this Crime is Crying, and for high  
Revenge beats loud upon my royal Ear.  
And should my Fury wake, and instantly  
Those mad *Apostates* all in pieces tear ;  
Surely my Justice I could well acquit,  
However envious *Heav'n* would rail at it.

85.  
But I (for this far more becomes a *King*)  
A better relish find in Lenity :  
I know the *Galileans'* tongues do ring  
With restless Clamors on my Tyranny :  
Forgetting that their *Lord* has banish'd me  
From Heav'n, against all Law and Equity.

86.

Yet neither *He* nor *They* shall ever make  
*Brave Me* their Baseness in its kind repay.  
 No: let them henceforth Demonstration take  
 With what intolerable Slander *They*  
 Lay to my charge all barbarous Cruelties:  
 Judge all the World, who *Father* is of *lies*.

87.

For I resolved am at first to try  
 What by my royal *Mercy* may be done:  
 Far rather would I win them thus, than by  
 Stern Vengeance drown them in Destruction.  
 The *People's* fault is not so foul, as *His*  
 Whose *gospel Pipe* has charm'd their Simpleness.

88.

Snatch, therefore now thy necessary speed  
 To *Britain*, and divulge my Proclamation  
 Of *Grace* and *Pardon* unto every Head,  
 Which strait abjures that dangerous *Innovation*,  
 And penitent for his *Christian Heresy*,  
 With orthodox Devotion bows to *Me*.

89.

To *Me*, who will their Loyalty requite  
 With golden Plenty and with pleasant Ease;  
 To *Me*, whose Laws are Statutes of Delight,  
 Not of unnatural Severities,  
 Of Watchings, Fastings, Sighs and Tears; O no!  
 What Mildness means I better know than so.

90.

But if my princely Favor be despised,  
 Both Heav'n and Earth must needs my Rage approve.  
 Denounce all Vengeance that can be devised  
 By scorn'd and therefore most indignant Love:  
 Make all the stupid stubborn Rebels feel  
 That I can on their Earth display my Hell.

91.

This said: the *Feind* with three short adorations  
 Of her dread *Lord*, her salvage Task embrac'd,  
 And loth that ceremonious Dilations  
 Should greater Duties stop, to Coach made haste.  
 Thus mounting at the Gate, they parted; *He*  
 Home to his Hell, and towards *Britain She*.

92.

Forthwith, in terrible Magnificence,  
 An hundred Trumpets sent their Voice before,  
 To tell the People that their awful *Prince*  
 Her Progress now began: that stately Roar  
 Through every Street imperiously flew,  
 And warn'd all Eyes this mighty Sight to view.

93.

When lo, the sweating Throgs her way bespread  
 With Admirations of her Pomp and Train,

Two Squires before the rest at distance rid,  
*Suspition* and *Envy*: both did rein  
 Their fitting Steeds, the one a *Fox*, the other  
 A *Wolf*, and forc'd them on to march together.

94.

The next was *Blandishment*, whose winning Face  
 Alone was open to the People's eye;  
 On whom she smil'd with amiable grace,  
 And cunningly maintain'd her goodly *Lye*:  
 For all her Harpy-bodie's monstrous Fashion  
 Lurk'd in her Trappings spruce Dissimulation.

95.

Then follow'd *Pride* upon a surly *Horse*,  
 Whose stomach swell'd like *Her's*: fierce Sparkles broke  
 From his impatient Eyes; with martial force  
 He bent his Neck's large Bow; his Main he shook;  
 About he flung his Foam; and champ'd his Bit,  
 For both his Rider he disdain'd, and it.

96.

But in her right hand *She* a Banner held,  
 And fair display'd its bosom to the Wind:  
 Forthwith the Flag with stately Fulness swell'd  
 Wherein the *Tyrant's* golden Scutcheon shin'd,  
 A widespread *Eagle*, whose stout Pinions seem'd  
 To bear her up still as the *Colours* stream'd.

97.

Then came the Coach, which two strange Monsters drew,  
 For one a dreadful *Lybian Dragon* was,  
 Who from his mouth did flaming Sulphure spew,  
 Empoisoning all the Way he was to pass:  
 The other, an enormous *Crocodile*,  
 The most accursed Son of happy *Nile*.

98.

On them, two fierce Postillions mounted were:  
 Intolerable headstrong *Anger*, who  
 Her *Dragon's* sides with restless Lashes tore,  
 Yet knew not why she him tormented so:  
 And *Cruelty*, whose heart was harder than  
 His knotty *Crocodile's* black iron skin.

99.

Upon the Coachbox sate a *Driver*, hight  
*Selfwil*, a madbrain'd most outrageous *He*;  
 Who makes devouring Speed his sole Delight,  
 Though thousand Perils chide his Fervency  
 Never could Hills or Dales, or Sea or Land,  
 Or desperate Precipices, make him stand.

100.

The Chariot's metal nothing was but *Brass*,  
 Bright burning *Brass*; of which each dismal side  
 With sharp and hungry Hooks thick platted was,  
 To mow down All it met: in this did ride  
 The dreadful *Queen*, a *Queen* of mighty Fame  
 Who hath not heard of *Persecution's* Name

101.

ke stern Panthers' aspects be  
he hideous Book ;  
dustury  
to her monstrous Look,  
d her vainly-humane Face  
lost frightful Glass.

102.

acious *Innocence*  
ss at her salvage Bar ;  
and bloody Violence  
ly Pleasures are.  
ous Souls, and raise their fears  
where-ever She appears.

103.

smear'd with gore ; her Hands  
Twists of angry Snakes,  
till her *Coachman* never stands,  
him, and makes  
more speedy grow, that she  
s soon 's her *Wishes* be.

104.

ugh the Popular Rout, and flew  
e straitest way ;  
larger Train she drew,  
r cruel steps ; for they  
fernal genuine Brood,  
s'd and fatten'd up with blood.

105.

inking far than He,  
ho threw his licorish eyes,  
i fire, on every *She*  
lth commended for a Prize.  
e he curs'd, and he alone,  
el loth to part so soon.

106.

back was *Rapine*, who  
lid that Bird exceed ;  
ough fat in Spoils, she so  
with more headlong Speed  
w would march, that at the Feast  
she might be a Guest.

107.

re unnatural  
rode meagre *Astorgy*,  
in sunder all  
ch true Love delights to tie  
s, and of Children ; and  
every Nuptial Band.

108.

*Hydra, Heresy*  
er heads than had her *Steed* ;

Rejoyc'd in hope that now contagious She  
Her Poison to another World should spread ;  
And *Albion's* Sands, which bridled in the Sea,  
Should by her stouter Tide o'rflowed be.

109.

A black and grizly *Dog* bore *Profanation* :  
Her who ne'r learnt Distinction of Place,  
Of Time, or Things ; who never yet could fashion  
A modest Look, or paint a Blush's Grace ;  
Whose Rudeness no more reverence affords  
To holy Altars, than to Dresser-boards.

110.

Bold *Sacrilege* sate pertly on a *Kite* ;  
And though her Claws were burnt, and sing'd her Wi  
E'r since the Altar might have taught her Wit,  
(For vengeful Coals stuck to the sacred Things,  
Branding the saucy Thief,) yet shameless She  
A-robbing Heav'n and *God* again would be.

111.

Upon a *Serpent* bred in Hell beneath,  
Which belch'd rank fire at every step he took,  
Which reached Heav'n with his pestiferous breath,  
Which fought with holy Incense by the smoke  
Of his foul Throat ; rode desperate *Blasphemy*,  
And dared all the way *Divinity*.

112.

But on an Heifer of Egyptian race,  
Right proud of his renown'd Descent (for he  
The Heir of *Apis* and of *Isis* was,)   
Sate full as gross a Brute, *Idolatry* :  
And yet *Devoto's*, grosser than her Beast,  
Or She, about her with their Offerings prest.

113.

And this was *Persecution's* princely Train ;  
Which all the way she went, stroke mortal fright  
Into the Countries, travelling in Pain,  
As she in Triumph ; till her rushing Flight  
Her, and their Fears far out of sight had born,  
And bad them from their Dens and Caves return.

114.

Poor *Albion* thrice started as she drew  
Near to the shore, and would have further run  
Into the Sea : but now the *Tyrant* flew  
With cursed Joy and snatch'd possession  
Of her unhappy Isle ; where dreadful she  
Took up her Quarters in a Colony.

115.

A strange Amusement on all hearts did seize,  
And each Man chew'd his own misgiving Thoughts :  
None durst have courage by Discourse to ease  
The heavy burden of his labouring Doubts.  
'Twixt nearest Friend and Friend *Suspicion* thrust  
And *Jealousy* devour'd all dearest Trust.

## 116.

When lo, *She* issued out her Proclamations  
Of Pardon unto All who would come in :  
But sour'd that Sweetness by stern Denuntiations  
To those who still continued in their *Sin* ;  
Who wasted still their Piety upon  
The *Carpenter's* poor *Crucified Son*.

## 117.

She summ'n'd all the *Isle* to *Reformation*,  
That mighty *Jove*, by whose high blessing *She*  
Reign'd Empress of the World, in worthy fashion,  
And like his sovereign Self, might worship'd be ;  
And mov'd to shower his fattest Favors down,  
And *Albion* with Peace and Plenty crown.

## 118.

For by her royal Declaration *She*  
All Blastings, Mildews, Droughts, Plagues, Earthquakes,  
Wars,  
Charg'd soly upon *Christianity* ;  
Which impious *Sect*, said she, so boldly dares  
The Wrath of all the *Gods*, that righteous *They*  
On stubborn Earth must needs this Vengeance lay.

## 119.

Forthwith, all *Those* whose bosoms tainted were  
With rank *Idolatry's* mad Venom, grew  
Luxuriously glad the News to hear ;  
And with immediate rampant Confluence flew  
To do their homage, and their thanks prefer  
Ev'n in the Name of *succoured Jove* to *Her*.

## 120.

Then *They*, who could have lov'd safe *Piety*  
Yet durst no more than faint cold *Virtue* own ;  
They in whose Hearts the *World* and *Self* did lie  
As well as *Jesus* ; they who would have drawn  
In th' *Evangelick Yoke* with patience, so  
Mean while their *secular Plough* might also go ;

## 121.

They who conceiv'd, for *Wives' and Children's* sake  
Depending soley on their Love and Care,  
(So dreamt the faithless Fondlings) they might make  
A little bold with *God* ; and *They* who were  
Flatter'd with hopes that *Heav'n's* propitious Eye  
Would wink at what they held *Necessity* ;

## 122.

Came in the rear, like Men who *scarcely* came,  
For not so much as half their Minds were there :  
In *Evening's* guilty Vail they cloak'd their Shame  
Which honest *Day's* clear-judging eye did fear ;  
Whilst to escape the *Tyrant's* Condemnation  
Themselves condemn their own Dissimulation.

## 123.

But they whose Loyalty stood firm and sound,  
They who to *Love* intirely were resigned,

Such potent Sweetness in his Service found  
As scorn'd all Hate with bloody Power combin'd :  
Such Sweetness as inforded to be sweet  
That Gall which flow'd in *Persecution's* Threat.

## 124.

Sooner will they be charmed by the Hiss  
Of Dragons, into their fell Dens to go ;  
Than be persuaded to accept of this  
So treacherous and destructive *Pardon* ; No  
Whate'r they loose, they from their *Loss* will reap  
This noble *Gain*, that they themselves will keep.

## 125.

Their Life, Limbs, Fame, Estate, and Liberty  
They can more eas'ly than their Conscience spare :  
They nothing count their own, which cannot be  
Without Impiety possest ; and are  
Content with any Thing but *God* to part,  
Who only can secure them their own Heart.

## 126.

*Psyche* was one, and not the meanest one  
Of these brave Champions ; who since *Phylax* had  
By *Heav'n's* disposal left her now alone,  
Her meek Addresses to *Uranus* made :  
An holy Priest was He, and unto Her  
An Oracle in any Doubt or Fear.

## 127.

To You, said She, my reverend *Father*, I  
Now *Persecution's* furious Storms arise,  
As to my wise and faithful Pilot fie ;  
Not to be steered where *Calamities*  
May never reach my Vessel, but to know  
The nearest way how I to them may row.

## 128.

Forbid it genuine Love, that I should fie  
The noblest Testimony I can give,  
Of my O how deserved Loyalty  
To my great *Spouse*, for whom alone I live :  
For Him I live ; and must that Truth deny  
If in his Quarel I refuse to die.

## 129.

For was not *His* ten thousand times more dear  
And precious than *my Life* ? yet generous He  
His heart-blood's utmost Drop stuck not to spare  
Ev'n for the worst of Worms, vile sinful *Me* :  
Loud cries the Merit of this Blood, and I  
Though oft I dy'd for Him, in debt should die.

## 130.

And should I shrink from *one* poor Death, what Eye  
Would not shoot Wrath at such *Unthankfulness* ?  
How should I hate my self, and strive to die  
For shame of Fearing Death ? yet I confess  
This wretched Life's so mean a thing, that We  
By Martyrdom do *Heav'n* no courtesy.

PSYCHE: OR LOVE'S MYSTERY.

131.

be : nor know I how  
which could I but shun,  
Death to me would flow,  
erlyer should run.  
ot be ; since *Bliss* is still  
t *Love* enjoy his Will.

132.

n Magnificence,  
ery *Service* be  
rely I will hence  
erality,  
an upon the score  
'itor for evermore.

133.

so was deeper read  
*Discipline*, reply'd ;  
e Flames of thine are bred  
but they blaze too wide :  
otent, and think that I  
as well as you, to Die.

134.

l by secure *Delight*  
ent to live and breath :  
tronglier me invite  
' Bed of Death :  
llure me here to stay,  
han Death, is *Death's Delay*!

135.

Haste of mine prevent  
re, who, for ought I know,  
d rest content  
rrows *here below* ;  
n the blessed Sight  
ad grovel here in Night.

136.

*Call* should run,  
ight outstrip his Grace :  
le I, thus left alone,  
ok the dreadful Face  
s'd in martial Array  
o my *Dust* and *Clay* ?

137.

k that *Captain* who  
has presum'd to fight ?  
'ris'ner go  
to try his might  
what Eye will grieve to see  
or his Temerity ?

138.

n we challeng'd are,  
untaining, That his Name

Doth in our bosoms sit more near and dear  
Than Life it self? mean while ne'r think it shan  
To balk the tempest, which will soon retrieve  
Thy Heav'n and Thee, if *Jesus* gives it leave.

139.

As some young Soldier, who was more on fire  
Than his fierce sparkling Steed, the Charge to g  
When by some old Commander his Desire  
As rash and perillous, doth a Curb receive,  
Finds it an harder Conflict to subdue  
His single self, than all his hostile Crew :

140.

So *Psyche* crossed in her venturous way  
By that grave bulk of her sage Priest's Advice,  
Feels it an heavy troublous Task to stay,  
And shun the winning of her dearest Prize :  
Yet knowing He was wiser far than she,  
Bravely she yields, and gains self-victory.

141.

*Uranius* well remembering now how He,  
Then young and shiftless, by his Parents was  
Into a Nest of silent Privacy,  
Whose Avenue lay through a Desert's maze,  
Hurry'd by night, when such a storm as this  
Into the Britain Hemisphere did press :

142.

Thither, when Ev'n had muffled up the Eye  
Of Heav'n, and those of Earth, he *Psyche* led ;  
And by a Lanthorn which would not desery  
More than He pleas'd, his journey governed :  
Till at the Cavern they arrived, where  
Cheerly he bad the *Maid* be of good cheer.

143.

It is no new Adventure, this, said He,  
But practis'd and well-season'd to thine hand :  
*Moses*, that Man of God, was glad to flee,  
And wander up and down a foreign Land.  
With hungrier sp[r]ight no Partridge ever on  
The hills was chas'd, than *Jesse's* holy Son.

144.

Noble *Elijah* in the Desert hid  
His persecuted head, when *Jezebel*,  
Our *Tyrant's* Type, her threatnings thundered  
Against his Life : there chose this *Saint* to dwe  
Supplied with no Caterer or Cook,  
But only *Ravens*, no Cellar, but a Brook.

145.

Nay mighty *Jesus* too himself did flie  
When bloody *Herod* drew his desperate Sword  
And never think it can discredit thy  
Devotion, to follow Him thy *Lord*  
In any of his steps, who is alone  
The way which leads to all *Perfection*.

## 146.

Whilst thus the sober *Priest* encourag'd Her :  
A Troop of furious Soldiers had by night  
Beset their houses, in presumption there  
To catch their ready Prey : but when their flight  
They understood, their frustrate Expectation  
Flam'd into most impatient Vexation.

## 147.

All Rooms they ransak'd, where what Goods they met  
Were hungry *Plunder's* instant Sacrifice :  
Yet still their Rage unsatisfied, set  
The Houses too on fire ; with barbarous Cries  
Threatning like vengeance to their Owners, when  
Justice could hunt them from their secret Den.

## 148.

If any of the Neighbours, wounded by  
The salvage Spectacle, but smote their breast,  
Or shak'd their head, or mourned in a sigh ;  
The salvage Caytifs took it for Confest  
That to their *Queen* they ill-affected were,  
And them with rayling Cries to Prison tare.

## 149.

Yet, by the way, the cruel Courtesy  
Of hungry Thieves they frankly offer'd *Them* ;  
Who ready were their Lives and Liberty  
With present sums of Money to redeem.  
Their *Queen* is safe enough, so *They* can line  
Their greedy Cofters with Delinquents' Coin.

## 150.

Which having gain'd, they set their Pris'ners free ;  
Free to new Rapine, giving Information  
Of their Religious Delinquency  
To other Plunderers ; who with fresh Invasion  
On their fat Booties seize, whose Guilt is sure  
To last as long 's their Purses' Springs endure.

## 151.

But through the Eastern ruby Portals now  
*Aurora* op'd the passage to the Day ;  
When lo, an old and shaggy *Lyon*, who  
Had busy been all night about his prey,  
Came panting home, and with a mighty Roar  
Proclaim'd his entrance at his Cavern's door.

## 152.

This was that Cavern where for shelter lay  
The good *Uranus* and *Psyche*, who  
Rous'd by the Noise, but destitute of way  
To flee the presence of their hideous Fo ;  
Their hearts to Heav'n with instant fervor sent,  
Imploring Succour in this Peril's dint.

## 153.

In rush'd the *Beast*, whose dreadful Mouth and Paw  
Still reeked with his worried Bootie's blood :

But those unlook'd-for Guests when there he saw,  
Stroke with the awful News a while he stood,  
And as he wistly view'd, he smooth'd his frown  
And by degrees his Crest and Tail let down.

## 154.

*Uranus* musing what the *Lyon* meant  
To melt from his stern self, thus him bespake :  
If *He* who is our Lord and thine, hath sent  
Thee hither with Commission to take  
Our lives by gentler Tyranny than that  
From which we fled, lo we deny them not.

## 155.

Much Solace it will be to Us that We  
Augment not by our deaths the *Guilt of Men* ;  
This bloody Trade far better suits with Thee,  
Of Salvageness the dreadful Sovereign, than  
With them whose softer Tempers to the key  
Of mild Compassion should tuned be.

## 156.

Yet if Thou dost not on Heav'n's Errand come,  
But on the bus'ness of thy barbarous Thirst ;  
Unarmed though we be, no Peril from  
Thy Paws or Jaws we dread ; do all thy worst.  
So faithful *He*, and so said *Psyche* too,  
And waited what the *Beast* would dare to do.

## 157.

When lo, the trusty generous *Lyon*, who  
No Vengeance ought to *Men* but where he saw  
The print of Guilt and of Rebellion to  
Their common Sovereign, right meekly threw  
Himself before these *Saints* ; in whom he read  
The Lines of Innocence so fairly spread.

## 158.

(Thus his ingenuous *Forefathers*, when  
Great *Daniel* at their Hunger's mercy lay,  
Permitted Him to reign in their own Den ;  
And stuck not to his Sanctity to pay  
Their couchant Tribute, though their stomachs' Cry  
Mean while alarm'd their fierce Rapacity.)

## 159.

Then having humbly lick'd their holy feet,  
And seem'd to beg their Blessings e'r he went ;  
What universal *Providence* finds meet  
And useful for thy Modestie's content,  
*Uranus* cry'd, may it bestowed be  
In due requital of thy Piety.

## 160.

Forthwith the joyful *Lyon* took his leave,  
With all the manners his rude Education  
Could teach his joints ; which sight made *Psyche* grieve,  
Reflecting with a tender Meditation  
On those *unmanly Men* from whom she fled,  
Who did the wildest Beasts in Rage exceed.

161.

And well she might; for lo, a trusty friend  
Both to the *Priest* and *Her*, who knew the place  
Where now they lurk'd, his way did thither rend  
With Ashes on his head and Grief in 's face:  
And enter'd there, a while he silent stood,  
And eas'd his Passion in a weeping flood.

162.

Then prefacing with Groans, Alas, he cry'd,  
That I have liv'd to bring this deadly News!  
Your selves have by your flight escap'd the Tide  
Of Salvageness which all our Town imbrues:  
But nothing else; for what behind you left,  
The Booty is of most outrageous Theft.

163.

Your Houses, turn'd to their own funeral pile,  
Now in their Ashes lie—. Vast Sorrow here  
Stifeled the rest. But then, thy story's stile  
To Us is not so dreadful; never fear  
That what remains, will torture Us, replies  
The *Priest*, who dare embrace our miseries.

164.

Whate'r was ours, thou know'st, We never *Made*,  
But by our *Lord's Donation* did possess:  
Since all we had, we but as *Stewards* had,  
Well may our *Master* call for what was *His*.  
And blessed be His Name, who Us from these  
Incumbrances is pleased to release.

165.

Chidden by this heroick Bravery,  
The *Messenger* took heart, and thus went on:  
Had furious Tyranny presum'd to fly  
No higher than at you, and yours, alone;  
Tears might have reach'd that Loss; but now her  
Rage  
With the *Most High* adventures War to wage.

166.

The desperate *Caytifs* feared not to break  
Into the sacred *Oratory* (where  
Our bus'ness we with Heav'n dispatch'd, for lack  
Of publick safety for our *Rites*;) and there  
Made Hellish havock, challenging, in spight,  
*God* for His *Temple* and *Himself* to fight.

167.

The sacred *Volumes* they no sooner saw,  
But cry'd, in atheistick scorn, Behold  
These odious *Galileans'* lawless *Law*,  
Which boldly *breaks* all *Statutes* else, enroll'd  
Either in *Cesar's* books, or *Jove's*: but We  
Will try if this may now not *broken be*.

168.

Forthwith they madly tore it leaf by leaf;  
Here *Moses* tatter'd lay, the *Prophets* there:

But on the *Evangelick* Part their chief  
Revenge they pour'd, and, as they able were  
Massacred patient *Christ* again, and rent  
Him in the Body of his Testament.

169.

Which done; upon Religion's next support,  
And grave Devotion's Rule, the *Liturgy*,  
They made their equally-malicious sport:  
Crying, These are those *Leaves of Witchery*,  
That bulk of *Conjurations* and *Charms*,  
To which the whole World owes its present Harms.

170.

Next, all the Altar's reverend furniture  
They snatch'd, and scrambled who should rifle most;  
The sacerdotal Vestments, white and pure,  
About the room at first in scorn they tost;  
And then with them array'd their gamesome selves,  
Acting in Lambs' mild fleeces, murderous Wolves.

171.

Upon the *Chalice*, when they had espyed  
The *Shepherd* bringing home the strayed sheep,  
All in an hell-combined Clamor cryed,  
Look how those *Christians* set their *God* to keep  
Their *Wine*: but fools, they should have hir'd a  
friend  
Who might his Godship from our hands defend.

172.

Is not our *Pan* more like a God, than this?  
*Pan*, who the Shepherds selves has power to keep,  
Whilst this poor servile *Thing* contented is  
To spend his foolish time on silly sheep.  
But since He's here of Silver, in our need  
His Deity may stand us in some stead.

173.

When in these Contumelies they their fill  
Had wantoniz'd; one ill-look'd Soldier brings  
A black Dog's carcase, which (O wit of Hell!)  
He scornfully upon the Altar flings;  
And with blasphemous supplication, cries,  
Accept, O *Christ*, my bounden Sacrifice.

174.

Then said another, we must not forget  
Humbly to tender our Drinkoffring too.  
With that, upon the Altar thrice he spit,  
And having fill'd a putrified shoe  
With his vile Urine, on his bended knee  
He pour'd out his foul Impiety.

175.

But then a Third, to make their Crime complete,  
Yelling and rayling, set the Place on fire.  
For since, said he, this *Jesus* is so great  
A Deity, his Godship may require  
An *Holocaust*: which word, and Act, the Rout  
Applauded with an universal shout.



## 176.

No more, cry'd here *Uranius*; O forbear  
Till we have pour'd out our due Tears for this.  
That *Jesus*, and his *Temple* wronged are,  
Our *Sins*, and ours alone, the reason is:  
Our Breach of His Commandments is the Gap  
Which let into His *House* this foul Mishap.

## 177.

This said; the reins to pious Lamentation  
Both *He* and *Psyche* liberally gave.  
When lo, a strong and mixt Vociferation  
Conquer'd their Cries, and triumph'd in the Cave:  
Some *Huntsmen's* Noise it seem'd in their ear;  
And right they guess'd, for these *Men-hunters* were.

## 178.

It prov'd that *Rout*, who when they mist the *Priest*  
At his own house, concluded he was fled,  
And in the Desert sought some private Nest,  
Wherein to hide his persecuted head.  
But they all bent and sworn to hunt him out,  
A Pack of *Bloodhounds* for the purpose brought.

## 179.

As up and down these trac'd the Solitude,  
A busy Cur the Cavern did surround.  
And having caught the wished sent, persu'd  
It close till he these holy *Weepers* found;  
Whom spying, wide he opened, and howl'd  
Till he to all the *Rabble* tales had toll'd.

## 180.

This brought them tumbling thither: where when they  
Beheld *Uranius*, with a barbarous Cry  
Up went their Voice and Hands to pull Dismay  
Down on their *Pris'ner*; whom forthwith they tie  
To that grim Hound which him retriev'd, that he  
Might his contemptible Conductor be.

## 181.

The reverend *Captive* knew it was in vain  
To ask their madness why it us'd him so;  
Or what Offence of his had earn'd that Chain  
Which bound him to such ignominious Wo;  
He was not now to learn, that sober *Reason*  
By this *Committee* would be voted *Treason*.

## 182.

In patient silence he attends their spight,  
Ready to stay, or go, to live, or die;  
Not doubting but in *Persecution's* sight  
To *yield's* the surest way to *Victory*.  
Thus harmless Lambs are in their *Sufferings* mute.  
And never with the Butcher's Knife dispute.

## 183.

As *Psyche* at his back lamenting stood,  
One who pretended to have something still

Of Man and Kindness, bad her stop that flood,  
Which poor seduced She amiss did spill;  
And never weep to see Him *Pris'ner* there,  
Who by Enchantments had enslaved Her.

## 184.

For this your lurking, and your wailing here,  
Tell us He hath bewitch'd you into his  
*Ridiculous Religion's* yolk: yet were  
It only *such*, said he, we would not press  
The Law against him; but the wide World knows  
That it with *Crimes* as well as *Follies* flows.

## 185.

This old *Ringleader* of the *Sect* will we  
To justice sacrifice: but as for you,  
Whose Guilt we hope is but Simplicity,  
To your less fault we Pardon will allow:  
And to your silly *Servant* here, if He  
Henceforth will be content more *Wise* to be.

## 186.

*Psyche* with silent and with sad Disdain  
Threw back his Courtesy into his face:  
For though her heart at present did refrain  
To speak it self, yet she resolved was:  
Resolved not to leave her friend that day  
Though Death and Devils blocked up her way.

## 187.

And now the raging *Miscreants* tore the *Priest*  
Back to the Town with shameless Exclamations,  
And all the way his Patience oppress  
With Kicks, and Stripes, and Taunts, and Accusations;  
Which sad Procession reached to the Place  
Where their Tribunal high-erected was.

## 188.

A *Deputy* of *Persecution* there  
Upon the Bench with ready Malice sate;  
Full on whose face an Altar looked, where  
Prepared Coals did glowing lie; and at  
The shrine stood one with Incense in his hand  
To wait upon the *Deputy's* Command.

## 189.

*Uranius* thus presented at the Bar;  
The *Judge* begins an insolent Oration,  
In which his spight had took sufficient Care  
To blast, and to blaspheme the *Christian* nation;  
To whose sole Charge he loudly lay'd all  
The Miseries which did that Age befall.

## 190.

Nor those alone (his *Sovereign's Declaration*  
Had thus far ly'd,) but all that Calumny  
Could possibly invent; the Combination  
Of bloody and unclean Impiety,  
Which made the *Gnosticks' Name* so horrid, He  
Avow'd the *Christian Discipline* to be.

## 191. .

His Praise advanc'd his *Gods* unto the skies,  
(A place which they, alas, could never reach,) But heap'd on *Christ* all slanderous Injuries  
Which Envy could suggest, or Hell could teach.  
And at each period the *People's* Roar  
Pour'd proud Applause upon their *Orator*.

## 192.

But in the Close, he gravely turn'd his speech  
With cruel Pity to *Uranus* ;  
Whom by his reverend Age he did beseech  
No longer to be fool'd and cheated thus  
By *silly Wickedness*, but choose their odds  
Who offer'd him for *One a Troop of Gods*.

## 193.

He wonder'd why he should not much prefer  
The *Deities* all Nations did adore,  
Before the single simple *Carpenter*  
Who found no Worship but amongst a poor  
Few sneaking and despised Souls, which He  
(Vain God) could not protect from Misery.

## 194.

With earnest looks he then conjur'd him to  
Remember what was done at *Calvary* ;  
Who there was mock'd, and pierc'd, and nailed ; who  
Expired there on Shame's and Torment's Tree ;  
And not with desperate Sottishness lay down  
His life for *Him* who could not save His own.

## 195.

But if he still refused to present  
Incense to *Jove*, he bad him strait expect  
The most severe Excess of Punishment  
Which scorn'd and anger'd Mercy could inflict.  
This said ; with anxious and greedy eye  
He gaped for *Uranus* his Reply.

## 196.

But *He* right brave Defiance to return  
Upon the crafty *Judge's* hated love,  
Cry'd out, Much sooner I *my self* will burn,  
Than Incense to an *Idol* : could you prove  
Your favor would not surely me destroy,  
I it would hug with humble thanks and joy.

## 197.

But Sir, *Uranus* is assur'd that They  
On whom you thrust the Names of *Deities*,  
Are weaker far than we poor things of Clay ;  
And that the *Carpenter* you so despise  
Is He who fram'd both You and Me, and all  
The fabrick of this universal Ball.

## 198.

And His revenging Arm it is which now  
Lasheth the World with those Calamities

Whose guilt on our *Religion's* shoulders you  
So freely threaten : your own *Idolatries*  
Force *Him* to *Justice*, who had rather be  
Known unto all this World by *Lenity*.

## 199.

Would *He* think fit to rescue me, it is  
Not all your Power, or your *Queen's*, can stand  
Against his might : But if I must by His  
Most just, be left to your tyrannick Hand ;  
His Pleasure dearer is than life to Me ;  
I dread not *Death*, but dread *Apostasy*.

## 200.

No Sea repulsed by a solid Rock  
E'r swell'd and foam'd with more disdainful Wrath ;  
Than now the *Judge*, to hear the Pris'ner mock  
So solemnly his *Gods* and *Him*, and *Death*.  
Then let him Burn, he cry'd ; since he denies  
To offer, make him be, *Jove's Sacrifice*.

## 201.

The *Soldiers*, who were much afraid least He  
Should have embrac'd the *Judge's* profer'd Grace,  
Rejoyc'd and clap'd their cursed hands to see  
That to their Rage He now condemned was.  
Away they drag him to the stake, and there  
A fort of fagots round about him rear.

## 202.

Then with a Brand from *Jove's* high Altar brought,  
The Pile they kindle, and blow up the flame :  
Which as it rose, they bellow'd out their shout :  
May such Revenge those stubborn Dotards tame,  
Who scorning to the mighty *Gods* to yield,  
Their trust on *Crucified Jesus* build.

## 203.

But mild *Uranus* having kiss'd the stake,  
And every fagot which his lips could reach ;  
At leasure was his noble Prayers to make  
For Pardon for his Murderers' *fury*, which  
Blinded with Superstition's veil, alas,  
Perceived not what part it Acting was.

## 204.

Then purer than the flame, and brighter far,  
Which mounted from his Pile, his *Soul* did fly :  
It higher flew than That, and gain'd the sphere  
Not of the *Stars*, but of *felicity* ;  
Where it was welcom'd to its final Home  
By Martyrdom's illustrious Diademe.

## 205.

So when brave *Gold* hath by the cruelty  
Of an incensed furnace been refined ;  
Its genuine substance is allow'd to be  
Crowned, and with th' Imperial Image signed ;  
Free leave and full authority it has  
Current through all its Sovereign's Realm to pass.

206.

*Psyche*, whose sympathetick heart attended  
Upon this holy Tragick-comedy,  
No sooner saw how gloriously it ended,  
But gravid with her pious Plaudit, she,  
Forgetful of the furious standers by,  
Thus eas'd her Soul's exultant Ecstasy :

207.

Go, valiant *Saint*, thy Conquest is complete ;  
Go where immortal Laurel ready is  
With endless Honor thy bright brows to meet ;  
Go and possess thy *Master's* Realm of Bliss :  
Thy Name and fame shall reverend be beneath  
So long as *Piety* on Earth shall breathe.

208.

Happy, most happy Thou, who art supply'd  
Ev'n by thy Foes with this fair Chariot, in  
Whose flaming Glories thou hast leave to ride  
To those which in the *Empyreum* shine :  
Well might'st thou pray their sin be not imputed  
To them, who thee to Heav'n have persecuted.

209.

O that poor *Psyche* might the grace obtain,  
Though at the price of all the World's worst spight,  
To kiss thy glorious feet, and bear thy Train  
In thy triumphant March ! O that I might  
Through all thy hottest flames climb after thee,  
And from this mortal Dross refined be ?

210.

This high-strain'd Air full well beseemed Her,  
And in all holy Ears good musick made ;  
But no flat Discord could more grate and jar  
Upon the *Soldiers*, whose professed Trade  
Was how to tune their Curses to a Key  
Of wild impetuous Importunity.

211.

And how intolerable they esteem  
This note of hers, they make her fully feel ;  
For first they vote her to be *Furie's* Game,  
And then with barbarous haste kick, tear and hale  
Her to the *Judge's* Bar ; in hopes that He  
Their bloody Hunger's Caterer would be.

212.

Here they exclaim, that this bold *Woman* was  
As *manly* as the *Priest* in Wickedness ;  
That she nor fear'd nor blush'd to make his Case  
Heav'n's quarrel, and his cursed Death to bless ;  
And so must needs as guilty be as He  
Of sin's Perfection, *Christianity*.

213.

Yea of the rankest foulest part of it ;  
Witness the shelter of the Night and Cave,

An advantageous Circumstance, and fit  
For none but Lust's black work : And now you have  
Just Sir, said they, arraigned here before  
Your righteous Seat a *Christian* and a *Whore*.

214.

But *She*, commanded by the *Judge* to make  
Her own Apologie, (which best, said he,  
Will be evinc'd, if you that Censer take  
And choke with holy smoke all Calumny,)  
With elevated Eyes thank'd *Heav'n* for this  
Occasion to ascend unto her Bliss.

215.

Embraving then her face with gallant Joy,  
And like a *Champion* ready for the fight,  
Or some bright *Queen* who gilds her nuptial Day,  
Or *Venus* whose pure lustre silvers Night,  
Or brisk *Aurora* garnishing the Morn,  
Or goodly *Ceres* traversing her Corn,

216.

Or rather like that glorious *Deacon* who  
First op'd the ruby Gate of *Martyrdom*,  
Whom sweet and princely beams imbellish'd so  
That Heav'n it self aforehand seem'd to come  
And perch upon his face, which to his Foes  
An *Angel's* Count'nance did in *Man's* disclose ;

217.

She thus began : No Confutation I  
But Thanks alone to my *Accusers* owe,  
Who charge on me no vulgar Piety,  
But rank me with *Uranus*, and allow  
That simple I deserve no less than He  
With *Martyrdom's* fair Palms adorn'd to be.

218.

Indeed 'tis my Ambition's Aim that I  
May but appear as deep ingrain'd as He  
In what you fondly count Guilt's ugly Die :  
And since their malice hath befriended me  
Above my merit, I am loth to lose  
What is so freely granted by my Foes.

219.

But that part of their spight which call'd me *Whore*  
Foully mistaketh my Delights and Me ;  
For might I choose my *flames*, for evermore  
In all Hell's sulphur I would fry'd be,  
Rather than hatch a Thought of giving way  
That *Lust's* black fire should make my heart its Prey.

220.

But how have I demean'd my self, that you  
Wise Sir, should think this wretched *Life* to me  
Can seem more precious than the *faith* I owe  
To *Him* who can from Death's Captivity  
Redeem His Subjects, and a course will take  
*Uranus* from his Ashes out to rake.

221.

If e'r this Tongue of mine was known to spill  
The least Consent or seeming Approbation  
Of *you* or of your *Gods*, (which sure my Will  
Was never privy to,) this Detestation  
May wipe it off, and make my Guilt as clear  
As my Accusers wish it may appear.

222.

Your *Jove's* no more, nay not so much to Me  
As you, or as the meanest Wight that lives :  
He to your fancies ow's his Deity,  
And from your Superstition receives  
His several shapes : and therefore well may you  
Be bold with him, and what you please allow.

223.

Sometimes a *Bull* must serve, sometimes a *Swan*  
For *King of Gods and Men* ; sometimes a *shower*  
Of *Gold*, and, when you kindest are, a *Man* :  
But such a *Man*, as wast's his *Godship's* Power  
In Lust and Luxury ; that politick ye  
May by your *God's* Example Wicked be.

224.

And must I lavish Incense to perfume  
*His Name*, the *Name of filths and Stinks* ? must I  
His wretched Vileness to content presume  
On *Jesu's* pure and mighty Majesty ?  
No : *Him* indeed I fear, but dread not you ;  
Which with my life I ready am to show.

225.

I grant *Corruption* is my Pedegree,  
And Worms my kindred ; yet I must have leave  
To think my self too noble still to be  
*Your God's* Devoto : O do not deceive  
Your selves in vain ; my *Essence* *real* is,  
And therefore may not worship *forgeries*.

226.

Were I as foul as *Slander's* thoughts of me,  
Were I the worst of horrid Things, a *Whore* ;  
I see not why your goodly Piety  
Should not forthwith convince you to Adore  
My *Wickedness* and *Me*, unless you dare  
Your *Venus* from her Goddessship debar.

227.

What *Perfeca*, *Pertunda*, *Mutunus*,  
What *Cyprian Rites*, what *Ithyphallies*, mean,  
What sacred sport old *Baudo's* glorious  
Invention made to cheer up *Harvest's Queen*,  
You and your Temples know : but pardon me  
If I abhor to name such Villany.

228.

No : it shall never stain this Tongue of mine  
This Tongue, whose Homage is intirely due

To *Jesu's Name* ; that *Name* of most divine  
Unspotted Sweetness : doubt not Sir, although  
I am a feeble *Female*, *His* dear Sake  
My Resolution *Masculine* can make.

229.

It can, and will ; and if you find to day  
That *Jove*, or *greater you*, can make me start  
From what becomes *his* faithfull Champion, say  
*Jesus* has *Psyche's* Tongue, but none her Heart.  
This said : with hopes of deadly Tortures fill'd,  
On her grim *Judge's* face she nobly smil'd.

230.

But He, deep stung by this most stout Reply,  
And highly scorning to acknowledge in  
A *Woman* such heroick Constancy,  
With envious Cunning cry'd, now have I seen  
Enough to quit lowd *Fame* from any Lie  
Which charg'd such *Charms* on *Christianity*.

231.

If every silly Soul enchanted were  
With fauning Superstition's Witchery,  
This obstinate and retchless *Maiden* here  
Is Captive to that curs'd Impiety ;  
Being so monstrously transform'd, that to  
The *Gods* and her own *Self* she's open Foe.

232.

But must We rage because this Wench is mad ?  
Perhaps her Spell's of short extent, and she  
Tam'd by a Prison's Hardship, may be glad  
To turn into her self again, and be  
Content (which may the *Gods* vouchsafe to grant !  
Her Blasphemy and Boldness to recant.

233.

Great *Jove*, who heard when she did him defy,  
Forbore to fling his Lightning at her head ;  
And by that sweet and heav'nly Lenity,  
Of *Patience* to Us a Lecture read.  
To Prison with her, and instruct her by  
New *Chains* to quit these *Bands of Witchery*.

234.

Laden with Irons, but much more with scorn,  
Poor *Psyche* thus unto the Jayl is led ;  
And in a dungeon gloomy and forlorn  
(That she might doubly be imprisoned,)  
Cruelly plung'd : where as she 'gan to sink  
Into the nasty Mire, she wak'd the *Stink*.

235.

A *Stink* which might disdain what *Arabie*  
And all its Odors could against it do :  
An aged *Stink*, which in that Sordid stie  
Had mellowing lain ; for it was long agoe  
Since any Foot disquieted the Heap  
Of pois'nous Lothsomness which there did sleep.

236.

Fast in this Torment stuck, afflicted *Shes*  
 No succour could receive from any Friend :  
 The Jaylor barr'd out all Their Piety  
 Who long'd to give what He deny'd to lend,  
 And only once a day his Pris'ner fed  
 With puddle Water and more dirty Bread.

237.

Yet harder than this *Diet*, was the *Grace*  
 He duly said : *Repent*, unhappy Wretch,  
*Repent*, he cry'd : why should this odious Place  
 Be dearer to thee, than the Favor which  
 The gentle *Judge* hath offer'd thee, if thou  
 With *Him*, and our great *Queen*, to *Jove* wilt bow ?

238.

These curs'd importunate Preachments sorely grated  
 Upon the bowels of her Soul, who in  
 This woful Leisure deeply meditated  
 Upon the Age's most contagious *Sin* ;  
 Which now with zealous superstition rung  
 From her destructive *Keeper's* pitying Tongue.

239.

No Member e'r with softer Sympathy  
 The Wounds of its fraternal Part could feel,  
 Than she that deadly-spreading Malady  
 Which now had tainted *Albion's* Commonweal ;  
 And like the Plague indeed, into the Heart  
 Its desperate Poison did directly dart.

240.

*Inestimable Souls* (for such the Price  
 Which *Jesus* paid, demonstrates them to be,)   
 Their own illustrious Value did despise,  
 Selling themselves to *poor Idolatry* ;  
 And at no higher rate, than to escape  
 Some worldly Shame, and temporal Mishap.

241.

Their dear *Redeemer's* most transcendent Love  
 They kick'd and scorned and his Heav'n with it ;  
 And spent their Service on ignoble *Jove*,  
 Although no Guerdon but the lowest Pit  
 Of everflaming Torments did attend them,  
 Where ev'n that *Jove* himself no help could lend them.

242.

This pierc'd her Soul so deep, that she should give  
 Her Life ten thousand times to Death, might she  
 But at that cost be able to relieve  
 Or Friends or Foes from this mad misery.  
 But seeing this unfeasible, the sight  
 Doubled her sorrow's heart-oppressing weight.

243.

This fair Advantage envious *Satan* took

Trusting his Art at length would her provoke  
 To kiss the Judge's offer'd Courtesy ;  
 He hop'd that *Desolation* gall'd by *Grief*  
 Would stoop at last, and not disdain Relief.

244.

And yet her charitable Meditation  
 Highly displeas'd him ; wherefore crafty He  
 Resolv'd perforce to knit her Contemplation  
 Close to her own new-sprung Calamity ;  
 For all her Veins with angry Flames he fill'd,  
 Till into burning Pearls and Boils they swell'd.

245.

Her skin, so soft, and white, and sleek before,  
 All rugged now with odious Tumors is :  
 From head to foot one universal Sore  
 Arrays her round in a tormenting Dress ;  
 A Dress which *Vase's* patient *Prince* of old  
 He forc'd to wear instead of Robes of gold.

246.

Yet on dry Ashes He had leave to sit,  
 And with a Potsherd scrape his scurfy skin :  
 A Comfort *Psyche's* Fate would not permit,  
 Who stuck beneath that Help, a Captive in  
 The thick relentless *Mire* ; where she is fain  
 To rub her torturing Tumors with her Chaia.

247.

She rub'd, and every Rub did but enrage  
 The fretful Sores to higher swelling Pain ;  
 Whose fury for the present to assuage  
 She rub'd, and so augmented it again.  
 O deplorable Wight, whose only Ease  
 Is her own flaming Anguish to increase !

248.

And yet these Torments less tormenting were  
 Than those which now her *Parents' treacherous Love*  
 Heap'd on her wounded Soul : the *Judge's* ear,  
 And then his Leave they gain'd, to come and prove  
 What their Persuasions with their Child could do :  
 And cunningly they did their bus'ness too.

249.

For on the Dungeon's brink their Lamentation  
 They poured first, and then this charming Cry :  
*Psyche*, O *Psyche*, If thy Tribulation  
 Be yet too weak to make thee bow to thy  
 Own Ease and Quiet ; let thy *Parents' Grig*  
 At least, by thy Consent, obtain Relief.

250.

The Staff of our decrepit years art Thou,  
 Sole Thou, dear Daughter ; all our Joys in Thee  
 Are fresh and young : O do not rob us now  
 Of that by which we live, thy *Liberty* :  
 Thy *Liberty*, which we would rather choose

251.

1 thee back to Us again,  
: when He is kind?  
ved to be slain  
ich generous Pity find?  
ife thou strangely scornest, yet  
rhom thou owest it.

252.

e as gentle be,  
m for, will never praise  
ural Piety  
and Parents' lives betrays.  
*Lord* we also know,  
passion more than thou.

253.

iant Mercy makes  
Storm abates, Comply.  
h all Hearts its Prospect takes,  
it still with Loyalty  
: Laws ; and therefore He  
[*t*]side-fault will be.

254.

ough fould with *three Denials*,  
was clean, he pardon gave :  
ut since thy present Tryals  
n His, thy Lips may have  
r once, if still thy Breast  
doth persist.

255.

: own Destruction !  
urely ought'st to crave ;  
njoy the courteous Sun,  
not forestal thy Grave.  
id Us Live with Thee ; or by  
send Us home to Dy.

256.

*Psyche* with a Sigh  
he bottom of her Grot,  
large, and valiantly  
answer vanquish'd what  
r Tongues had brought  
:-Hold to force her out.

257.

he *Taylor* blame  
Liberty to gain  
e's accursed Name,  
so on Heav'n's throne doth reign :  
that Pagan He, to Me  
my *Christian Parents* be?

258.

oly Title wear,  
nvite me now

To kick at *Christ*. Alas, that I appear,  
So execrable in your eyes, that you  
(As if this Dungeon here were shallow grown,)   
Into Hell's Gulf should strive to plunge me down !

259.

The sacred Law of *Filial Duty* I  
Hold dearer than this World : for well I know  
(Nor shall all Torments force me to deny  
This Truth,) that unto you my Life I ow ;  
Which in your Service if I ever fear  
To spend, then may I prove *Idolater*.

260.

But that's the Life by which I Pris'ner am  
In Earth's unworthy Jayl : a Life I have  
Much truer to its active noble Name ;  
A Life so precious, that to reprieve  
It from the Jaws of endless Death, his own  
The *King of Kings* vouchsafed to lay down.

261.

That Life I mean by which my Soul doth live ;  
A Life which from your Loins I never drew :  
O call not then for what you did not give,  
Nor think that this is to your Pleasure due.  
*God* is my only *Parent* here, and I  
Intire to him must keep my Loyalty.

262.

As fast as in this Mire I stick, the *Way*  
Of His *Commands* I running am : and though  
Your Prayers or Necks you in my Path should lay  
To barricado up my Race ; yet now  
I would not hear my *Mortal Duty* plead,  
But on your Necks and Prayers freely tread.

263.

Yet *Heav'n* forbid I should be forc'd to take  
This hard Experiment of Piety !  
O rather help to haste me to the Stake  
And of my Combat there Spectators be :  
You'l ne'r repent that you your Child, though in  
A Coach of Flames, to Heav'n have mounting seen.

264.

But since you know so well the vast extent  
Of *Jesus's* Mercy, know it not in vain :  
Your own decrepit years bid you repent  
With speediest speed : and that deep-dyed stain  
Of your Idolatrous Compliance dares  
The utmost Power of your fullest Tears.

265.

This is the properest Use your souls can make  
Of *Peter's* signal Case ; his triple Sin  
No warrant for Presumption is to take  
His faithless Course ; but his repentant Brine  
Shews to all sinful Eyes, what Waters are  
Able to purge such stains, and quench Despair.

266.

Mispend not then those precious Beads on me ;  
 Your Selves need all their ornament : and I  
 'This only Favor crave, that you would be  
 But so courageous yet, as to rely  
 On Heav'n's Protection. Speak, O speak, and ease  
 My throbbing heart's tormenting Jealousies.

267.

I burn, I burn in Anguish, till I hear  
 You by a stout Profession defy  
 Those Baits of secular ignoble Fear  
 Which strangely lur'd you to Apostasy.  
 Speak then, and make my Life grow sweet, in spite  
 Of all these Tortures which against it fight.

268.

So pious *She*. But feeble-hearted *They*  
 Rendring no Answer but a faithless sigh,  
 Their griefs and fears to witness, went their way,  
 Confounded by their Daughter's Constancy.  
 Yet by this foul Retreat they gave her more  
 Soul-piercing Wounds, than did their Charge before.

269.

For now her ominous Meditations threw  
 Her down into that Gulf of flaming Pain  
 Which to *Apostate Wickedness* was due ;  
 Where every Torment, every Rack and Chain  
 To which her Parents seem'd condemned now,  
 A Sea of Woe into her bosom threw.

270.

So vast a Sea, as drowned all the Sense  
 Of her own overflowing Pangs ; and she  
 Is quite transformed by the Violence  
 Of tender but self-cruel Sympathy  
 Into their imminent Condition, where  
 She underwent what she for them did fear.

271.

But as she struggled to maintain this Fight  
 Of mighty Charity, at length she fainted ;  
 When lo, a sudden unexpected Light  
 (A thing with which that Grot had ne'r acquainted,)  
 The Place, and Her, with Glory did surprise,  
 Off'ring a radiant *Stranger* to her eyes.

272.

For she beheld at her right hand a *Maid*  
 On whose fair head a diamond Crown did shine :  
 With gentle Majesty she was array'd,  
 And all her Ornaments appear'd divine.  
 Which *Sight* amazed *Psyche* so, that she  
 Hasted to wellcom't on her bended knee.

273.

But as her Soreness, Mire, and Clay, forbade

To which the *Stranger* this mild Answer made :  
 I see thy Mind in thy ingenuous Eye ;  
 Thy Courtesy by thy Desire is done,  
 And sweetly calls my earn'd Requital on.

274.

This said ; she hugg'd her with a dear Embrace,  
 Which clasp'd her straiter than her Gyves and Chains,  
 And deeper printed was than her Disease ;  
 For mightily it pierc'd through all her Pains  
 Into her Heart, and girt it up so close,  
 That now no *Anguish* there could interpose.

275.

As He who is some wager'd Race to run,  
 Having his Loins knit up, and being by  
 His Girdle tyed to Himself alone,  
 With nimbler stoutness to the Goal doth fly,  
 Than when his Waste he loose about him ware  
 And there for weariness had room to spare.

276.

Embraced *Psyche* thus perceiv'd her Breast  
 Lac'd strait, and shrunk into *Collection's* strength.  
 At first she wonder'd her importunate *Guest*  
 So much should press her Courtesy ; but at length  
 Finding fresh Vigor glowing in her heart,  
 She knew she only squeezed out her smart.

277.

This threw her down in humble Gratitude  
 To court and kiss her heav'nly *Surgeon's* foot ;  
 A *Surgeon* whose mysterious Art subdu'd  
 Her strong Disease, and yet subdu'd it not :  
 For though at perfect Ease, yet still as sore  
 She found her boyling Body as before.

278.

And now such Courage in her Bosom reigns,  
 That she rejoic'd she had so hard a Race :  
 Her gauntlet she dares give to any *Pains*,  
 And dreads no *lingring Death's* most tedious face.  
 Her Chains to her no more than Bracelets are,  
 Her flaming Boyls as *Pearls* indeed appear.

279.

Her *Parents' Case* to *Heav'n's* yet hidden *Will*  
 She freely now resigns ; that *Will*, which though  
 It bitter seem to Worldly Tastes, can still  
 To meek and uncorrupted Palats flow  
 With all the Soul of Sweetness, and will make  
 From Springs of Gall a Flood of Honey break.

280.

She seeming yet not to have fully shar'd  
 In Pangs and Suff'rings, feareth not to Pray  
 That *He* who had on her such strength confer'd  
 Would still more Load upon her shoulders lay :  
 More fewel still unto her Fervor give,

281.

or was it wonder ; for the *Stranger* here  
henceforth a stranger unto her no more,)  
'as sped from Heav'n a special Messenger  
to heal her Heart now 'ginning to be sore,  
In her pain'd Body. Willingly she came  
And did her work, for *Patience* was her Name.

282.

e Eyes of *Lambs* ne'r darted meeker Raies  
an stream from Hers ; and yet the *Lyon's* face  
ith stouter Bravery could never raise  
s royal Looks, nor with more Courage gaze  
Upon and challenge *Terrors*, than do's she,  
Though soft as Honey, or as Oil she be.

283.

over She is nothing else but Scars,  
rit large and fair, to testify what she  
d undergone in Heav'n's adventurous Wars ;  
d yet these Characters her Beauty be ;  
For with such silver Light they smile, that they  
Her noble Limbs like Tires of Stars array.

284.

t having thus dispatch'd her Bus'ness, she  
e cheer'd resolved Pris'ner leav's : when lo  
e *Judge's* Messenger arriv'd, to see  
*Psyche* yet were fully tam'd or no :  
And standing at the Dungeon's mouth, he cries,  
Learn wretched Maid, at length, learn to be wise.

285.

e *Judge*, on whose sole Will thy Fate depends,  
spight of thy Perversness Tender is ;  
d Me on *Mercie's* Errand hither sends  
offer to thee at an easy price  
Thy Life and Liberty ; and more than that  
If thou thy Irreligion wilt forget.

286.

s noble Word (is any Bond or Seal  
sure?) he gives, to change thy Poverty  
to a wealthy state ; nor shalt thou feel  
hat Scorns and Chains, and Dungeons signify ;  
But living in soft Peace and Plenty His  
High Favor, and the World's Esteem possess.

287.

s only *Son*, the Heir of his Estate,  
d present Owner of his Heart, for Thee  
: doth design, except thou shutt'st the gate  
ainst thy entering *Felicity* ;  
And desperately foolish, wilt desire  
Before thy Nuptial Torch, thy Funeral Fire.

288.

t if you obstinately yet deny  
offer Incense to our mighty *Jove* ;

You dam the way to all his Clemency,  
And a deserved Sacrifice must prove  
To your own Madness : this *Decree* is past ;  
You must *Vranius's* Fate to morrow taste.

289.

As when the tossed Mariner describes  
The Promontory of his native Soil,  
Within whose craggy Horns his harbor lies,  
He strait forgets his long tempestuous Toil,  
Beginning his revived Heart to find  
Swell'd more with *Joy* than are his Sails with wind.

290.

So *Psyche* hearing that her Doom was past  
Which to her long-wisht Port would her convey ;  
Her Arms in triumph up to Heav'n she cast  
With thanks and praises for that happy Day ;  
And in Defiance of his offer'd Grace,  
Threw this stout answer at the *Serjeant's* face :

291.

My Thanks to your kind Master carry back ;  
High is his Favor, and I it embrace :  
But sure your Errand you did much mistake,  
Or willingly at least your words misplace.  
Death, Death, not Life, a Favor is, and I  
More gratefully accept *That Courtesy*.

292.

Tell Him he woo's me for his Son too late  
Who long since was betroth'd, and mean to be  
True to my noble *Spouse* : nor can your Threat  
E'r shake the groundsel of my Constancy,  
Who doubt not but my Nuptial Tapers will  
Be lighted at my funeral flaming Pile.

293.

As for your vain and wretched *Jupiter*,  
Were he but half so *true* a thing as you,  
I then would some respect to Him defer ;  
But unto *Nothings*, what can I allow  
But what it is? and though your *Incense* be  
But *smoke*, 'tis more *substantial* far than *He*.

294.

Deceive your foolish Selves no longer, I  
Am not *Enchanted*, but All you are so :  
What else should make you dream I fear to dy,  
Who through Death's gate to Life's bright Court shall  
go?  
Away, and pray your Master, if he be  
An honest Man, to keep his word with Me.

295.

This Answer (which the Bearer fully did,)  
Inrag'd the *Judge* to make his Threatnings good.  
But all in vain his Wrath he marshalled ;  
*Heav'n's* mild, against his bloody Purpose stood ;  
Nor could fierce *Satan* further help him, or  
One step beyond his sturdy Tether stir.



296.

Mean while such *Joy* in *Psyche's* bosom glow'd  
Through Expectation of the Fire and Stake,  
That all her Pains and Torments to it bow'd :  
For in sweet Quiet she that evening brake  
Her tedious Vigils, and permitted *Sleep*  
Over the Curtains of her Eyes to creep.

297.

But *Phylax*, who in Absence's sad night  
Had all this while been set ; now gained leave  
Of *Heav'n* to Rise in his dear Pupil's sight,  
And from the *Tyrant's* fury her reprieve :  
Down to the Dungeon he as gladly flies,  
As ever he had towred to the skies.

298.

Where finding her not only Pris'ner to  
Her iron Chains, but *Sleep's* soft silken Bands,  
He wisely set himself his work to do  
Whilst She was yet at Rest : His potent Hands  
Upon her burning *Soars* he gently laid ;  
Which quench'd, and fled, as of his Touch afraid.

299.

Her scurfy *Roughcast* scaled off, and all  
Her Skin to fresh and tender *smoothness* left.  
So when of old the *Syrian General*  
In *Jordan* had exchang'd his leprous shift,  
His Flesh appear'd as soft and pure as were  
The Virgin Streams which smil'd and sported there.

300.

With like facility He did but touch  
The massy Chains which on his Daring lay :  
Nor durst their brasen Locks so much as grutch  
That mystick Key's Commandment to obey :  
But down they tumbled, clashing as they fell ;  
Which Noise to *Psyche* did their Ruine tell.

301.

Up started she, and sought to understand  
The Noise's meaning, hoping 't had been Day ;  
And that the challeng'd *Judge* had sent Command  
Strait to the Stake to hurry her away ;  
That hungry he might other charges save  
And her for Breakfast ready rosted have.

302.

When lo, her self in *Phylax's* Arms she found  
Chain'd by the Bands of Love : her other Gyves  
Confuted all and shattered on the ground  
She wondring sees ; and instantly perceiv's  
Her Sores were fled she knew not whither : which  
Scru'd her Amazement to an higher pitch.

303.

But then, My Dear, said *Phylax*, we have now

Three times she shak'd her head and rubb'd her brow,  
But off she could not rub the Vision :  
She yielded therefore to attend the *Dream*,  
For no such Truth to her it self could seem.

304.

Up from the Dungeon the *Angel* flew  
Proud of the Prize which in his Arms he bore ;  
The Bolts and Locks ran from his radiant View,  
So did the Prison's seav'nfold brasen Door,  
Yet durst not make the least Complaint, or bear  
Tales, by their clashing, to the *Jaylor's* ear.

305.

Thus through the Town unseen, unheard he past  
Leading his *Pupil* in a silent Way :  
Great was his Care of her, and great his Haste  
Till he had brought her into *Safetia's Bay* ;  
This was a Place which in the Desert He  
For her immured had with Privacy.

306.

A Place sequester'd far beyond the Scent  
Of any *Bloodhound* whether *Man* or *Beast* ;  
A Place well-furnished with sweet Content  
And all Conveniences ready drest :  
Where, having brought her in, No more mistake  
Thy Bliss, he cry'd, but know thou art Awake.

307.

For amply pleas'd with this Experiment,  
Thy *Spouse* accepts thy faithful Patience :  
To snatch Thee from thy Chains and Sores, He sent  
Me hither, and from all that Violence  
The furious *Tyrant* hath prepar'd to day  
Upon thine undeserving Life to lay.

308.

*Psyche* appal'd at this unlook'd-for Word,  
And well-perceiving that she *heard* and *saw*,  
With such indignant Discontent was stirr'd  
Against her *Guardian*, that had not the *Law*  
Of *Modesty* been printed on her Tongue,  
Full in his face Defiance she had flung.

309.

Sadly she frown'd, and *sadlier* smote her breast ;  
And looked round about, some hopes to meet  
That still she was not totally releast  
Out of the reach of *Persecution's* Threat :  
But nothing answer'd her examining Eye,  
But, what she most abhor'd, *Safe Privacy*.

310.

Wherefore at length she ventur'd thus to ease  
Her belking Heart : O *Phylax*, how art Thou,  
Known hitherto to me by Courtesies,  
Into mine Enemy transformed now !  
A greater Tyrant why art Thou to Me

311.  
ning should have seen  
from my *Spouse's* Eyes ;  
troubled been  
I would read the skies :  
looks down, when he  
in and Stars would see,

312.  
ishment to Me,  
ome but That above ?  
Chains and Malady  
he still must grove  
avy *Flesh*, which more  
any Chain or Sore.

313.  
I ever-radiant Crown  
and vile a prize ;  
and *Jesus's* presence, grown  
that my longing Eyes  
ears, when I am snatch'd away  
'd on sordid Earth to stay ?

314.  
ot reprieved me  
: I'm at the stake,  
in my Agony  
ution slake.  
at *Phylax* snatch'd her up,  
sorrow's Tide to stop :

315.  
and he assured, I  
: of thy noble Aim :

Thy *Spouse* design's a *Martyrdom* whereby  
To fetch thee to Himself, but not the same  
He de[s]igned to *Vranius* : no ; for Thee  
He treasur'd hath a *braver Destiny*.

316.  
A *Destiny* which He on none bestows  
But those who highest in his Favor set ;  
A *Destiny* to which thy highest Vows  
Ne'r yet aspir'd ; a *Destiny* so fit  
For brightest *Seraphs*, that were mortal Fate  
To end their Life, they'd choose no Death but that.

317.  
More long, more strong, and stretch'd with fuller Pain  
Thy *Martyrdom* shall be, than from the Spight  
Of this, th[r]ough raging *Tyrant* thou canst gain :  
Thy Strength's reserv'd for a hardier Fight  
Than that *Vranius* fought ; and this shall be  
The Scene of thy heroic Chevalry.

318.  
Here, here shalt Thou impregnably maintain  
The sturdy Combat, whilst thy *Spouse*, and all  
His *Angels* waiting on his royal Train,  
Will be Spectators : Do not then forestal  
Thy greater Fame by hasty Zeal, but stay  
With patience for thy *Coronation Day*.

319.  
This welcome Answer such Refreshment blew  
On *Psyche's* heart, that meek and pliant she  
Cool'd her importunate Desires, and grew  
Content to wait the full Maturity  
Of her affected Laurel : though as yet  
She little knew *how she must Gather it*.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

4, 'Onslates' = onslaughts : st.  
= satiety : st. 7, l. 6, 'resty' =  
'insultations' = boastings : st. 20,  
ed : st. 23, l. 5, 'Corsives' = cor-  
*Urcheon*—see Glossarial Index,  
*gnation* = kindred : st. 60, l. 1,  
ne : st. 61, l. 4, 'Graff' = grave ?  
—see Glossarial Index, s.v. : st.  
Britain, as in st. 91, l. 6 : st. 91,  
lays : st. 107, l. 2, 'Astorgy'—see  
: st. 109, l. 6, 'Dresser-boards' =  
bonding with the 'side-boards' of  
110, l. 5, 'saucy thief' = the eagle  
11 : st. 113, l. 3, 'travelling' =  
er : st. 115, l. 1, 'Amusement' =  
a 'muse' : st. 124, l. 3, 'accept'—  
the original : st. 132, l. 5, 'score'

= debt : st. 153, l. 5, 'wistly' = wistfully : st. 157, l. 2,  
'ought' = owed : st. 174, l. 1, 'Then'—printed 'Than'  
in the original : st. 175, l. 5, 'An'—misprinted 'And'  
in the original : st. 180, l. 5, 'grim Hound which him  
retriev'd'—hence the name for a game-dog of 're-  
triever' : st. 181, l. 6, 'Committee'—on this and related  
attacks on the government of the period, see our Me-  
morial-Introduction : st. 198, l. 4, 'threap' = argumen-  
tatively insist on : st. 216, l. 1, 'glorious Deacon' = St.  
Stephen : st. 225, l. 4, 'Devoto'—see Glossarial Index,  
s.v. : st. 231, l. 3, 'retchless' = wretched ; also reckless :  
st. 245, l. 1, 'sleek' = sleek : st. 249, l. 2, 'charming'  
= as using a charm or spell : st. 292, l. 4, 'groundsel'  
= threshold, or here, foundation : st. 299, l. 3, 'Syrian  
General' = Naaman : st. 305, l. 6, 'immured' = walled :  
st. 312, l. 4, 'grove' = grovel, by stress of rhyme with  
'above' : st. 319, l. 5, 'affected' = chosen, desired.—G.



## CANTO XXIII.

### *The Dereliction.*

#### THE ARGUMENT.

*Psyche abandon'd to the Solitude  
Of Soul and Body, by the resolute Might  
Of patient loyal Constancy subdu'd  
Hell's Champion Despair in single fight.  
Yet in her Conquest no free triumph found,  
Being still a Slave to Dereliction bound.*

#### 1.

**T**Hough cold grim *Sadness* frowneth in thine Eye,  
Dear *Solitude*, yet in thy silent Breast  
Some worthy *Sweetness* doth inshrined ly ;  
Witness that *Vileness*, and that *high Request*  
By which betwixt the lazy *earthly heart*  
And *Pious Soul* thou so divided art.

#### 2.

He whom *black Conscience* catching all alone,  
Suffers not to be so ; but in his face  
Musters in dread array each Legion  
Of his hell-lifted Sins ; and in that Glass  
Of self-affrighting Terror makes him see  
What cause he has ev'n his own Foe to be .

#### 3.

He, foolish He, a large Inditement draws  
Against thy larger Innocence ; upon  
Thy *Credit's* fairest Top his Anger throws  
*Scorn's* foulest Bottom : Thee he calls, and none  
But Thee, the *Mother* of vexatious *Folly*,  
Of *Horrors*, and despairing *Melancholy*.

#### 4.

He no where but among his *roaring Boys*  
Can meet a Quire whose Musick suits his ears,  
Whilst in the tumult of that boistrous Noise  
All *Atheisme's* ranting Wit he hears,  
And learns what *Phrases* of mad *Vanity*,  
What *Oaths*, what *Blasphemies* in *fashion* be.

#### 5.

In this loud *Tempest* (joined with a Sea

The wholsom Thoughts of sad *Sobriety* :  
In this gay *Throng*, made up of all the Town's  
*Gentilest Crimes*, He's certain not to find  
Free Room to take a View of his own *Mind*.

#### 6.

And thus, unhappy Man, he only lives  
In his *Outside*, and therefore liveth not :  
But when *sure Death* his woful Summons gives,  
Alarm'd into a Fright past knowing what  
To do or think, in vain for help he cries,  
And to himself a wretched *Stranger* dies.

#### 7.

He dies, and leaves his *Body*, which could not  
Endure to be a little while alone,  
In *Grave's* dark tedious *Solitude* to rot ;  
Whilst in the *Tumult* of *Damnation*  
His now uncloyster'd *Soul* is forc'd to dwell  
Amongst the *Roarers* of eternal Hell.

#### 8.

But He who dares his Bosom ransack, and  
Take due survey of every thing within,  
That he may always ready have at hand  
An Inventory of Himself, and win  
Time upon Death by prudent Preparation  
To entertain and kiss his Consummation ;

#### 9.

He who can venture to endure the Slander  
Of *Stoicism*, and scorn the wanton Lure  
Of gaudy *Fashion*, *Sin's* most faithful *Pander* ;  
He who can think it reason to Immure  
Himself, when They who ly at open Ease  
Prove Prizes to Soul-plundering *Miseries* ;

#### 10.

He who will rather sail *alone* ; than run  
With that wild Navy which no *Compass* keeps,  
Nor steers by any *heav'nly Light*, but on  
Fleet Shelves doth ride, or rush through rocky Deeps  
He whom no cheating Charms can win to be

## 11.

He who both Leisure and Desire can find  
To sequester *Impertinences*, that  
His *proper Business* he may only mind  
And raise by pious Thrift his best Estate,  
That he a Bank of endless Wealth may have  
When poor he go's and naked to his grave :

## 12.

He, He's the Man, on whom the Citie's Joys  
And proud Excess ; the Countrie's hearty Sport ;  
The gallant Licence, and the glittering Toys,  
With all the glorious Nothings of the Court,  
As on their Conqueror look ; Since sober He  
Can of plain *Solitude* inamored be.

## 13.

For here his Soul more Company can meet  
And of more high and worthy Quality,  
Than in the Theater's most thronging Sweat,  
Where Spectacles profess to court the Eye.  
Such *Preasses* juggle out all *Heav'n*, but He  
Reads it at large in this *Vacuity*.

## 14.

An undisturbed View he here can take  
Of all its fairest and its loftiest Stories ;  
His Contemplation here can freely break  
Through all its Treasures of unbounded Glories ;  
And in the Court where Bliss and Pleasures reign  
With *Saints* and *Angels* brave Acquaintance gain.

## 15.

Here to the *Universe's King* may He  
His free attendance pay from Morn to Night,  
Whilst in the everlasting *One and Three*  
He learneth to *Divide* and to *Unite*  
His *mystick Homage*, as the *Spirit's Gale*  
Makes him in this *Abyss of Wonders* sail.

## 16.

Here constantly he stands upon his Watch,  
That when the *roaring Lyon*, whose fierce Chase  
Surrounds the World his careless Preys to catch,  
Hunteth that way, his heav'n-imbraved Face  
May with inured ready-waking Might  
Confront his Fo, and entertain the Fight.

## 17.

Here, from the sapless *World's* enchanting breast  
Where only mocking Froth and Bubbles spring,  
Himself he weans ; and studies how to feast  
Upon some masculine substantial Thing,  
Which may not cheat him with short false Content,  
But yield his Soul eternal Nutriment.

## 18.

No *Humor* of the Times, no *Garbs* or *Fashions*,  
Can here seduce his Care ; no boistrous *News*

Of publick Woes, or fatal Alterations,  
His Harbour's Halcyon Quiet can abuse.  
No storms can rage but in the *open Seas* ;  
His *private Bay* the Cloyster is of Ease.

## 19.

His righteous Soul is not afflicted here  
To see and hear how wretched *Worms* defy  
*Omnipotence's Self*, and scorn to fear  
The Jaws of Hell, to which their Villany  
Makes them apparent Heirs ; but take delight  
The *Love* and *Blood* of *Jesus* to despight.

## 20.

He sees no *Levellers* begin their Trade  
With *Altars* first, and then with *Crowns* ; he sees  
No *Temples* Dens of *Holy Robbers* made,  
And garrison'd with strong *Impieties* ;  
*Temples*, where under foot the *Church* is trod,  
And only *Horses serv'd* in stead of *God*.

## 21.

He heareth no *Rebellion's Canons* first  
Giving their dire *Reports* in *Pulpits*, and  
As loud, as if indeed their Thunder burst  
From *Heav'n's Artillery* ; till th' imbroiled Land  
Too late perceiveth this *Vociferation*  
Is but the *funeral Sermon* to the *Nation*.

## 22.

Here past the reach of those bewitching *Darts*  
Which flash with radiant Bane from *Wanton Eyes*,  
And grave both Timorous and Martial Hearts  
With Mortal, though fanastick Wounds, He lies  
Secure and safe, and undisturbed may  
Prepare for his *eternal Nuptial Day*.

## 23.

Here Time and Freedom he enjoys, to weed  
And cultivate *himself* : with pious toil  
Each *Herb of Grace* he plants, and sows the Seed  
Of every Virtue in his Bosom's Soil ;  
Assur'd this Agriculture will conclude  
I' th' Harvest of mature *Beatitude*.

## 24.

With prudent Fore-cast he can here provide  
An ample Stock in readiness to be  
Against all Charges which may him betide  
In managing a *Publick Life*, if he  
Be called from his private Nest, and made  
Against the thronging stream of sin to wade.

## 25.

More furnished with strength of Argument  
From learned *Athens* never Student came,  
Who had his nimblest Years and Spirits spent  
The Engins of deep-reaching Wit to frame ;  
Than doth this sagely-sprightful Champion from  
His private School of publick Virtue come.

## 26.

For having learn'd their due Contempt to throw  
Upon those *Interests* and *Baits* which make  
The bias'd Hearts of Men unmanly grow,  
And cowardly Sin's sneaking Bypaths take ;  
In spite of all the World which dares say No,  
He in the *King of Heav'n's Highway* will go :

## 27.

And that is *Truth's* and holy *Wisdom's* Road ;  
In which whoever travels, always wins  
The Games he hunts ; for whilst he is abroad,  
He finds *Success* and *Victory* his Inns :  
And when he to his heav'nly Home ascends,  
His Journey he in endless Triumphs ends.

## 28.

The Garland thus of all Advantages  
*Retirement's* Life is privileg'd to wear :  
Which therefore only dear and precious is  
To Them who *Sons of heav'n* and *Prudence* are ;  
And which *inspired timorous Souls*, as they  
Cannot believe, so never can enjoy.

## 29.

*Psyche*, who now conducted was into  
This *Solitude*, though *Zeal's* most venturous heat  
Spurr'd her in stout *Uranus's* steps to go ;  
Yet, since her *Phylax* stop'd her forward feet,  
Appeas'd the Flames of her Impatience by  
The streaming Comforts of her *Privacy*.

## 30.

If in the Tumult of the World she still  
Had mingled been, the Croud had surely slain her ;  
For all Earth's friendliest Furniture and Skill  
Could with no savory Solace entertain her :  
Her heart already dwelt in Heav'n, and she  
Liv'd best where least she could behind it be.

## 31.

And that was here, where by no secular Care  
Or Interruption's Clog she hamper'd was ;  
But harbouring in a calmy Hemisphere,  
Upon free Meditation's wings could pass  
Above the Moon and Sun, and Troops of fair  
Stars, which in Heav'n's Campagna ranged are.

## 32.

Yet Contemplation's too jejune and dry  
To satisfy *Love's* mighty Hunger : *Love*  
Will venture in rebellious Loyalty  
To reach at full *Fruition*, though above  
Her reach it lie : *Love's* quickned when repell'd,  
And may *Forbidden* be, but not *With-held*.

## 33.

But as her Soul began to pant again  
For that dear Day of *final Conflict* she

By *Phylax's* Promise hoped to obtain,  
And that alone : Lo on the sudden he  
Warn'd thence by secret Bus'ness from his *King*,  
Presently took his leave, and took his wing.

## 34.

As she made haste to ask the reason, he  
With sprightly speed outflew her Voice, and Eye.  
A *Sigh* then strove to follow him ; but she  
Repulsed it with noble Constancy :  
And cry'd, It must not, and it shall not grieve me :  
Did *Heav'n's* not call him, *Phylax* would not leave me

## 35.

Then down upon her yielding Knees she fell,  
And casting upward her most loyal Eyes,  
Since thou no less on Earth below dost dwell  
Sweet *Lord*, said she, than in the highest skies ;  
Though *Phylax's* wings now shelter not my head  
Yet *Thine* are always o'r thy Handmaid spread.

## 36.

Though to my soul his Company be dear,  
Yet not so precious as thy blessed *Will* :  
Though he has left his feeble *Psyche* here,  
I can, and dare be more *Abandon'd* still,  
If mighty *Thou*, who never wilt forsake me,  
With nearer Losses pleased art to rack me.

## 37.

Fain would I quit the Debt in which to *Thee*,  
And mine own *Vows* I stand ; fain would I prove  
By combating with any Misery,  
The valiant Truth of my obliged Love.  
Thou bidst us *Follow with our Cross*, and lo  
I in thy bloodiest steps desire to go.

## 38.

I would not to a *Figure's* Courtesy  
Beholden be in my Affliction, nor  
To such a tender *Cross* condemned be  
As needs th' assistance of a *Metaphor*  
To make its *hard Name* good ; for *That*, I'm sure  
Was *true* and *real* which Thou didst endure.

## 39.

No golden Plenty *Psyche* craves of *Thee*,  
No soft Content, or silken Peace ; impart  
Those Favors unto whom thou wilt, for me ;  
Thy *sharpest Blessings* best will sute my Heart :  
My Heart, which burneth in profound Desire  
Of some heroick and consuming Fire.

## 40.

If ever *Martyr* ow'd thee more than I,  
Permit me not to pay my Blood to *Thee*.  
But mighty *King of Equity*, O Why  
Must *Psyche* only not have leave to be  
What Duty bids her ? why must *Life* be mine,  
Which is not so, till I have made it *Thine* ?

PSYCHE: OR LOVE'S MYSTERY.

41.

*Denying Death's*  
rings, is to Me  
from thy deepest Wrath  
; from this one misery,  
all, I beg relieve :  
Ease I live.

42.

rse than Death and Hell,  
gh Thou for me wert slain :  
Here her Zeal  
yet though she could Complain  
; by her weeping Eyes  
rong a Flood of Cries.

43.

ove's sweet Dialect  
ut heard her Agony ;  
; charm'd him to respect  
Importunity :  
less apace he sent,  
her begged Punishment.

44.

en house to keep  
ere shut up so close  
ng Ray had power to Peep  
f Light : nor could she choose  
at the spring was dry'd,  
w no Emanations glide.

45.

which before was clear,  
un's transparent Gold ;  
ooks with sudden fear,  
eeds it self infold.  
see how boldly *Night*  
; and despis'd her Light :

46.

hat outrageous Pains  
weatherbeaten sides,  
hollow Groans complains  
; which as she chides,  
d so provokes to rage  
this tragick Stage.

47.

came tumbling one upon  
ar to loose their place  
d Confusion  
nt all gravid was :  
; Cave lay every Beast,  
enting in his Nest.

48.

iver'd in every Leaf ;  
r strength, and sweat for fear ;

The Corn hung down their heads, and pour'd the  
By whispers into one another's ear.  
Never did more dismaying Expectation  
Usher in any Tempest's Indignation.

49.

Strange *Phantoms* dress'd in spurious smoaking  
Fed by foul Sulphur, flashed all about ;  
Fell grisly *Ghosts* array'd in gloomy Fright  
Both with themselves and one another fought :  
Whole Troops of *Feinds* and *Furies*, in despa  
Threw their torn Serpents through the sable A

50.

The labouring Clouds at length with open Cry  
Brought forth their Woe, and thunder'd their Con  
The Bowels of the hardest Rocks were by  
Compassion mov'd ; the massy Earth grew faint  
And all her boldest Mountains shak'd to hear  
The doleful Outcry of her neighbour Sphere.

51.

*Psyche* alone as yet refus'd to melt  
By any Tremor ; only in her heart  
A leaden Numness creeping on she felt,  
Since *Charis* there forbore her sprightly Part :  
When blacker than the rest one heavy Cloud  
Down to the ground before her face did crou'

52.

Where having op'd its hideous Curtains wide,  
Forth at the gap a stream of Lightning broke ;  
The suddenness of whose most dazeling Tide  
The resolute *Maid* with some amazement strok  
But strait an *Hand* reach'd out it self and hel  
A deep wide *Cup* with greater *Terrors* fill'd.

53.

It held it to her Lip, and that which had  
Till now been *Thunder*, prov'd a *fiercer Voice*,  
Commanding Her to drink that *liquid Dread*  
In proper Answer to her venturous Choise :  
She nothing more than Pleasures feard ; and  
Was nothing less than what her heart did fea

54.

Thus challeng'd by the Voice, whose *Fount* she  
And durst not disobey ; into the Cup  
She sent her Eye to take a penal view  
Of this sad Deep before she drunk it up.  
But there such boiling Horrors she descried,  
That down she prostrate fell, and thus she cri

55.

Weak Woman, as I was ; how has my Pride,  
My silly Pride, betrayed me to Wo !  
On *Confidence's* wings I needs would ride,  
And pertly towre up to mine overthrow.  
Had I remembred that a *Worm* I am,  
I ne'r had crawl'd so high to reach my Sham

## 56.

I ne'r had woo'd all Tryals to assail me,  
 I ne'r had challeng'd what I quake to see :  
 But since my prudent *Meekness* then did fall me  
 'Tis just my *Courage* now should languid be.  
 Alas my *blindly-valiant Wish* is too,  
 Too fully come ; and I, what shall I do ?

## 57.

To its dead bottom *Jesus* didst not Thou  
*Grief's mighty Cup* for all thy *Members* drink ?  
 How is it then, that *this* of mine is now  
 Of Poison's rankest Soul a swelling sink :  
 Whose *Sorrows*, though to *Thine* they shallow be,  
 Yet are too deep for faint unhappy Me.

## 58.

Thy *naked Anger* floating here I see,  
 In which no Glimpse of *Favor* mixed is :  
 What will become of weak abandon'd me  
 Who in thy Count'nance read mine only bliss,  
 If I be drowned in this *Sea of Night*  
 And buried from *thy all-enlivening Sight* ?

## 59.

Sweet was the Bowle of which *Vranus* drunk ;  
 For being swallow'd up in streams of Fire,  
 Fortunate Saint to Heav'n he only sunk :  
 But I in this black Gulf of hideous Ire  
 Must downward dive, and overwhelmed be  
 In *Dereliction's* vast Profoundity.

## 60.

I would not fear the most appalling *Face*  
 Of any *Sorrow*, which did not forbid  
 The sight of *Thine* : but now thine *Eyes*, alas,  
 In strange Aversion's angry Cloud are hid ;  
 How shall I steer through this vast Deep, who may  
 Not see the *Stars* which are to guide my way !

## 61.

Here having knock'd her breast, and turn'd her Eye,  
 Her generous Eye, three times into the *Cup* ;  
 She chid her Sadness with a sadder Sigh,  
 And looking then with noble fervor up ;  
 Yet why should I demur, she cry'd, since mine  
 Own Will long since is not mine own, but *Thine* ?

## 62.

If any Title to my Self I had,  
 I might be tender of my Ease and Rest :  
 But since to Thee a Deed of *Gift* I made  
 (O no ! of bounden *Pay*) Thou art possest  
 Intirely of me ; nor must I refuse  
 That Thou what is thine Own shouldst freely use.

## 63.

I am no further I, than Thou wilt grant ;  
*Propriety* is no such thing to Me :

Yet I who nothing have, can nothing want  
 So long as I resigned am to *Thee* :  
 Thy *Will* in Sweetness always equal is,  
 Though our false Palates sometimes judge amiss.

## 64.

And now I know thy Will is mingled here  
 In this most dismal *Draught*, whatever be  
 The present Rellish, *Psyche* doth not fear  
 But it will end in purest Suavity.  
 I fear it not : and here She snatch'd the *Cup*,  
 And bravely to the bottom drunk it up.

## 65.

Thus have I seen a real-hearted *Friend*  
 (Though startled at some hard Experiment  
 Required by his dearer Self,) ascend  
 Above his Fears, and loyally consent  
 To what he hates, his *Friendship* so to prove  
 Ev'n by the *Desperation* of his *Love*.

## 66.

But He who has in poison quaffed deep,  
 And drown'd himself in what he swallow'd down ;  
 Quickly perceives the groping *Mischief* creep  
 About his heart : where being Victor grown,  
 Its fatal Chains of cold and heavy Lead  
 Are soon upon its fainting pris'ner spread :

## 67.

So *Psyche* having poured down this *black*  
*Potion of living Death*, strait felt its force  
 A Battery against all *Comforts* make,  
 Which prov'd too weak to stop its Triumph's course ;  
 For through her Soul the Deluge broke, and there  
 Maintain'd its cruel uncontrol'd career.

## 68.

Forthwith the *Clouds*, which had beset the Air,  
 Broke up their gloomy Siege ; the *Phantoms* fled ;  
*Serenity* made all the Welkin fair ;  
 The *Rocks* left quaking : *Birds* began to spread  
 Their cheerly Wings abroad ; *Beasts* ventur'd forth ;  
 So did the *Sun*, and rendred Heav'n to Earth.

## 69.

The World to every Thing grew fresh and clear,  
 But unto *Psyche* ; for distressed she  
 Perceiv'd no Change whose Courtesy could cheer  
 The turbid Region of her *Agony* :  
 The Brightness of the Day, to her was more  
 Black than the Vail of Pitch she saw before.

## 70.

Thus cheerly Musick sounds but Torment to  
 A pained Ear : thus Neighbor's Liberty  
 With stricter Fetters gripes the Pris'ner's Wo :  
 Thus Lamps are to the Blind but Mockery :  
 Thus Gales, though cool and gentle, only learn  
 The boiling Flames more furiously to burn.

PSYCHE : OR LOVE'S MYSTERY.

71.  
long since had she  
what Earth's Pleasures meant ;  
*ensibility*  
r sole Content.  
at *Phebus* shineth fair,  
her than His Zenith were ?

72.  
ng, that mortal *Sun*,  
Father of *her Day* :  
with *Jesus's* Eyes alone,  
s of her gallant Joy :  
he live, now she no more  
hts of Life as heretofore ?

73.  
*Lover's* Comforts breath  
*testimably Precious*  
Death, dolefull Death  
ife ; and what delicious  
ght, but make him read  
et a Gem from him is hid.

74.  
as, but look'd in vain ;  
a Night so thick  
t, and made *Hope* complain  
receiv'd a Check.  
an's Grief, to theirs who see  
eir own *Misery*.

75.  
*alone*, her Eyes  
ough she shut them close :  
*'alamities*  
black Troops expose  
*ke's* view, in spight  
uld forbid the sight.

76.  
*irable Loss*,  
*n*, had never been.)  
er woful Hands across,  
ee to Earth ; she in  
lorable guise  
wonted Favor flies.

77.  
i art, Why, why wilt Thou  
Thy great Self display,  
d not one glimpse allow  
Grace's Highnoon Day?  
one, my present Pain  
Anguish would not reign.

78.  
ss *Sweetness* taught my heart  
all things beside ?

Where grows the Balsam then which for this smart  
Of mine can any Lenitive provide ;  
So long as most abandon'd I in this  
Black Death, the Life of thy sweet Aspect miss ?

79.  
Strong was this *Cry* ; for all the Heav'ns it rent,  
Yet prov'd too weak to make them hear : and she  
Remembering not she e'r had thither sent  
Such Prayers in vain, amazed was to see  
*These* which so loud about her *Spouse* resounded,  
Back to her breast with Emptiness rebounded.

80.  
Yet as the noble *Palm*, though on her head  
A sturdy Burden's stern oppression lies,  
In valiant Patience still go's on to spread  
Her indefatigable Arms, and tries  
How she may both her sad Afflictions bear,  
And her ambitious boughs still higher rear :

81.  
So gallant *Psyche*, though upon her Back  
Grief's Load more ponderous than Mountains lay ;  
Heroickly resolv'd it should not crack,  
Nor Her most loyal Tollerance betray :  
She knew what *Jesus* underwent before,  
And that His Love deserv'd *thus much and more*.

82.  
She knew she could not Fall, except she would,  
Although she saw not how she still could stand :  
No Comfort's Ray she spy'd whereon to hold,  
Yet fast ev'n on blind Hope she held her Hand ;  
Not doubting but through this most heavy blood  
Fair *Titan's* cheerly Face at length would croud.

83.  
Confirmed therefore, to her *Task* she went,  
And spurr'd up *Legos* to his daily Part ;  
Whom she in Contemplation's Chariot sent  
To fetch some Solace for her pined Heart :  
To *Joy's celestial Board* she sent him, where  
He us'd to meet with high and holy Cheer.

84.  
But every Night when He returned home  
He nothing brought but cold and sapless Fare,  
Lank dry Results, whose Bulk and Total Sum  
She never saw amount to more than bare  
And flashy *Vselessness*, which mock'd her Hunger  
And only made her wofull Weakness stronger.

85.  
This sad miscarriage could not but awake  
The languid Fountains of her heavy Eyes ;  
Which with continual showers strove to slake,  
Or empty out her flaming miseries :  
Yet all the Brine, alas, she thus could pour,  
But scalt her cheeks and galled her the more.



## 86.

In all Attempts thus thwarted still, though she  
Too reasonable a Temptation had  
No more to flout her own Calamity  
With fruitless Toil: yet she this Statute made  
To her stout Self, *Her Duty still to do*  
*Whither Heav'n would regard her Pains or no.*

## 87.

So when the unrelenting *Storm* hath driven  
The *Marriner* into the boiling main,  
Vailing with sullen Clouds the face of Heav'n  
That from no star he may Direction gain;  
Though lost, he yields not to his Loss, but plies  
His trusty Oars, whither he lives or dies.

## 88.

Her Tears she poured still, her Sighs she blew,  
Her hands she lifted up, her Knees she bent,  
She knock'd her breast, her Contemplations flew  
Their wonted flight, her Groans her bosom rent,  
Her Heart dissolv'd in Languishments of Love,  
By Watchings, Prayers, and Fasts with *God* she strove.

## 89.

With *God* she strove, and with *her Self*: for all  
This while her Soul was out of taste, and those  
Dear *Exercises* savour'd now of Gall  
Whose Sweets before all Honey's Powers did pose.  
Yet she this tedious Gall would not refuse,  
Nor in exchange accept of *Hybla's* Dews.

## 90.

Thus when foul Humors have usurp'd and reign  
In his weak stomach, still his wholesom meat  
The *hungry Man* ingesteth, still in vain  
He feeds what hateth to be fed, and eats  
But an Assurance that his Cates again  
Must be regorg'd with nauseous tearing Pain.

## 91.

Her heavy Breast, as cold and dead was now  
Become, as if it ne'r had been the Seat  
Of *holy Fire*, and *Heav'n*: though wonderous low  
Her Body beaten lay by Penance, yet  
Her Soul was far more mortify'd and dry,  
Pining in *Desolation's* Agony.

## 92.

This scrud her Condition's Anguish high;  
For still she neither thought she Watch'd nor Pray'd,  
Nor shed a Tear, nor heaved up a Sigh,  
Nor managed her Contemplation's Trade,  
Nor Groan'd, nor Lov'd; because she never felt  
Her Heart in all these mighty Ardors melt.

## 93.

What man upon the thankless Rocks can plow,  
Or found his Building on the faithless Sand,

Or in the stormy Ocean's furrows sow,  
Or wash the tawny *Aethiopian's* Hand;  
And still be patient, though his Pains and Cost  
A thousand times already he has lost?

## 94.

Where's that unwearied He, who though employ'd  
In waiting upon Fire and Flames, and set  
With sulphury fuel up to keep the Tide  
Of iron Furnace's enraged Heat,  
Can be content Frost's Tyranny mean time  
Should cross his Trade, and nip and shrivel Him?

## 95.

Yet through these Riddles of *Disconsolation*  
Brave *Psyche* waded, and bore up her head  
Above the Deluge; whilst without all Passion  
Her Passion she embrac'd, and weary'd  
Her Self with so much Quiet, as to seem  
To Row indeed, but only down the stream.

## 96.

For patiently she tired was; but found  
No Comfort in this Conquest of her Pain:  
Yet though she every day and hour were drown'd  
Ev'n whilst she swum, she vowed to maintain  
The mighty Conflict, and her self to give  
Up freely in this rueful Death to Live.

## 97.

Long liv'd she in it: and although her Fasts  
She duely kept, yet would she not forbear,  
When Nature challeng'd them, such spare Repasts  
As her might fit to wage this *Sufferings War*:  
Though her Ambition's Aim were, but to Die,  
She scorn'd to haste by force her Destiny.

## 98.

Long liv'd she in it: for her *Spouse* was now  
Resolv'd her Valour's full Extent to trie;  
And make her Soul most lamentably know  
The Value of his own *reveled Eye*  
By hiding it from hers. No Lesson can  
Like *Loss* and *Absence*, teach unhappy Man.

## 99.

As thus she panting lay; the fretted *Prince*  
Of restless Envy, who roves night and day,  
Prying about the World to gather thence  
Fresh Booties upon which his Wrath may prey;  
Discover'd her in this disconsolate plight,  
And leap'd for cruel Joy to see the sight.

## 100.

But as a Coward, who hath oft been beat,  
Yet still on base revengeful hope doth feed,  
Waits opportunity till he may meet  
His fear'd Antagonist empoverished  
In Strength and Spirits by some other Fight,  
And on that Weakness builds his stolen Might:

101.

He that shock forbore  
he conceived spent :  
His Hopes than e'r before  
Home puff'd up he went :  
let his hasty Eye  
before the Victory.)

102.

His Throne, and from his face  
A sweat, into a smile  
The *feinds* admir'd what cause  
He could so beguile :  
Every one begun  
To smile and gently grin.

103.

ate and Defiance first  
all glory to my *Self*.  
Pence of Pains that curst  
le, yet most stubborn Elf  
long hath put me, yet  
my Will I ne'r could get.

104.

me, and wretched she  
He divorce'd, and lies  
e's severity  
d devoted Prize.  
; but scorn'd to bring  
it suits not with a *King*.

105.

most heroick *Pride*;  
Jewel in my Crown :  
*Sovereign* deny'd  
see, must not stoop down  
it : though below I dwell  
g *Morn's* my Mother still.

106.

und here he turn'd aside,  
it hand stood the *feind*.)  
Thou mayst find her hid  
furthest closest End,  
he Superstitious sink  
*Joseph's* bones do stink.

107.

ade no stay,  
g is as *Desperation* ?)  
atching by the way  
such ireful fashion,  
started at her haste,  
as glad when she was past.

108.

of the hilly *Peak*  
nd disconsolate Way,

Through which with such impatient pace she brake,  
That round about the *Country* trembling lay ;  
In whose dull bosom all the sleepy *Lead* ;  
Awak'd for fear, and ran about its bed.

109.

The Beasts which saw the *Monster* as she flew,  
Distracted at the horror of the sight,  
Themselves down fatal Precipices threw ;  
All Birds unable to maintain their flight  
Let their Wings flag, and hung their heads aside,  
And having chang'd their *Songs* to *shriekings*, dy'd.

110.

But still the frighted *Fury* posted on  
Till she arriv'd at her desired Place :  
Where finding pensive *Psyche* all alone,  
She set her hideous self full in her face.  
All horrid Wrinkles to her odious Looks  
Are Gardens of Delight and Beautie's Books.

111.

Pale *Ghastlyness* triumphed in her face.  
Which yet with *fierceness* strangely truce maintain'd :  
Her own Veins swarthy Gore with hellish Grace  
The grim deep Valleys of her Cheeks ingrain'd ;  
Where her fell Nails to plough full often went,  
And on her cursed self her madness spent.

112.

Her locks were half rent off, so was her Gown ;  
And more by careless Nastyness was she  
Arrayed than by Clothes : Her breasts hung down  
All lank and torn, and flapp'd upon her knee,  
Which gap'd, and shew'd the naked shatter'd bones  
She wilfully had dash'd on ragged stones.

113.

Ten thousand Bruises made her Leanness fat  
With Tumors and with Pains : no Joints were true  
To their uniting Name ; nor any knot  
Of Ligaments their binding Office knew :  
Her carcase was an heap of broken Limbs,  
By which she only *her own Ruins* seems.

114.

But every part look'd delicate and fair,  
To her most hollow yet most staring Eyes ;  
In which such sovereign Terrors muster'd were,  
As *fear's* own fancy ne'r could equalize ;  
For one was like to nothing but the other,  
And either strove which should outstare his brother.

115.

These were the ominous Mirrours where each He  
Whose Bosom was not innocent and clear  
No sooner look'd, but he was forc'd to see  
His heart in all her Crimes array'd ; which there  
Appearing *double*, rais'd his fright so high  
That from his odious self he long'd to fly.

## 116.

The direfull Basilisks' mischievous Eyes,  
And those of fascinating Witches, are  
Far safer Glasses, than these Prodigies  
Which with the Life of killing Horrors glare.  
Heav'n shield the Man whose miserable Chance  
Damns him into the compass of her Glance.

## 117.

Nor was the furniture of this foul Hag  
Improper for her formidable looks :  
Her starv'd sharp Arms did loads of Weapons lag,  
Rust-eaten Swords, Knives, Daggers, Bodkins, Hooks,  
With poison-hugging Boxes ; all bound up  
Here with a fatal Wieth, there with a Rope.

## 118.

Appointed thus ; she stood a while and stared  
On desolate *Psyche* ; who at first was stroke  
(For unexpectedly the *fein'd* appeared,  
And with a sudden Dint,) at her fell look :  
Yet she disdained to be beaten over,  
And nobly did her strength and self recover.

## 119.

The Tower thus, which at th' unlook'd-for Blast  
Of th' angry Storms forlorn doth yield to quake ;  
Forgetteth not withal to stand more fast  
Than those proud Buildings which refuse to shake,  
And therefore by an instant Ruin down  
From their exalted Confidence are thrown.

## 120.

*Dispair* perceiving that her looks were vain,  
Her far more dangerous Engin mov'd, (for this  
Was her bewitching *Tongue*, now taught to strain  
Up to the highest Key of *Craftiness* ;  
And casting down her Luggage, thus assay'd  
To do as much upon the constant *Maid*.

## 121.

If I thy doubtful Count'nance read aright,  
Thy gloomy Wo perceives not who am I  
Nor who thy Self : But this thy desolate plight  
Charms my convinced Pity to descry  
Both unto Thee ; that if thou wilt befriend  
Thy self, no Enemies may Thee offend.

## 122.

I know my *Aspect* speaketh nothing less  
Than Courtesy : but Things which fairest smile,  
Too frequently in their enchanting Dress  
The lurking stings of odious Treason veil :  
And sober Wisdom always must commend  
Before a fauning Fo, a frowning friend.

## 123.

Were it not so ; thy self hadst never strove  
Against the flattering Tide of Things below ;

Distrustful always of the soothing Love  
With which the World's inviting Courtships flow :  
Were it not so ; what Price could be so high  
To hire thee thus thy self to *Mortify* ?

## 124.

And what should I do here in any Dress  
Of gaudy Sweetness, which strict Thou long since  
Hast banish'd from thy Love, espousing this  
Course Life of Solitude, where no pretence  
Of Beauty peeps ? nor canst thou now deny  
But thine own *Choise* is my *Apology*.

## 125.

Suspect not then my *Looks*, which only show  
Like *Terror's* living Theatre to Them  
Whose vain deluded bosom's overflow  
With secular Pleasure's frothy empty stream :  
These think each Gale which to the Haven would  
blow them  
Will prove a storm, and into Ruin throw them.

## 126.

But thy Condition, if thou weigh'st it right,  
Will teach thee better what concerns thy Bliss :  
Remember then, that since thou saw'st the Light,  
Thou ne'r hadst reason to be friends with this  
*Vntoward Life*, which always to regret thee  
With restless *Swarms of Sorrows* hath beset thee.

## 127.

The dainty Buds of thy young vigorous years  
Served not to trim a Garland for *Delight* ;  
By rigid *Virtue's* most untimely Cares  
They blasted were ; and Thou, ev'n in Despight  
Of *blooming-Tenderness* preventedst *Time*,  
And provedst *Old* and *wither'd* in thy *Prime*.

## 128.

Whilst other *Maidens* ripe for *Nuptial Joy*,  
Gather'd the *Sweetest Sweets of cheery Nature* ;  
Thou spentst thy self in *solitude's* Annoy,  
Living a Comfortless and single Creature :  
Yet in thy Virgin Bed thou could'st not 'scape  
Being a *Mother* to all sad *mishap*.

## 129.

For from thine *Isle of Bliss*, thy native Home,  
Thy fruitless Zeal exil'd thee to the *East* ;  
Where Thou through cursed *Palestine* did'st rome,  
Both to the *Place* a Stranger, and to *Rest* :  
What found'st thou but thy loss, whilst there thy Soul  
Drunk, and was drown'd, in *Heresy's* black Bowl ?

## 130.

Alas the dear *Memorials* of thy *Lord*  
Which there thy hankering Eyes so often read,  
Did but Assurance to thy Heart afford  
That *He*, its only Joy, to Heav'n was fled :  
And surely here at *home* thou wert as near  
The *happy Spheres*, as in thine *Exile* there.

## 131.

Thus having wasted out thy Strength and Time  
 (And Credit too, with those who lov'd thee best,) *Thou* flutter'dst back to this thy *British Clime*  
 Like some poor weary'd Bird to her old Nest ;  
 Where when thou countedst up thy Journey's Gains,  
 Thou only had'st thy *Labour for thy Pains*.

## 132.

Then fired by *unhappy Piety*,  
 Upon thy Self thou did'st the Tyrant play :  
 Thy lamentable *Body* sheweth by  
 Its ghastly *Leanness*, how thou strov'st to slay  
 Thy guiltless *flesh*, and by Devotion's Rack  
 Languid and *senseless* every *Sense* to make.

## 133.

And for no other End, but to refine  
 Thy Self from this dull Earth into a state  
 Which might thy backward *Spouse's* Heart incline  
 To loyal Thee, who with such venturous Heat  
 Did'st trace thy hardest steps, and cheerly toss  
 On thy soft shoulders his *most heavy Cross*.

## 134.

'et when her just Reward thy faith expected,  
 Less due to thy *Uranus*, than to thee,) *He* to an odious *Dungeon* thee rejected,  
 A Place how far from *Heav'nly Liberty* !  
 Where Thou who in *pure flames* long'dst to expire,  
 Wert forc'd to lead a dying Life in *mine*.

## 135.

Remember what intolerable Chains  
 Into thy Soul their cruel Iron prest ;  
 What floods of boiling Soars and fiery Pains  
 Were pour'd on thee ; what Anguish slew thy Rest :  
 Remember how all foes but *He* relented,  
 And mighty *Cruelty* her self repented.

## 136.

*He* to whose barbarous trust the Management  
 Of *Persecution's* War was here committed,  
 Fought with his own outrageous Intent,  
 And conquer'd by thy Woes, thy Sufferings pity'd :  
 But from *Life's* Dungeon when he had prepared  
 To set thee free, thy freedom was debarred.

## 137.

It was debarr'd, and by no other Hand  
 But that which rather should have lent thee aid :  
 And what did *Phylax* but thy *Lord's* Command  
 When from Joy's brink he stole thee, and betrayed  
 Thy hopes of *Martyrdom*, which now was grown  
 Mature, and offer'd to thee head a Crown ?

## 138.

I grant, thy torturing soars he healed, but  
 Deserv'd no thanks for such a cruel Cure,

Which did but thy repaired Body put  
 Into an abler posture to endure  
 This greater Load ; whose merciless Excess  
 Doth my unpity'd shoulders now oppress.

## 139.

Shoulders unpity'd by Him from whom  
 Thy Service had full dearly earn'd Relief :  
 But in his hardn'd Ears was left no room  
 To entertain the suit of deepest Grief.  
 Had any there been left, sure *He* could not  
 Thy mighty Supplications out have shut.

## 140.

How has the stroke of thy impetuous Cry  
 Taught this dumb *Desert* Sorrow's Dialect ;  
 Whilst all its Rocks and Caverns shaken by  
 Thy Groans and Lamentations, them reflect  
 To Heav'n with doubled fervor, and agree  
 Fellow-petitioners to be with Thee !

## 141.

And yet thy grated Throat is not so dry,  
 As are thy now exhausted Eyes ; from whence  
 Thy *Spouse's* sturdy heart to mollify  
 Thou pour'dst thy constant floods : but that immense  
 Relentless *stone* which barbarizeth His  
 Strange Breast, by all those streams unpeirc'd is.

## 142.

Unkindly *He* still turns his face away  
 Least any helpful Glimpse should leap to thee :  
 And thou long flatter'd by his favor's Day,  
 Art now betrayed to the Misery  
 Of blackest Night. O may all Souls be ware  
 How they *Heav'n's* wily *Sovereign* trust too far.

## 143.

*He* mighty Promises indeed doth give ;  
 For Words are cheap and put Him to no cost :  
 But can thy Soul on airy Diet live,  
 And feed on verbal Nutriment ? the most  
 Thou can'st pretend is *Hope* : and what is that  
 But *Sorrow's* flattering and endless Cheat ?

## 144.

Alas thy desolate Heart too well doth know  
 How little I in thy Condition err :  
 And with secure Presumption *Psyche*, thou  
 May'st this Conclusion from my Art infer :  
 That I who can discover all thy Grief,  
 May tell what Physick must be thy Relief.

## 145.

Thy *Phylax*, once esteem'd thy trustiest friend,  
 Well understands the depth of thy Disease :  
 Yet finding all his skill too faint to lend  
 Thee any real Help, himself he frees  
 From fruitless Trouble, and is fled away ;  
 Ashamed now his weakness to betray.

## 146.

I know not how ; but always at a pinch  
When great Extremities crave equal Aid,  
Your vulgar Comforters use still to flinch,  
And Cry, *God's will be done* : but I afraid  
Of nothing am, no not *God's Destination* ;  
*Despair alone can feel no Desperation.*

## 147.

I, I, the only able Doctress, who  
In desperate Cases certain Physick give ;  
In pity of thy unregarded Wo  
Am hither come on purpose to relieve  
Thy helpless Heart : Nor do I ask a fee ;  
My ample guerdon shall thy *Safety* be.

## 148.

Lo here approv'd *Receipts* : When noble *Saul*  
The field, his Kingdom, and his God had lost ;  
That Rapier he no sooner found, but all  
The conquering Plot of his *misshaps* he crost,  
And malgrè stern *Philistia's* Powers, fell  
Down to the Rest of holy *Samuel*.

## 149.

Disgrac'd by *Hushai*, and rejected by  
Fond *Absalom*, profound *Achitophel*  
For rescue from *misfortune's* Tyranny  
Consulted with his own deep *Oracle* ;  
And found no wiser way than by this *Rope*  
His Breath, his Life, and his Contempt to stop.

## 150.

Great *Annibal*, accusom'd long to ride  
In *Triumph's* Chariot, being overborn  
By undeserv'd Disaster's pow'rful Tide ;  
Scorn'd to become th' insulting *Roman's* scorn,  
But sipp'd his safety from that Poison there  
And went in glorious Peace unto his Beir.

## 151.

Renowned *Cato*, when by peevish fate  
Thrust into straits too narrow to contain  
His mighty Spirit ; by soon-ended Hate  
Of wretched Life, immortal Rest did gain.  
There lies the *Sword*, the *lucky Sword* whereby  
He op'd his way to generous Liberty.

## 152.

When base false-hearted *Fortune* had betray'd  
The gallant *Antony* to Overthrow ;  
Of nothing but vile *fear* was he afraid,  
And much disdain'g, though subdu'd, to bow ;  
Cut with that Weapon his unworthy thred  
Of Life, and laid him down in *Honor's Bed*.

## 153.

Say not, that These were *Men*, and *female* Thou  
Too weak to manage *Masculine Bravery* :

Thy Sex's stout exploits will not allow  
That weak Excuse : yet, could I cite to thee  
No *Precedents*, thy most Extreme Distress  
Might be thy warrant for this *manlyness*.

## 154.

But see that *Daggor*, smeared with the Blood  
The manly Blood of female *Lucrece* ; she  
Not trusting to her Tears' poor womanish flood,  
Took her courageous Advice from Me ;  
And broach'd red Torrents from her noble Veins  
To paint with Glory her Pollution's stains.

## 155.

Brave *Portia*, when her sad Disasters grew  
So thick and cross that they the way had damm'd  
To every known Relief, found out a new  
Road unto Death, and down her throat she cramm'd  
That Fire which made her *Valour's* sacrifice :  
Part of the Coals still in that Vial lies.

## 156.

Though sweetest *Antony* was wont to rest  
In *Cleopatra's* dainty bosom ; yet  
When Losses her besieged, to her breast,  
Her lovely breast, an odious *Ape* she set ;  
Which suck'd out her abhorred Life ; and in  
That *Box* the *Serpent* doth himself intwine.

## 157.

Now that a *British* Hand as much may do  
As any *Foreign*, thou hast witness by  
Thy late Compatriot *Boadicia*, who  
Boldly outbrav'd her own Calamity.  
Lo there's the *Poison* by whose Virtue she  
Preserv'd her self from *Roman* *Bondage* free.

## 158.

These, and ten thousand more have I befriended  
With Rescue from deplor'd Extremities :  
And though I ne'r to any one commended  
His *Choise* of these *Receipts* ; thy Miseries  
Move my Compassion so, that I'm content  
Thou shouldst have leave to choose thy Instrument.

## 159.

A burning or a freezing Poison take,  
A Sword, Stiletto, Dart, Spear, Dagger, Knife,  
Fire, Water, Rope ; or whatsoe'r will make  
An end of *thine* ; no, of thy *Torments'* life :  
And if one will not serve, take two or three ;  
Nay I can spare them all *poor Heart*, for thee.

## 160.

But hate not thou thy self, 'cause I am kind,  
Nor scorn the Bounty of my Pity : know  
It stands not with a truly generous mind  
To fear her *own* more than *another's* Blow.  
If thou wouldst *Live indeed*, be brave, and *Die* :  
The Life of Fame will reach Eternity.

161.

Come then ; and since thy *Spouse* so cruell is,  
Give him his Due, and Curse him to his face :  
Come choose thy Passage to thy ready Bliss,  
And nobly send thy Self to that calm Place,  
Where *Heros* who durst wretched Life disdain  
Safe in the Arms of endless Peace remain.

162.

Thou hast too long already waited on  
The leisure of regardless *Heav'n* since thou  
Art able by thy valiant Hand alone  
To give thy self what that will not allow.  
A *Martyrdom* 's thy wish and thou may'st be  
A *Martyr* now to thine own *Bravery*.

163.

Spake *Dispair*. But *Psyche* all the while  
Held firm and constant as the resolute Rock :  
For well she understood Her fatal Guile,  
And wisely arm'd her self against the Shock ;  
Which in the *Fury*'s unexpected face  
By her stout Answer thus returned was :

164.

Take up thy Implements mischievous *Elf*,  
And, since thou fail'st in this thy deep Design,  
And employ them on thy cursed self :  
For state is bad enough ; I need not join  
Thy damned Offer to augment my Grief,  
And 'cause I'm Sick, *dispair* of all Relief.

165.

Relieve it may suffice my *Wish*, that I  
Thus miserable am why should I throw  
My most dejected self still lower why  
Should I whom now no other *Friend* will know,  
Turn, in destructive Pity, mine own Fo,  
And wilfully join *Madness* to my *Wo*?

166.

What were those *Heros* whose preposterous Might  
Thou gild'st so fairly with thine eloquent Lye ;  
Venturous *Cowards* who in fear to fight  
With Pain, Loss, Shame, or Bondage, chose to Die ?  
For 'twill be it I should *Valour's* Title give  
To those who durst not do so much as live.

167.

True, my *Spouse* hath hid his joyous face,  
I sure I have deserv'd he should do so.  
He'r was *Night* so long, but yielded place  
Enough to cheerly *Day* but that which you  
Lowl in Beneath, and therefore wondrous fain  
To that endless *Darkness* me would gain.

168.

*Jesus* use his Pleasure on me ; I  
Dust and Ashes am : and so go tell

Black *Belzebub*, your envious Father by  
Whose delegation you are come from Hell.  
Tell him, though *Jesus* kill me, yet I must  
And in his *Goodness* will repose my Trust.

169.

The *Fury* to this Word made no Reply,  
But by an hideous *Shriek* which split the Air  
And rent the Earth, rebounding on the Sky  
And heart of Hell at once : all thunders were  
Faint Murmurs, and the Tempest's bellowing V  
But trembling Whispers to this monstrous Noise

170.

Then snatching up her Baggage, with one Hand,  
And with the other tearing off her hair  
Her skin, her flesh ; she cursed *Jesus*, and  
To *Peak's* close road returned bleeding where  
She shriek'd again and shak'd all Hell before  
She entred through the Gulf of th' iron Door.

171.

Great *Satan* started, when the *Feind* he saw  
Come thus lamenting home without her Prey :  
Full on her throat he clapt his brazen Paw,  
And through it tore his Indignation's way :  
For Pain *She* roared, so did *He* for spight ;  
The dire *Deep's* trembling at the dreadful sight.

172.

But *Psyche*, though her Victory were great,  
And might in other Hearts have Triumph bred,  
No Joy could relish in her glorious Feat ;  
For to all Comfort she was cold and dead,  
And in her Conquest still remain'd as sad  
As if her self had been the Captive made.

173.

Her hands she wrung, and smote her pensive breast  
And cry'd, what is that good success to me ?  
So long as *Heaven* is deaf to my Request,  
So long 's I grope in this Obscurity  
So long as from my *Spouse*' Eyes the wide  
Black Curtains of Disfavor mine must hide ?

174.

What have I gained now my Fo is fled  
But freer leisure to observe my Sorrows ?  
Indeed the field is mine ; but oh ! the Seed  
Of Desolation grows in all its furrows.  
Let those triumph, to *Rest* whom *Conquest* sends  
My *Victory* in *Grief* begins, and ends.

175.

Now, now alas, by dear Experience, I  
Have learn'd that *Sweets* and *Pleasures* no where a  
Their genuine selves, but in the Treasury  
Of *Jesus*'s all-enamoring Count'nance there,  
O there they shine but hidden are from me  
Who ev'n in *Joy* find nought but *Misery*.

176.

As in the Gulf of this *Disconsolation*  
 She plunged lay, and saw no way to rise :  
 Her *Phylax* tir'd with his long Sequestration  
 From his dear *Charge*, of whose Calamities  
 His tender heart was jealous ; never rested  
 Till Leave to see Her he from Heav'n had wrested.

177.

And then, no wind its wings e'r stoutlier stretch'd  
 Or flew with cheerlier Velocity :  
 But when his Speed the wished Place had reach'd,  
 Far from his Wish prov'd disappointed He :  
 Down fell his Plumes and Eyes, back flew his Blood,  
 And he O how unlike an Angel stood !

178.

Such havock Grief had made in *Psyche's* Face  
 That in *her Self her self* he scarce could spy.  
 Besides, the lovely beams of heav'nly *Grace*,  
 Which us'd to sparkle in her holy Eye  
 Were damp'd with deadish Dulness, and no sign  
 Peep'd forth of any thing within *divine*.

179.

This further spurred on his Search to see  
 What weather 'twas in her high-throbbing Breast :  
 Where finding thick and heavy *Darkness*, He  
 Would to the Center of her Heart have prest ;  
 But *Charis* there so close lay locked up,  
 That all his sweetness could not charm it ope.

180.

At this amazed, and amazed too  
 That *She* who with impatient Love had used  
 To bid him welcome, and his Feet to woo  
 With humble Kisses, strangely stood amased ;  
 As doubtful whether now it were not best  
 To throw *Neglect*, on her *unsent for Guest*.

181.

And yet resolv'd to try the strength of Love,  
 And not be dash'd out of his kind Intent ;  
 He thrice embraced Her, and gently strove  
 Her Sorrows' Fulness to out-compliment :  
 With all his heav'nly Heats he wrought to thaw  
 That Frost, whose Chains about her Soul he saw.

182.

But what can tardy Salves and Balsams do  
 If Life has once the Member bid Adieu ?  
 In vain do's *Phylax* hug his *Pupil*, who  
 Beyond all help of *finite Cordials* grew.  
 In vain he blew those Ashes, in whose Heap  
 No Embers, nor no hopeful spark did sleep.

183.

With full as probable success might *Lot*  
 Have hugg'd and courted his *transformed Wife* ;

Wooling the Pillar to be moved at  
 His Kisses' suit, when her condemned Life  
 Was choaked up in Salt, and she become  
 At once the doleful Carcase and the Tomb.

184.

This plough'd his heart with so severe a wound  
 That he forgot with him he brought his Tongue.  
 And pitching sadly down upon the ground,  
 His anxious Thoughts and Eyes on her he hung ;  
 Whilst *Silence* curb'd his daunted Lips, and quite  
 Sealed them up for many a day and night.

185.

So when the *Desolate Idumaean Prince*  
 Not worth so much as his own Skin was left,  
 But by an universal Confluence  
 Of Losses and of Soars, of all bereft ;  
 His dearest *Friends* sate by him in profound  
 And silent *Grief's* deep *stupifaction* drown'd.

186.

But then perceiving his long Expectation  
 Bred no relenting in her stiff Disease ;  
 Into the Dialect of Consolation  
 He forc'd his Breath, and try'd his best by these  
 Most tender Lenitives, to venture on  
 A Combat with her Heart's cold heavy stone.

187.

O *Psyche*, (if thou yet remainest she,)  
 What means this long Aversness in thine Eye ?  
 How hast thou lost thy memory of me  
 Who still am *Phylax* ; and Calamity,  
 Me thinks, should make thee not forget that *Name*,  
 Which tells thy Grief I thy *Protector* am.

188.

If ever thou hadst found me *false*, when thy  
 Distress had summon'd my helping hand ;  
 Or if thy present Load of misery  
 Doth not in need of my Assistance stand ;  
 Well mightst thou by this strange Deportment dart  
 Disdain upon the Comforts I impart.

189.

It was no Bus'ness of mine own which drew  
 Thy faithful *Phylax* from thy Company ;  
 Witness the time when I so gladly flew  
 To *Palestine*, and back again, with Thee ;  
 Forsaking all that while the sphere where I  
 In sovereign Blessedness was wont to fly.

190.

But *He* who both my *Master* is and thine  
 Call'd me away ; if yet it were away :  
 For this my late Employment less was mine,  
 Than thine, for whose sweet sake thy *Spouse* did lay  
 That charge upon me : Courage then, my Dear,  
 And to my happy News give cheerly ear.

OVE'S MYSTERY.

With joyous heart, and with unfurrowed brow  
This mighty Token of Heav'n's royal Grace :  
Why thou thine own Ambition contradictest,  
Whilst with his *Promise* thou thy *Spouse* rejectest:

199.

So spake the *Angel*. But the heavy *Maid*  
Grown deaf to every word that sounded Joy ;  
Her hand upon her dolefull Bosom laid,  
And overpress'd with Mountains of Annoy,  
Hung down her head ; replying by a Flood  
Of Tears, how little Him she understood.

200.

But seeing his Demand unsatisfy'd  
With that dumb Answer, first an heavy Groan  
She helped forth ; then flinging open wide  
Her lamentable Arms, Let me alone,  
She cry'd, and to my domineering Grief  
Afford at least in Pity *this Relief*.

201.

I know you were of old, and still would be  
My faithfull *Friend* ; I well remember you  
Are *Phylax*, and what blessed Suavity  
Your constant Love did to my heart allow.  
But this was when that heart alive you found,  
Which now in *Desolation's* Sea is drown'd.

202.

What Comfort tastes a Carcase cold and dead  
In th' ardent Courtesy of Fomentations ?  
In vain are Tables sumptuously spread,  
With *Luxury's* own proudest Preparations,  
To court a *Stomach*, when her Appetite  
By Nauseousness is slain to all Delight.

203.

Blame me not *Phylax*, for I love you still,  
And of your Presence fain the Sweets would reap ;  
But now my *greater Joy* is damp'd, my Will  
Reacheth her Arms to *this* in vain ; you heap  
But Torments on me whilst before my face  
You rank those *Pleasures* I cannot embrace.

204.

Should I but strive to grasp them, envious They  
Would shrink to Emptiness, and mock my Hand ;  
Or from their lovely selves quite fly away,  
Degenerating into *Sorrows* and  
Rightdown *Vexations*, rather than impart  
One Taste of Joy to *Psyche's* hated heart.

205.

For what, what Relish can there be to Me  
In any Dainties *Daintiness* can cook ;  
So long's the *Lord of my Felicity*  
From my divorced Eyes himself doth cloke ?  
If *Phebus* once withdraws his sovereign Ray,  
What can poor *Candles* do to cheer up *Duy* ?



## 206.

Wonder not *Phylax* at my bold Complaint ;  
*Psyche* in *Sorrow's* School 's more learn'd than Thou :  
 Thy privileged Heart did ne'r acquaint  
 With *Desolation's* company, nor know  
 What mine now feels : It feels, and no Pretence  
 It findeth to *distinguish Loss and Sense*.

## 207.

Thy *News* a potent Cordial would appear  
 If fann'd on any fainting Wight but Me ;  
 But I in *Heav'n's* and *Bliss's* Name can hear  
 No Melody at all, since *Misery*  
 Hath seal'd and frozen up my Breast, and I  
 To my dead self alone abandon'd lie.

## 208.

Were I now perch'd upon the Battlement  
 Of highest Glory, and beneath me saw  
 The *Seraph's* flame ; yet I should not resent  
 That Throne as glorious : still, still *Below*  
 Should I esteem my self, so long as I  
 Am muffled up from seeing my *Most High*.

## 209.

Did but the wonted Beams of heav'nly *Grace*  
 Vouchsafe to smile upon my Hemisphere  
 They eas'ly would outdare the soarest face  
 Of all the *Sorrows* which are frowning there :  
 But since sweet *Charis* is eclips'd to me  
*Phylax* is absent though he Present be.

## 210.

Yet now great *Jesus*, whose poor Worm I am,  
 Is pleas'd to leave me to my arid Dust ;  
 His Pleasure I must not presume to blame,  
 Which though most Bitter, yet is surely Just.  
 His mighty *Name* I still adore and bless,  
 His heavy *Rod* which plough's my Soul, I kiss.

## 211.

Here manly Sadness stopt her mouth, and she  
 From *Phylax* having turn'd her ghastly Eyes,  
 With folded Arms embrac'd her *Agony*.  
 When *He*, who could no Antidote devise  
 For Her, turn'd sick himself ; and hanging down  
 His pensive head, tun'd by her Groans his own.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

STANZA 13, l. 5, '*Preasses*' = throngs, pressure of crowds : st. 19, l. 5, '*apparent Heirs*' = heirs-apparent : st. 20, l. 6, '*only Horses*' = the cathedrals and churches in which, during the Civil War, horses were occasionally stabled by stern necessity. See our Memorial-Introduction on this : st. 31, l. 6, '*Campagnia*'—the great plain stretching from Rome gives this splendid image : st. 57, l. 1, '*dead*'—I suspected a misprint for '*dread* ;'

*priety*' = property, possession : st. 108, l. 1, '*Peak*'—it is a somewhat left-handed compliment to the famous Peak of Derbyshire thus to locate one of the entrances to Hell in it. I suppose the vulgar name of the '*Devil's Arse*' suggested it : st. 117, l. 3, '*lag*' = drag, or bear heavily : *ibid.* '*Wieth*' = with, or willow wand : st. 141, l. 1, '*grated*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v. : st. 154, l. 5 '*broach'd*' = set open and running.



## CANTO XXIV.

### *The Consummation.*

#### THE ARGUMENT.

*Restor'd to Grace's Light, and Ravish'd by  
The splendor of Beatitude, which shin'd  
'n her sleep-closed eyes, Psyche with high  
Desire's Impatience, feels her fervent Mind  
Fall all on fire : and thus She nobly dies,  
As she before had Liv'd, LOVE's Sacrifice.*

#### 1.

Sweet *END*, thou *Sea of Satisfaction*, which  
The weary Streams into thy Bosom tak'st ;  
The Springs unto the *Spring* Thou first dost reach,  
And by thine inexhausted Kindness mak'st  
Them fall so deep in love with thee, that through  
All Rocks and Mountains to thy *Arms* they flow.

#### 2.

Thou art the *Center*, in whose close Embrace,  
From all the wild Circumference, each *Line*  
Directly runs to find its resting Place,  
Upon their swiftest Wings, to perch on thine  
Enobling Breast, which is their only *Butt*,  
The *Arrows* of all high *Desires* are shot.

#### 3.

All *Labours* pant and languish after *Thee*,  
Stretching their longest Arms to catch their *Bliss* ;  
Which in the *Way*, how sweet soe'r it be,  
They never find ; and therefore on they press  
Further and further, till desired *Thou*,  
Their only Crown, meet'st their Ambition's brow.

#### 4.

With smiles the *Plowman* to the *smiling Spring*  
Returns not Answer, but is jealous till  
His patient Hopes thy happy *Season* bring  
Unto their Ripeness with his Corn, and fill  
His Barns with plenteous Sheaves, with Joy his Heart ;  
For *Thou*, and none but *Thou*, his *Harvest* art.

#### 5.

The no less sweating and industrious *Lover*  
Lays not his panting heart to rest upon

Kind *Looks* and gracious *Promises*, which hover  
On *Love's* Outside, and may as soon be gone  
As easily they came : but strives to see  
His Hopes and Nuptials ratify'd by *Thee*.

#### 6.

The *Traveller* suspecteth every Way,  
Though they thick trac'd and fairly beaten be ;  
Nor is secure but that his Leader may  
Step into some Mistake as well as He ;  
Or that his strength may fail him ; till he win,  
Possession of *Thee* his wished *Inn*.

#### 7.

Nobly besmeared with *Olimpick Dust*,  
The hardy Runner prosecutes his Race  
With obstinate Celerity, in trust  
That *Thou* wilt wipe and glorify his face :  
His *Prize's Soul* art *Thou*, whose precious sake  
Makes him those mighty Pains with Pleasure take.

#### 8.

The *Mariner* will trust no Winds, although  
Upon his Sails they blow fair Flattery ;  
No Tides, which with all fauning Smoothness flow,  
Can charm his Fears into Security ;  
He Credits none but *Thee*, who art his *Bay*,  
To which through Calms and Storms he hunts his way.

#### 9.

And so have I, cheer'd up with Hopes at last  
To double *Thee*, endur'd a tedious Sea ;  
Through publick foaming Tempests I have past ;  
Through flattering Calms of private Suavity ;  
Through interrupting Companies' thick Press ;  
And through the Lake of mine own Laziness ;

#### 10.

Through many *Sirens'* Charms, which me invited  
To dance to *Ease's* Tunes, the Tunes in fashion ;  
Through many *cross misgiving Thoughts* which frightened  
My jealous Pen ; and through the Conjuraton  
Of ignorant and envious *Censures*, which  
Implacably against all *Poems* itch.

## 11.

But chiefly *Those* which venture in a Way  
That yet no *Muse's* feet have chose to trace ;  
Which trust that *Psyche* and her *Jesus* may  
Adorn a *Verse* with as becoming Grace  
As *Venus* and her *Son* ; that *Truth* may be  
A nobler *Theme* than *Lyes* and *Vanity*.

## 12.

Which broach no *Aganippe's* Streams, but those  
Where Virgin Souls without a Blush may bathe ;  
Which dare the boistrous *Multitude* oppose  
With gentle *Numbers* ; which despise the Wrath  
Of galled *Sin* ; which think not fit to trace  
Or *Greek* or *Roman Song* with slavish pace.

## 13.

And seeing now I am in ken of *Thee*,  
The *Harbour* which enflamed my Desire,  
And with this stedy Patience ballas'd Me  
In my uneven Road ; I am on fire,  
Till into thy Embrace my Self I throw,  
And on the *shore* hang up my finish'd *Vow*.

## 14.

Nor will thy Pleasantness less welcome be  
To worried *Psyche*, who so long hath sail'd  
Through deepest Oceans of Calamity,  
And over many a boistrous Storm prevail'd ;  
Who through the Smiles, and through the Frowns of  
heaven  
With equal *Meekness* hath till now been driven.

## 15.

For still on *Thee* She fix'd her longing Eye ;  
On *Thee*, who only couldst her Soul afford  
The Plenitude of her Felicity ;  
The dear Enjoyment of her precious *Lord* ;  
Which made *Thee* nobly change thy fading Name  
Of *End*, and firm *Eternity* become.

## 16.

As *She* sate teaching *Phylax* how to grieve,  
Who faithfully her Sorrows copied ;  
The Time approach'd when *Heav'n* would her reprieve  
From this sad Duty, and upon her Head  
Let fall the Crown, which in this tedious Fight  
She bravely earned by her *constant Might*.

## 17.

With *joyeuse Horror* on the sudden she  
Started and trembled, and leapt from the ground :  
The *Angel* wonder'd what the Cause might be  
Whose quick Effect did upon Him rebound ;  
For up he sprung and in suspense expected  
What rais'd the *Maid* so much before dejected.

## 18.

When lo, the Joy thus kindled in her breast  
Broke forth and flamed in her cheerful Eye :

For blessed *Charis*, who so long supprest  
Deep in the centre of her Heart did lie,  
Was now unlock'd by *Jesus*, and had leave  
To her sweet Influence the Reins to give.

## 19.

So when thick sullen Clouds have damm'd up Day  
And dolefull Blackness vail'd the Welkin's face ;  
If *Phebus* through those Curtains rends his way  
And chides home Darkness to its proper Place ;  
The *Air* surprised with her sudden Bliss  
At first with frightfull Gladness startled is.

## 20.

So when the unexpected virgin *Light*  
Broke from the glorious Mouth of *God* upon  
The rude disconsolate *Heap of first-born Night* ;  
That flashing *Morn* with *cheerfull Terror* ran  
About the Universal *Deep*, which was  
Astonish'd at the Dint of *Luster's* face.

## 21.

*Psyche* with *Pleasure's* strong Incursion seiz'd  
And shaken thus ; before she leisure had  
To vent her Gladness, was anew surpris'd :  
For *Charis* through her breast a passage made,  
And in th' exuberance of Suavity  
Her smiling self presented to her Eye.

## 22.

But humane Souls are in Capacity  
So poor and dull whilst here they dwell below ;  
They know not how to bear ev'n Courtesy,  
Unless by *slow degrees* on them it grow.  
*Delights*, if rushing in a sudden stream,  
A Deluge of amazing Torments seem.

## 23.

This Spectacle bred such Extremities  
Of mighty Comforts in the *Virgin's* Mind,  
That she, alas, too narrow to comprise  
Her own most sweetly-raging Sea, resign'd  
Her self to *Delicacie's* Wrack, and down  
These pleasing Depths sunk gently by a *S(w)own*.

## 24.

But *Charis* being Mistress of the Tide,  
So bridled in the swelling Floods, that they  
Submitted to her hand their dainty Pride,  
And for her gentler Complement made way :  
This was a soft Embrace, by which the *Maid*  
She girded, and her fainting Passion staid.

## 25.

Allaying then her glorious Aspect by  
More tolerable Sweetness, she thus began :  
Has short *Disuse* such nauseous Potency  
That it upon my cheerly Presence can  
Disrellish cast ; or are my Beams too strong  
For One who hath in Darkness grop'd so long ?

26.

iceforth take Courage, for no more will I  
d here I pawn to thee my royal Word,)  
ve me to wade in gloomy Misery,  
trusty Light to all thy Ways afford ;  
'll broad-day Light : for all this while I gave  
hee secret Beams which thou didst not perceive.

27.

I I not help'd thee so ; had I not lain  
se at the bottom of thy Heart, to keep  
Soul's Foundation firm and sure ; in vain  
orious Zeal had duely broke thy sleep,  
vain had all thy Sighs and Tears been spent,  
vain thy Prayers had to Heav'n been sent.

28.

o its dismal Name too truly true  
Dereliction would have prov'd, had I,  
h never-sleeping Care not lain perdu  
watch the Motions of thine Enemy ;  
hat Enemy, whose Company alone  
that which perfects Desolation.

29

en that infernal Hag, the damned Queen  
Hideousness, advanced to the fight  
ed both Hand and Tongue ; had I not been  
by main Fort, her potent Engins might  
ave eas'ly undermined it, and Thou  
lad'st by Despair been quite blown up e'r now.

30.

Humane Constitution, alas  
am'd of faint and frail Materials ; no  
mortal Adamant, or sturdy Brass,  
ures thy fabrick, and defies thy Fo :  
hy Walls are crumbling treacherous Dust, which flies  
a thy Soul's face, and blinds thy Reason's eyes.

31.

close I lurk'd, thy Courage so to try  
en thou no Second could'st perceive at hand.  
s was the Plot of LOVE himself, and I  
Ambush placed but at his Command :  
OVE hid my face, and so he did his own ;  
ut all that while He weav'd for thee a Crown.

32.

Crown which thy long loyal Patience  
r' highest Realm of humblest Saints shalt wear :  
till thou thither art translated hence,  
thy Breast my open Tent will rear ;  
hat till the greater Heav'n receiveth Thee,  
hou may'st contain it in Epitomy.

33.

s said : She gather'd up her Train of light,  
ich in an Orb was all about her spread ;

And shrinking up her self by Heav'nly slight  
Within her sprightfull self, re-entered  
The Virgin's Breast ; where her Dominion she  
Began to show by entheous Energie.

34.

Forthwith a Tumult boil'd in Psyche's Heart,  
But boil'd and foam'd in vain ; for instantly  
The Rout by Charis's most victorious Art  
Was forc'd from that usurped Hold to fly.  
Vain Dread was first who shrunk and turned head,  
And so these Cowards flying Army led.

35.

For she her self no sooner shiver'd out,  
But at her heels lamenting Sorrow came,  
Accompany'd with blind and groping Doubt ;  
Then lear-ey'd Jealousy, unworthy Shame,  
Palefac'd Disconsolation, and Frigidity,  
With Indevotion's dead and stiff Aridity.

36.

But in the Rear rush'd forth Forgetfulness,  
A dim-ey'd swarthy Crone ; and hand in hand  
Led her Compatriots and Complices,  
Gross sluggish Mists, dull Night, thick Blackness, and  
What ever is of kin to them, whatever  
Can block up Heav'n, and Souls from Light dis sever.

37.

Compar'd with these, all Soot and Ink, and Pitch,  
Were Compositions of Milk and Snow ;  
So was the tough and triduan Darkness, which  
Beclogg'd the Impudence of Memphis's brow ;  
And that which lock'd up Sodom's eyelids more  
Close than Lot's Care and Fear had done his Door.

38.

Psyche with blushing Joy admiring stood  
Her own Heart's strange fertility to see.  
She little dreamt so hideous a Brood  
Could nestling in her Virgin Bosom be ;  
Whose foul mishapen features while she read,  
She thought her self Delivered indeed.

39.

But they remembring where they first were bred,  
And hoping for more quiet harbour there ;  
In scrambling haste from Psyche's triumph fled,  
Whose gladsome Eye with Torments scorch'd them here :  
Downward they fled, and in Sin's proper Womb,  
Hell's gloomy furnace, sought their cooler Home.

40.

And now she found her Bosom's Orb as clear  
As when to Heav'n she Thelema presented ;  
Now all her Passions unhamper'd were,  
And every Bond to Liberty relented :  
All things look'd sweet and fair within, and she  
Rejoyc'd in her complete Serenity.

## 41.

*Love, Anger, Hatred, Jealousy, and Fear,*  
And all the rest of that swiftwinged Crew,  
With Sprightfulness revived were,  
And to their proper Objects nimbly flew :  
Nor clash'd they any more their Wings together,  
But kindly help'd and cheered one another.

## 42.

*Hope*, which had grop'd and languished till now  
In deplorable Mists ; fresh courage took,  
And challeng'd every Wind its worst to blow,  
Since she perceiv'd her *Cable* was not broke,  
But that her trusty *Anchor* held its hold,  
Whilst *Desolation's Sea* about her roll'd.

## 43.

And *Logos* too, sad heretofore and dry,  
Felt cheerly Vigor leaping in his Heart ;  
Which spurr'd his Zeal to beg Her leave to try,  
Whither he could not now perform his part  
With more successful strength, and from the Treasures  
Of Heav'n, fetch Contemplation's solid Pleasures.

## 44.

His Motion She embrac'd with joyeuse Ear ;  
And turn'd to Heav'n her sparkling Eye, to see  
Whether the Way to it companion were  
In her brisk Bosom's new Serenity :  
She turn'd her Eye, and in Heav'n's Volumes read  
A Lesson, which did ev'n her wish exceed.

## 45.

For lo, the sullen *Clouds* which heretofore  
Had damm'd the Road to her rejected Sight,  
Down in repentant Tears themselves did poure,  
Contending which should first clear up a bright  
And undisturbed Passage to that Sphere  
Where *Psyche's* Jewels all inshrined were.

## 46.

In bounteous Beams of royal Influence  
Her *open Sun* bestow'd himself upon her ;  
And this awak'd her long-astonish'd sense  
To revel in this Feast of sweetest Honor.  
This swell'd her Bosom with such Ravishment  
That through her Lips she hast's to give it vent.

## 47.

And now, O my *delicious Lord*, said she,  
I thank thee for that *Famine* I endured :  
What Hope could fancy this Felicity  
Would by that torturing Anguish be procured !  
But in the Prudence of thy Love didst Thou  
Then make me *Fast*, the more to *Feast* me now.

## 48.

Thou by that wholesom Tempest tossedst me,  
That I might thoroughly understand the Bliss

Of this pure Calm : by that Severity  
Of tedious breathing Death, didst Thou suppress  
My secular Spirits, that revived I  
Might Live to Thee, as to the World I die.

## 49.

Now, now, I taste this Life indeed, which I,  
Though I possess, enjoyed not before.  
Alas, we fools are best instructed by  
*Absence* and *Loss* to prize the richest Store :  
These Thanks my *Dereliction* I owe  
That thus I relish my *Fruition* now.

## 50.

So deep I relish't, that convinced I  
Would not for all the Streams of *Paradise*  
But have been drown'd in that *Aridity*,  
Whence to the Bliss of mine own Bliss I rise.  
For what were *Paradise* to me, unless  
I feelingly perceiv'd its Pleasantness ?

## 51.

*Wise King of Souls* ! who knowest how to make  
*Severity* the sweetest way of *Love* ;  
And *nearest* drawst when thou dost most *Forsooke*  
Thy fainting Worms. How far, how far above  
Our *Retribution* is thy *Goodness*, which  
Transcends our highest *Comprehension's* reach !

## 52.

O that more *Thelemas* I had, which I  
Might sacrifice as Tokens of this Debt ;  
Since thy *revealed Countenance* upon my  
Unworthy Head this mighty Score hath set !  
Yet what do our poor *Wills* by being *Thine*,  
But only make *Themselves*, not *Thee*, divine ?

## 53.

Thy vast Munificence on Me bestows  
All that Ambition could desire, and more :  
Whence is it *Jesu* then that *Psyche* grows  
Ev'n in this Ocean of Abundance poor ?  
I have —, What have I not in having *Thee* ?  
Yet still me thinks I Covetous could be.

## 54.

I could be Covetous, and wish that all  
The Wealth of Heav'n and Earth were soley mine.  
That with this Off'ring I might prostrate fall,  
And dedicate it at thy *Favour's* Shrine.  
Yet what were all this World to that which I  
Owe to thy sovereign Benignity !

## 55.

Had I ten thousand Lives to spend on thee,  
That vast Expence would but my Gains augment :  
How then, where *Gratitude* her self must be  
Ingrate, can needy I due Thanks present !  
Sweet *Lord* inform and help my Soul, which fain  
Would render *something* back to Thee again.

56.

ceased here ; and *Phylax*, who attended  
e leisure of her fervent *Exultation* ;  
th equal Heat and Gladness, where she ended  
;an her Praises and Congratulation :  
oy, Joy, dear *Pupil*, of this Morn, said He,  
Which hath dispell'd thy Night of misery.

57.

e what reason forc'd thee to be sad  
ond my Comfort's reach : because I see  
: high occasion which hath made thee glad :  
h mighty Grief could only chased be  
y that meridian all-potent Ray  
Which drives the life of Wo, ev'n Death, away.

58.

l here th' Excess of his triumphant Joy  
uld let him speak no more, but spurr'd him on  
h Kisses and Embraces to allay  
: dainty fierceness of his Passion ;  
ull close he chain'd her in the tender Bands  
f Zealous Love, his blessed Arms and Hands.

59.

: *Maid*, who would not to this Compliment  
long in debt, thus in a smile reply'd :  
: begging of my Pardon you prevent,  
must not stop my *Thanks* most bounden Tide ;  
he only Tide which can returned be  
pon your mighty Flood of Love to me.

60.

ely the other day you were the same  
ich you are now, in every Ornament  
*gracious sweetness*, when you hither came  
th ready Cordials of divine Content :  
ut clownish senseless I could not embrace  
our undeserved yet obtruded Grace.

61.

d this Behaviour quench'd your Charity,  
none but my rude self had Blame been due.  
you with faithful patient Fervency  
re careful still, and still more tender grew :  
fy very Grievs into your bosom you  
dmitted, and for me with tears did flow.

62.

ugh I by Heav'n and Earth abandon'd was,  
I plung'd into the Gulf of *Desolation* ;  
own me in that despicable Case  
I blushed not ; but by your sweet Narration  
f what *Love* destin'd to relieve my smart  
ndeavor'd to advance my drooping heart.

63.

I I remember how I then forgot  
self and you ; how dead and cold I lay

Before that *flaming News*, which would have shot  
Life into any Soul but mine ; away  
I turn'd my foolish head from that which through  
A thousand Deaths I would run after now.

64.

For what is *Death* ? which is not when it is ;  
A *dreadful Nothing*, ending where it 'gins,  
And dead as soon as *We* : But *heav'nly Bliss*  
In its own boundless Circle lives, and shines  
With endless Glory ; yet without Regard  
Thy Proffer of this Happiness I heard.

65.

But now, O *indefatigable friend*,  
I feel thy Comforts thrilling in my heart,  
Which there with *Charis's* quickning Influence blend  
And to my soul another soul impart.  
Surely my mind can never thee forget  
Who helpst to revive and double it.

66.

When *Earth* denies her Vapors to repay  
To *Heav'n*, whose Bounty sent her down the Rain ;  
When *Fountains* bid their posting *Currents* stay,  
Whose Thanks were flowing to their Mother *Main* ;  
Their faithful *Buttresses* when Buildings scorn ;  
Then I'll upon thy *Love*, *Neglect* return.

67.

In this Contention of Court'sy they  
Their Words and Kisses sweetly banded ;  
Until the dim decrepit Time of Day,  
Which common mortals summoneth to bed,  
Admonish'd *Psyche* of her Complaine ; who  
Obey'd the Item, and to Pray'rs did go.

68.

Which most sublime and holy bus'ness she  
Perform'd no more with cold and fruitless pains ;  
But mounting with encourag'd fervency,  
Reap'd in the middle of her Work, its Gains,  
And found her Intercessions wellcom'd were  
Into her *Spouse's* ready open Ear.

69.

*Phylax* mean while by Heav'n's appointment flew  
To learn her *Parents'* fortunes out : which he  
No sooner had descry'd, but fill'd with new  
Powers of Joy, he posted back as she  
From her Devotions rose ; and thus display'd  
The blessed Tidings to the reverend *Maid* :

70.

News *Psyche*, happy News ! for now I come  
From *holy Valor's Scene*, that signal Place  
Where thy *Uranius* his brave *Martyrdom*  
Of late atchiev'd, and finish'd *Virtue's* Race ;  
That Race thou seardst had been too hard for thy  
Decrepit *Parents* limping Piety.

## 71.

But at the *Stake* I found them both, where they  
Before the face of Heav'n and Earth, to thy  
Sole Charge that Resolution's strength did lay,  
Which fir'd them to condemn *those Flames*; for by  
Our *Daughter's Zeal*, said they, this sacred Heat  
In our old frozen fearful Veins doth beat.

## 72.

Here we acknowledge, that right nobly she  
Hath more than quit the Debt she us did ow:  
'Twas but the Life of poor Mortality  
Which from our Loins she borrowed; but now  
Her generous Love embraces us to ascend  
Where flourisheth that Life which knows no End.

## 73.

That heav'nly *Answer* from her Dungeon she  
Gave to our *cruel Kindness*, though with shame  
It sent us weeping home; yet instantly  
Those causeless Tears it dried by this flame  
Of *Christian Courage*, whilst admonish'd by  
Our *second Thoughts* our *first* we did defy.

## 74.

Where e'r she is, may Heav'n her Care requite,  
Who whilst we tempted her to idolize,  
Us from Idolatry did wisely fright;  
And teach us how we safelier might despise  
Both *Life* and *Death*, than *Jesus*, who alone  
Holds over *Both* supreme Dominion.

## 75.

Then let him shew it now; the *Soldiers* cry'd,  
Kindling the Pile; and shouting loud, that they  
Had, malgré Darkness, leave to turn the Tide  
Of Night, by *Christian Bonfires*, into Day.  
O *blessed Pair!* said I, who in a new  
Marriage are joined thus: and hither flew.

## 76.

So *Phylax* spake: when *She* surprised by  
This blessed News's shock, could not contain  
The pious fountain of her loyal Eye,  
Nor yet her Tongue's more swelling streams restrain:  
Abundant Tears she shed; but larger far  
Her Thanks to *Jesus*, and her Praises were.

## 77.

Before, alas, her thoughts could not bestow  
A Visit on her *Parents*, till they had  
Travell'd into the heart of Hell: but now  
A grateful Progress they in triumph made,  
Climbing the Pinnacle of Heav'n, where *She*,  
Since they were there, beforehand seems to be.

## 78.

But as she oft had wearied been before  
With *Heaviness's* cumbrous Burden; so

Surcharged now with *Joy's* unbounded store,  
She laid her down in sweet submission to  
This pleasing Load, and sunk into the deep  
But soft untroubled gulf of downy sleep.

## 79.

When *Charis*, upon whose eternal Eye  
No slumber ever creeps, begun a new  
Mysterious Work; for with activity  
About *Imagination's* Orb she flew,  
And cull'd and crop'd those *Fancies* here and there  
Which for her Purpose serviceable were.

## 80.

Thus furnished, with all Materials, she  
Upon the theater of *Psyche's* breast  
By orderly degrees the Gallantry  
Of an incomparable Pageant drest.  
She first rear'd up a goodly *Throne*, whose Light  
Outvy'd the hyperborean Snow in white.

## 81.

Forthwith she placed on that royal Seat  
A *Prince*, who with more Beauty garnish'd it.  
No Monarch ever in more awful State  
On his imperial glistening Chair did sit.  
Indeed all *Potentates* but shadows be  
To this *authentick sovereign's* Majesty.

## 82.

His copious Robe down from his shoulders flow'd  
To his fair Feet with streams of Gracefulness;  
A Girdle of illustrious Gold, which ow'd  
Its birth not unto Earth, but Heav'n, did kiss  
And closely hug his blessed Loins, which yet  
In goodly Richness far outshined it.

## 83.

No Fuller's Labour ever made so white  
The finest Wool, as was his daintier Hair;  
Which poured down the volumes of its bright  
And curled Wealth with curious careless Care  
About his Alabaster Neck; which stood  
Like some white Pillar in that snowy Wood.

## 84.

As in their venerable Sockets on  
The sacred Altar glorious Tapers flame,  
So look'd his Eyes; whose reverend Beams alone  
About the Temple of his Face did stream;  
Which parallel'd the Sun's best Looks when He  
Is awful in his *highnoon Clarity*.

## 85.

The most refin'd Corinthian Brass which in  
The bosom of th' incensed Furnace glows,  
With such fair Terror ne'r was known to shine  
As from his burning Feet of Glory flows.  
Thus was this radiant *King* from foot to head  
With Majesty's Excess embellished.

86.

nerable *Angels* then she brought  
urnish out his Court and fill his Train ;  
their bright Stations took as quick as Thought,  
with their golden Trumpets in a strain,  
rich through the roused Universe rebounded,  
: glory of their mighty *Sovereign* sounded.

87.

with His Standard to the open Air  
oured out ; in which embroider'd stood,  
dreadfully-illustrious and fair,  
*rms Imperial* stained all with blood :  
'twas his *Cross*, encompass'd now with more  
*orious Honor* than with *Shame* before.

88.

is He sate triumphant on his Throne,  
ted up his Face and look'd about :  
way the frighted Earth confus'dly ran  
his intollerable Eyes ; the stout  
l hardy hearts of Rocks were split with Dread ;  
: proudest Hills and Mountains trembling fled.

89.

air salt Home all Floods forgot their way,  
umbled into *Nothing's* deeper Deep :  
ighest Tides, seiz'd with profound Dismay,  
n universal Eb did creep ;  
: Sands devour'd the Waves they fear'd before,  
l now the middle of the Sea was Shore.

90.

pheres above, his Aspect's Power felt,  
reaking off their lofty Harmony,  
solution's final Tears did melt :  
azel'd Sun and Stars, abash'd to see  
re was no need of them by Day or Night,  
headlong down, and choaked their own Light.

91.

this huddling Haste, the *Sea* and *Land*  
mindful of their *Faith*, and honestly  
r'd all Pledges put into their hand  
*te, Sin, Vengeance* and *Mortality* ;  
ing up punctually a true and just  
ount of every Dram of *Human Dust*.

92.

lo, *Corruption* started from the Heap  
*kes*, and fled after *Earth* and *Sea* :  
with the Mass threw off its deadly Sleep,  
raked into Life's Activity :  
h Piece awak'd, and nimbly Rose, and shew'd  
one cold Lump, a vigorous Multitude.

93.

and *Eve*, the Springs of all the Rest,  
, the Front : on whom attended all

The *Senior World* ; Then *Noah* forward prest,  
Who reimpeopled th' ancient shipwrack'd Ball :  
And after Him step'd every Nation forth  
Whose Colonies had swarm'd through all the Earth

94.

Not One was missing now, who ever drew  
The breath of Life, or saw the face of Light :  
Yea They whom *Nature's* self yet never knew,  
As lying in *Futurity's* blind Night  
Lock'd up to furnish after Ages, there  
In their Ideal Beings did appear.

95.

But yet the Proudest bore his head as low  
As did the poorest and ignoblest Wight ;  
Nor was the starch'd and silken Gallant now  
More sprucely than the leathern Shepherd dight :  
This Day had rased such Distinctions out,  
And All to one just garb and fashion brought.

96.

They whom their tedious Age had bowed down,  
Were to their brisker years remanded back ;  
And they who in their Bud were crop'd, and thrown  
Into untimely Graves, did nothing lack  
Of full-grown and accomplish'd Vigor ; which  
Fix'd all and every One in equal Pitch.

97.

Yet still so different their *Conditions* were,  
That now the ready *Angels*, who attended  
Their *Sovereign's* Beck, with quick unerring Care  
Parted the Crowd, which was together blended ;  
To his Right hand the harmless *Sheep* they drew,  
But to his Left the stinking *Goats* they threw.

98.

*Psyche* rejoyc'd her *Parents* here to see  
Rank'd in the Dexter Wing : but fuller was  
Her holy Exultation, when she  
Perceiv'd her own Effigies had the grace  
There to be marshalled ; and though she slept,  
Her waking Soul at that sweet Omen leapt.

99.

When lo, as thus her Hopes and Joys grew high  
At this illustrious Spectacle ; before  
The Throne two mighty *Books* were open by  
The *Angels* flung : no Volumes ever bore  
So huge a bulk as these, which written be  
With all the World's eternal Destiny.

100.

The One was black as *Horror's* darkest Face,  
The *Book of Death* daub'd with the Ink of Hell ;  
Wherein each Word some ugly *Trespass* was,  
Scor'd on their sad account, who needs would spil  
Their pains to gain Vexation, and in spight  
Of offer'd Bliss, against their *Maker* fight.



## 101.

The other shew'd as fair, as this was foul ;  
 The beauteous *Book of Life* ; where every Line  
 Shin'd brighter than those Notes that made the Scroul  
 Of Heav'n appear so glorious and divine.  
 No Letters here, but *Part of God* express  
 Character'd in his *Servant's Holyness*.

## 102.

These blessed Leaves the *King* no sooner read,  
 But to the *Right-hand Troop* he turn'd his Eye,  
 Which with majestick sweetness prefaced  
 To these high Words : *Come ye whose Piety*  
 Is by my *Father's* Benediction grown  
 Mature, and of full age to wear its Crown.

## 103.

Come take your due Possession now with me  
 Of that bright Kingdom, whose Foundations were  
 Lay'd upon stable Perpetuity  
 Long e'r the Earth sunk down beneath, long e'r  
 The Air and Fire grew light and upward fled,  
 Long e'r the Curtains of the Heav'ns were spread.

## 104.

For in this faithful *Register* I see  
 Your brave Deserts recorded full and fair :  
 When I exposed lay to Misery,  
 Your pious Charity made me your Heir :  
 The Debt I here acknowledge, and to Day  
 Both Principal and Use I must repay.

## 105.

I grant, in person I did never crave  
 Your tender Love's Assistance ; yet what you  
 To any of my needy *Members* gave,  
 Has Me their mindful *Head* oblig'd : and now  
 Your Souls shall find I 'l full Requitall make  
 For whatsoe'r by Proxy I did take.

## 106.

Then turning to the *gloomy Book*, and to  
 The *Left-hand Squadrons* who stood all aghast ;  
 With frowns of killing Wrath He cryed, Go  
 Ye cursed Brood, this Evidence hath cast  
 Your Plea, and these true Leaves full witness bear  
 Of your foul Crimes which all stand staring here.

## 107.

Your Eyes no Pity would afford to Me  
 When Prison, Hunger, Thirst, and Nakedness  
 Call'd for Compassion : and strict Equity  
 Now seals up *Mine* against your due Distress.  
 Go, and your deeply-earned Places take  
 Amidst the everburning Brimstone *Lake*.

## 108.

The *Lake* my Fury kindled to requite  
 With challeng'd Vengeance that rebellious Pride,

Which flam'd against my Self in open fight,  
 When *Satan* and his Crew their Stomachs try'd.  
 For you I meant it not ; but you alone  
 Have snatch'd your shares in their Damnation.

## 109.

The *adamantine Doom* thus being past ;  
 The *guardian Angels* with impatient Joy  
 Their several and well-known Saints embrac't,  
 Applauding this their Coronation Day :  
 And then their Tongues they join'd with Them to sing  
 Ecstatick Praises to their gracious King.

## 110.

But as this Melody was sweet and high ;  
 So were the Outcries horrid, which did tear  
 The throats and hearts of all that Company  
 Who to *Death's living Furnace* sentenc'd were :  
 Numberless *Devils* strait about them flew,  
 And in their face *Dispairs* and *Terrors* threw.

## 111.

But dressed in a more affrighting shape  
 Than ever yet infernal Hag deformed,  
 Their monstrous *Consciencess* on them did clap  
 Their Tallons of eternal Wrath, all armed  
 With thousand Stings, which on the wretches prey'd.  
 And in their Souls outrageous havock made.

## 112.

Just, Just, cry'd they, your *Sentence* is ; and though  
 In Life you needs would stop your squeamish ear  
 Against the Clamor of our Truth ; yet you  
 In Death for evermore our Cry shall hear.  
 Thus their own Bosom's Verdict roar'd, forestalling  
 Hell's hideous yellings whether they were falling.

## 113.

For on the sudden that infernal Pit  
 Opening its Mouth, and gaping for its Prey ;  
 Their Flames' Firstfruits began on Them to spit,  
 And warn'd the *Feinds* to hasten them away  
 To their full Harvest. O what Tongue can tell  
 The Anguish which these Captives now befel !

## 114.

Upon their shrieking Throats, and frighted Hair  
*Damnation's Sergeants* flung their fiery Paws ;  
 Whilst Troops of *Furies*, who appointed were  
 With burning Whips of Snakes, and Harpies' Claws,  
 Lash'd them so sore, that haste they made to Hell  
 In hopes less salvage Torments there did dwell.

## 115.

In plung'd the mighty Rout, and almost split  
 The greedy Throat of black *Perdition's Deep* :  
 Loud was the Noise of this great Fall ; but yet  
 Far louder was their Cry, who down the steep  
 Eternal Precipice still tumbled, and  
 No *Bottom* saw to bid their *Ruin* stand.

116.

flew upon this Feast,  
Riot gormandised ;  
never more to Fast,  
store to be sufficed ;  
raged Grot its Fulness spoke,  
tagious Stink and Smoke.

117.

: *Devils* hanker'd still ;  
uglier far than They,  
and pois'nous *Sin* ; until  
1 *Angel* Them to slay,  
adlong down the *Pit* ; for this  
nal *Slaughter* is.

118.

nce firm and sure to make,  
: Mouth his Seal he set :  
ctancy can break  
e hath temper'd it  
hat *Eternity*  
iat, shall brittle be.

119.

Is seeing Nothing now  
d Bliss, and Holyness ;  
's Throne their faces threw,  
sting to profess  
s in *Triumph's* stateliest Song ;  
rld with *Hallelujahs* rung.

120.

new and gorgeous Light  
from th' *everlasting Hill* ;  
cene, and swallow'd up from sight  
of that Spectacle.  
from *Psyche*, who had view'd  
it *holy Multitude*.

121.

her fainting Cheer,  
he could not suffice ;  
Stage did rear,  
mor'd *Psyche's* eyes  
o longer for the Change,  
stately *Pile* to range.

122.

iraces trip about  
iance of a *royal Bride*,  
f Delicacy sought  
house ; than beautify'd  
ce, which pleas'd the Eye  
gn of *Eternity*.

123.

tform, destin'd for the Seat  
de ; for this

Substantial *Figure* feareth no Defeat

By any bold Concussion's boistrousness :  
Whereas the *Round and eas'ly rolling World*,  
Alas, before was into *Nothing* whirld.

124.

The Fabrick of the Wall rose fair and high ;  
Much higher than the proudest Battlement  
Of th' ancient Heav'ns, whose lofty Majesty  
Down unto Mortall Eyes such Wonder sent ;  
For they were but the Tipe and Shade of This  
Which *Heav'n of Heav'ns*, and *Glory's Glory* is.

125.

And with this princely *Height* the mighty *Base*  
Held correspondence ; for on *Twelve Foundations*  
All most unmov'd, the Building mounted was,  
And laught at any Thought of Perturbations.  
The only *Garrison of Rest* was this,  
And *stable Peace's* grand *Metropolis*.

126.

The First *Foundation* was of *Jasper* green ;  
For Florid must this *Structure* ever be :  
The next of *Sapphir*, in whose face were seen  
The proper Lines of heav'nly Clarity ;  
A Stone which fortifies all drooping Hearts,  
And friendly Help to *Chastity* imparts.

127.

The Third, of radiant *Chalcedony* ; which  
Judiciously upon the *Sapphir* set,  
With Constellations doth its Ground enrich.  
A cheerly Gem is this, and scorns to let  
The tedious Insultations of *Fear*  
Or bold *Dispair*, entrench upon its sphere.

128.

The Fourth of *Emerald*, of filthy *Lust*,  
And every other Poison too, the Fo :  
The Fifth of *Sardonix*, in Blushes drest :  
The Sixth of *Sardy*, Antidote of Wo,  
Quickner of Wit : the Seaventh of *Chrysolite*,  
Which frights away dull Melancholy's Night.

129.

The Eight of *Beril*, rich in Modest Grace :  
The Ninth of *Topaz*, full of flaming Gold :  
The Tenth, his sparkling Cousen *Chrysoprase* :  
The next, the cordial *Jacinth*, which the cold  
And sinking Heart invigorates : the Last,  
The sober and the healthful *Amethyst*.

130.

On these Foundations fairly graven stand  
*Twelve* honored *Names* ; the *Names* of Them who spre  
The *Lamb's* bless'd Blood through thousand Chanel  
and  
The *Stones* to build this *City* gathered  
From every soil, and from the furthest shores  
On which the barbarous Ocean foams and roars.

## 131.

As *Psyche* reach'd her Wonder round about  
This gallant Structure ; she on every side  
Three most magnifick *Gates*, each carved out  
Of one intire and masty *Pearl*, espy'd :  
By these great *LOVE* kept open House, and all  
The East and West, the North and South did call.

## 132.

Invited therefore thus, she enter'd in ;  
Where pav'd with solid *Gold* she found the Street ;  
With *Gold* not of our earthly Metals kin,  
But of a higher purer Breed, and meet  
*Saints* feet to kiss : for more talucid 'twas  
Than is the fairest Cheek of virgin Glass.

## 133.

But strait a brighter Spectacle she met,  
A *River* all of living *Crystal*, which  
Came smiling down the glorious Street ; and beat  
Its rugged Path of Gems with Musick : such  
Chastly-enamoring *Loves* and *Jays* did ne'r  
Sport it in *Fancy's Spring*, as bathed there.

## 134.

Each Bank was guarded by a goodly Row  
Of one divinely multiplied *Tree* ;  
Whose wide-stretch'd Arms did courteously bestow  
Upon the Flood a fair green Canopy,  
Whose ever-verdant Twigs, though sound and strong,  
Bow'd with the blessed Fruit which on them hung.

## 135.

Twelve sorts of Fruits it duly bore, and yet  
Fail'd not each Month again to bud and blow ;  
Such endless Vigor liv'd and reign'd in it  
As with more sovereign Virtue did endow  
The smallest Leaves, than e'r was known to drop  
From famous *Gilead's* all-balmy Top.

## 136.

They ne'r were mustered against the wound  
Of any Nations, but the conquer'd *Pain*  
Fled from its Hold, and left it whole and sound,  
When humane Surgery had sought in vain.  
O noble *Tree* ! whose only Shadow is  
Th' eternal Roof of sure substantial Bliss.

## 137.

Under these mighty Boughs, and on this Shore  
Of flowing *Life*, walk'd *Psyche* to descry  
What Spring could be the *Mother* to such Store  
Of pure and evertteeming Suavity :  
When lo, a glorious *Throne* she spy'd, from whence  
Gush'd out these vivid Blissess' Influence.

## 138.

A *Throne* of pure and solid splendor framed,  
On which the *Monarch of Immensity*

With such intollerable Brightness flamed  
That none of all the purest Standers by  
Could with Cherubick or Seraphick eyes  
His vast Irradiations comprise.

## 139.

But at his right Hand, mitigated by  
His marriage with Flesh, there sate the *Lamb* ;  
Whose spotless Fleece was sweetned Majesty ;  
Whose Scepter smiled with Love's gentle flame ;  
Whose Hand, to poure his Blessings forth, was  
spread ;  
Whose Crown was *Honor*, wreath'd about his Head

## 140.

From this fair Throne flow'd that eternal Day  
Which all this new *Jerusalem* doth gild :  
No other *Phebus* needed to display  
Himself upon this Region, which was fill'd  
With such enlivening Fires as could refine  
Ev'n gross and mortal Eyes into Divine.

## 141.

Here *Psyche* clearly read those wonders she  
Before by *Logos*, her Ambassador,  
Through *Distance's* large Veil did dimly see :  
*God's* naked Attributes were marshal'd here ;  
Deep *Mysteries* in one another wove,  
*Infinitudes*, and *Miracles of Love*.

## 142.

Here vast oraculous *Profundities*,  
And wondrous Words from *Wisdom's* lips she heard ;  
Such Words, as taught her what the reason is  
Why *God* himself doth wear the Name of Word ;  
Words raised to so sovereign a pitch  
As Mortal Tongues must never hope to reach.

## 143.

Here she beheld how from *Divinity*  
*Beatitude* her glorious Self display'd ;  
And unto all the holy Company  
A Deluge of Munificence convey'd,  
For Millions of Millions th' honor had  
About th' illustrious *Throne* themselves to spread.

## 144.

Most matchless was the Equipage in which  
Their Ranges shined : that symmetrical Grace  
Which through all Heav'n and Earth did Beauty reach,  
To this far fairer World gave willing place,  
When, guilty only of it self, it slunk  
Aside, and into *Inanition* sunk.

## 145.

Nor e'r was *Grecian* or *Roman* Court  
(Through Fame had trumpeted their Praises high)  
Contrived in such wise majestick Port  
As this, *Perfection's own Polity*,  
Which by one universal Spirit moves,  
And by no Laws is governed but Loves.

146.  
 knew their proper Station,  
 use it was their own :  
 ring Inclination  
 for each one had thrown  
 s *Sovereign's* footstool, and  
 ut only His Command.

147.  
 I lov'd, and joy'd, and by  
 ived were  
 n Immensity ;  
 had enough to spare,  
 a diminish'd, though  
 Crowns He did allow.

148.  
 d, and yet not flattered  
 ty Sovereignty :  
 Honors all were fled  
 ouldering World did die.  
 f Kingdoms was the Spring,  
 made a mighty King.

149.  
 unto every one  
 nd Riches of the Rest :  
 ace which flam'd upon  
 ally was possest  
 e ; for bounteous He  
 s own Propriety.

150.  
 or decks the Brow,  
 h in the Heart ;  
 ifined there, but flow  
 it to every Part ;  
 nay engaged be  
 Comfort, publick Glee.

151.  
 ed Spirits were  
 al Degrees ;  
 hin'd distinctly there,  
 archick *Unities*  
 id by their *single Three*  
 ternal *Trinity*.

152.  
 ed *Saints* had leave to reign,  
 Rooms, who traitorously  
*Maker* to maintain  
 rrel, needs their Arms would try ;  
 r His Almighty Tide,  
 ined by their Pride.

153.  
 noble Hearts repine  
 ons of rotten earth

Made their Companions, and advanc'd to shine  
 Above the Heavens : for since the mighty Birth  
 Of their *Incarnate God*, they could not say  
 But *Dust* it self was more Divine than They.

154.  
 By that proportion of Humility,  
 And holy Love they practis'd here below,  
 Their Guerdons Measures on these *Saints* the high  
 And righteous *King of Bounty* modell'd now :  
 Which though much gradual Difference they shew'd,  
 Yet every One enjoyed Plenitude.

155.  
 So of a thousand Vessels great and small  
 Into the Ocean thrown, though some receive  
 A larger portion of the Waves, yet All  
 Brim full are fill'd ; nor can the Meanest grieve  
 Their Brethren's fairer Amplitude to see,  
 Since they no fuller than the smallest be.

156.  
 But how to blazon these bright *Honors* ; how  
 To sound this boundless Sea of equal *Pleasures* ;  
 How to compute this vast Account, and know  
 The total Sum of *perfect Bliss's Treasures* ;  
 Pos'd all their highest strength and deepest wit  
 Who were infeofed and possest of it.

157.  
 Yet all the Homage that they paid for this  
 Supremacy of Glory, was but Praise,  
 Pour'd forth in high ecstasick Chanting His  
 Eternal Name and Fame, who them did raise  
 To this Capacity of Exultation.  
*O blessed Life!* whose Task is Acclamation.

158.  
 Through this illustrious Maze of Joy and Bliss  
 As *Psyche* laboured, and seem'd to be  
 In Heav'n afresh at every step ; by this  
 Unwearied *Quir's* heroick *Pearls* she  
 Fancy'd the Entertainment near as high,  
 Which rous'd her Ear, as that which fill'd her Eye.

159.  
 The sweetest Powers of mortal String and Voice  
 Had courted oft and complemented Her ;  
 But charmed now by this soul-cheering Noise,  
 She thinks she ne'r true Musick heard but here :  
 Nor can she grant that Blessedness doth so  
 In *Vision* reign, as not in *Hearing* too.

160.  
 The strong Assault of that all-glorious *Sight*,  
 And this strange *Harmony*, perplexed Her  
 In sweet Confusion : for by This Delight  
 She tempted was to wish her self all Ear ;  
 By that, intirely Eye ; or else that she  
 Could teach her Eyes to hear, her Ears to see.

## 161.

At length her Wonder could endure no Rein,  
But sacrific'd her Soul to Ecstasy :  
When lo, the *Seraphs* Pipes let flie a strein  
Of holy Triumph so exceeding high,  
That starting at the mighty Song, she shook  
Her precious *Dream* in sunder, and awak'd.

## 162.

As when unhappy *Adam* was expell'd  
From Bliss's Scene, joy-planted *Paradise*,  
And on the sudden all the World beheld  
Set thick with helpless thorny Miseries :  
With Sighs and Sobs his woful hands he wrung,  
To think from *Whence*, and *Whether* he was flung.

## 163.

Thus *Psyche* seiz'd with lamentable fright  
To see the face of gross Mortality ;  
To see the glaring Beams of *Nature's* Light ;  
To see her self on her poor pallet lie,  
So far remov'd from Bliss's royal sphere  
That on dull Earth she still was groveling here :

## 164.

Cry'd out, Alas what injury have I  
E'r done to *Sleep*, that it should mock me thus ?  
To heave me up into the glorious Sky  
Why should my *Dreams* be so industrious,  
If me by this Defection treacherous They  
Back to this Deep intended to betray ?

## 165.

Unhappy *Life* ! which whilst we are *Awake*  
With nothing else but *Dreams* enchantst our eyes.  
The burly Show this Mortal World doth make,  
Is but a puffed Bulk of Vanities,  
Where whilst we hope substantial Worth to find  
We cheated are with foolish empty wind.

## 166.

But when by *Sleep* we robbed are of more  
Than half our Selves, and in *Death's Emblem* lie,  
Then only wilt thou suffer us to sore  
To solid *Joys* ; which yet deserted by  
Our fitting faithless *Dreams* that buoy'd them up,  
Strait into wretched Nothing headlong drop.

## 167.

Deceitful *Sleep*, which wear'st the Name of *Rest*,  
Why wilt thou never make it good to me ?  
Why was I with thy highest Favors blest,  
If they must but my *waking Torture* be ?  
Why slept I, if I needs must start, and miss  
By setting ope mine eyes, my sight of Bliss ?

## 168.

How much more Comfort is it to be *Blind*  
Than that our eyes should only witness be

Of what our Souls must needs abhor to find,  
The Flight and Loss of our Felicity !  
And can such Eyes be dry ? which said, she wept,  
And her Complaints in briney currents steep'd.

## 169.

But *Phylax*, who had with his piercing eye  
Div'd through her breast, and was Spectator there  
Whilst *Charis* order'd all that Pageantry  
Upon her wondring Soul's fair theatre,  
Stop'd with a Kiss that Tide of Grief which ran  
From her complaining Lips ; then thus began :

## 170.

To *Joy* this Morning sacred is, my Dear ;  
And if thy Bottles thou wouldst rightly spend,  
On *Sorrow* lavish not the smallest Tear,  
But all thy Streams to Exultation lend.  
Thy *Dream* has not deceiv'd thee ; all was true  
Which it display'd to thine admiring View.

## 171.

It is enough that *Heav'n* hath condescended  
To act it self aforehand unto Thee :  
Nor canst thou think thy *Savior* e'r intended  
To put thee off with *Dreams* : No ; royal He  
Prepares thine Eyes by this short glimpse of *Bliss*  
Henceforth to see its endless bright Excess.

## 172.

In patience then thine humble Soul possess ;  
For sure this Prize is worth thine Expectation,  
Yea though it should attended be till this  
Firm World grows weak, and stoops to *Consummation* :  
Time at its utmost Tether cannot be  
More than a Span to vast *Eternity*.

## 173.

*Eternity*, is that which shall inhance  
*Beatitude*, and crown its *Diadems* :  
In hopes of which do thou thy Soul advance,  
And ne'r dejected be to think that *Dreams*,  
Which on thin Fancy their foundation lay,  
Are fickle fluid things, and start away.

## 174.

*Courageous* Friend, the *Maid* to this reply'd,  
Brave is the Metal of thy sprightly Heart ;  
Which easily beats back all Misfortune's Tide,  
And can the Streams of Grief to Joy convert :  
Full well with Thee those Looks of Triumph suit,  
Who all my Loss canst with a Smile confute.

## 175.

But I can not do so ; *Mischances* throw  
Their cruel Smiles on mine with high *Disdain* :  
My deep Passivity will not allow  
Me any power or cunning to maintain  
A fight with *Sufferings* so as not to feel  
The Wound, when in my heart I find the Steel.

176.  
 unhappy I  
 Mists of Desolation :  
 and Calamity  
 quick-ey'd Contemplation,  
 things that had been us'd before  
 of Heav'n to sore.

177.  
 an unmasked are,  
 with her feathers grown ;  
 's illustrious sphere  
 am tumbled down,  
 o complete my Cross)  
*Knowledge of my loss.*

178.  
 from any Guilt  
 every blessed Part  
*Truth I clearly felt*  
 with my exultant Heart.  
*False* for Heav'n, and yet  
 is this deep Regret.

179.  
 if th' unfeined scene  
 full display ;  
 Torment that had been  
 I from that, away :  
 orts' breath can blow Content  
 rt my Heart it self is rent ?

180.  
 talk'd upon  
 transcendent Stories,  
 Heav'n's radiant Throne,  
 with the Court of Glories ;  
 been ; and though he fell  
 Hell had not been Hell.

181.  
 stented in dead Night  
 seen Life's royal Day :  
 rust and Ashes might  
 not the rich Array  
 h shines so bright  
 iaints, ravish'd my sight.

182.  
 st might eas'ly by  
 ve cool'd, and quenched been,  
 un into mine Eye,  
 Current glides between  
 ns of tall Life, which flourish  
 lth, and all faint Nations cherish.

183.  
 virgin Gold doth gild  
 , with some delight might I

Have gazed on ; If I had not beheld  
 My *Lord's* more sunlike Eyes, with Majesty  
 Sparkling, and Joy, and Love, and everything  
 Which can accomplish *Glorie's* gracious King.

184.  
 Then since I fully understand my Loss ;  
 O do not envy me, sweet Guardian, leave  
 Not to be fondly stupid ; do not cross  
 My Wo's career who have such cause to grieve :  
 For Grief their *Daughter's* only dowry is,  
 Whilst my dear *Parents* reign in joyous Bliss.

185.  
 These words with such commanding Passion she  
 On facil *Phylax* blew, as made him yield ;  
 And this the rather, since deep-pondering He  
 Mark'd now how wisely LOVE his Plot conceal'd :  
 For *Psyche* knew not He for her this kind  
 Of softest-hardest *Martyrdom* design'd.

186.  
 But *Charis* (to augment her Agony,)  
 Although the blessed *Dream* had taken wing,  
 Yet on the Tables of her Memory  
 Fairly transcrib'd and fastned every thing.  
 There shin'd the total Apparition still,  
 And all her Thoughts with *Ravishment* did fill.

187.  
 With *Ravishment*, which proved fuel to  
 Her ancient fire of Love : a Fire that now  
 Flash'd resolutely out, and feasted so  
 On this vast Banquet, which had leave to flow  
 With fresh Infinitude upon it, that  
 The Flames all bridles and all bounds forgot.

188.  
 Like Wax which yields before the Summer's Sun ;  
 So in the presence of this scorching Heat  
 Her Bowels melted, and her Heart did run  
 About her Bosom, labouring to get  
 Releasment from the Furnace : but in vain ;  
 Heav'n still to these sweet Torments her did chain.

189.  
 Still she beheld what yet she might not see ;  
 Still there she walk'd whence she was snatch'd away ;  
 Her Eyes still feasted on *Life's* absent *Tree* ;  
 Still on the *Crystal River's* shore her stay  
 She made, though on gross Earth she prostrate were  
 Being in sunder torn 'twixt *Here* and *There*.

190.  
 In dainty Anguish thus she lay and fried,  
 Till through her lips at last the Bonfire brake,  
 And unto *Phylax* thus aloud she cryed :  
 O why to *Persecution's* gentler stake  
 Was I not bound ; why might I not expire  
 Amidst the bosom of that courteous *Fire* ?

## 191.

*That Fire* would soon have drunk up all my breath  
And into Ashes parch'd my Life ; but *This*  
Plays with my Pangs, and freshly furnisheth  
My fainting Heart with passive Vigorousness :  
This, woful Immortality doth give  
To mouldering Dust, and teacheth *Death to Live*.

## 192.

Nor *Etna's* nor *Vesuvius's* bowels were  
E'r gravid with such teeming Flames, as mine :  
Should *Humber*, *Thames*, and *Severn*, by thy care  
Their overflowing Mouths together join,  
And empty out their Torrents on my Heart,  
Alas they could not quench my burning Smart.

## 193.

Flatter me not with vainly smiling Eye ;  
Compassion is the utmost thou canst lend.  
*He*, *He* alone can cure my Malady  
Who plung'd me in this flaming Fever ; and  
If Thou canst hasten down his Help, O do !  
Or tell me when He will conclude my Wo.

## 194.

The *Angel*, who her blessed Sickness knew,  
Had now no longer power to pity her ;  
But strait invisible, away he flew,  
That her Seraphick Pains might domineer ;  
And she, thus left alone, might sooner prove  
The perfect Holocaust of generous Love.

## 195.

When lo, her modest tender Jealousy  
Could not interpret his Discission so :  
She fear'd that by indecent Passion she  
Had wrong'd his Patience, and forc'd him to  
Withdraw ; till troubled she grew calm again,  
And fit his Company to entertain.

## 196.

This made her check her boiling Fervor by  
Deep Recollection of her *Spouses's Will* :  
She knockt her Breast, which made its first reply  
In Sighs, the next in these sad Words : O still  
This tumult of my Soul, dear *Lord*, whose heat  
Hath all my Bosom in combustion set.

## 197.

I love the cause of my Destemper, yet  
Would fain more quietly disturbed be :  
I know my Torment can no Cure admit  
While I am Pris'ner to Mortality :  
Yet Thou canst find a way to make me dwell  
In Pain with Ease, with heav'nly Joy in Hell.

## 198.

Although my long'd-for *Union with Thee*  
More precious is than thousand Lives ; although

*Desire* and *Languor* all my *Essence* be  
Till to Fruition of Thee I grow ;  
Yet since *thy Will* prolongs my banishment  
From thy dear Sight, (peace Heart) I am Content.

## 199.

I am Content : for all I am is *Thine*.  
The freedom of thy Pleasure use on Me ;  
If I thine Arrows' smartest dint decline,  
Then say I lov'd my self, but lov'd not Thee :  
Pour on this Heart, pour all thine amorous Might  
And slay me if thou wilt, from Morn to Night.

## 200.

But if I still must Live this Death, O may  
I live to Thee, my God, to Thee alone !  
O let some hard heroick Task allay  
The Fervor's edge, which thou hast set upon,  
My ravish'd Soul ; that soundly busied, I  
May less resent the Flames in which I fry.

## 201.

Shall I confront whate'r defyeth *Thee* ?  
Shall I go check the *Gallantry of Sin*,  
And tell the boldest Crimes what Misery  
Waits at the desperate Goal to which they run ?  
Shall I go sell my self, to ransom thy  
More worthy Servants from Captivity ?

## 202.

Shall I to *Persecution's* Court, and there  
Erect thy Standard in the *Tyrant's* face ?  
Shall I her Racks, and Arts of Torture dare,  
And to the ground her *Gods* and *Altars* raise ?  
Thy *Majesty's* Commands and Declarations,  
Shall I promulge against her *Proclamations* ?

## 203.

Shall all the Bruises, Wounds, Boils, Ruptures, Pains,  
With every Grief, Distemper, and Mischance ;  
Shall all the Hungers, Thirsts, and Stripes and Chains,  
Which allways were the sure Inheritance  
Of Thine abused patient *Members*, join  
And domineer in this sole Corps of mine ?

## 204.

Shall I be made the Hate of Man and Beast ?  
Shall I be scorn'd and kicked round about  
Th' insulting Universe ? shall I be prest  
Down to the dismal ever-yelling Rout  
Of *Feinds* and *Hags*, and dragged through the *Dart*  
Where *Horrors* reign, and *Torments* never sleep ?

## 205.

This, this, and more, for thy all-precious sake  
Thy bounden *Psyche* surely could sustain :  
Speak then, O most deserving *Sovereign* speak,  
And by some sufferings mitigate my Pain.  
Set me my hardy Task, that I may prove  
On any terms *how much I love thy Love*.

PSYCHE : OR LOVE'S MYSTERY.

206.

She : till tired by  
Exhaustion, she descended  
But instantly  
When she hop'd was ended,  
Breast ; for new *Desire*  
Most impatient Fire.

207.

Spouse she hasted  
Age ; yet day by day  
Amorous Languor wasted,  
Night, and Longing lay :  
To place she hunted *Rest*,  
Which still bore she in her Breast.

208.

Book, which flyeth in  
To have stained it  
Of Mercy-daring Sin,  
Armed *Vengeance* set,  
Furies, Dread, and Desperation,  
Of complete Damnation :

209.

As Memory to her  
Eers of her *Dream* objected,  
Bright Furniture :  
Tudiously deflected,  
By corner crost by this  
Importunate *Bliss*.

210.

She went, she could not Pray ;  
Not strait were crowding in :  
As, she could not say ;  
If her e'r she could begin :  
Of Psalms, she could not sing ;  
Of *Angels' Anthem* rung.

211.

She went, she could not Eat ;  
If her thoughts took up :  
Of her Drink, the sweet  
Did her tormenting Stop :  
She was disturbed by  
Not of *Eternity*.

212.

Content to wait  
Her Heart might thither sore ;  
Nock'd themselves, for strait  
Was settled there before :  
He check'd and downward bent  
More she felt them upward rent.

213.

Of her *Sovereign Lord*  
I would not slaked be :

So that while tortur'd She could not afford  
Her Body what Recruits Necessity  
Crav'd at her hands ; she faint and feeble  
And by degrees her *Mortal Self* she slew.

214.

She slew her *Flesh*, which pin'd and sunk away  
She slew the Vigor of her *Senses*, which  
Like unbent Bows, all damp'd and useless lay  
Yet by these Slaughters she did but enrich  
The Life of her afflicted Heart, which still  
Found out a way with stouter Fire to swe

215.

So high it swell'd, that whatsoe'r came near  
The raging Torrent, strait became its Prey :  
Yea ev'n the Bridles too subdued were,  
Which still she hop'd and strove on it to lay  
Her *Meditations* all to *Passions* turned ;  
And whatsoe'r she did, or Fancy'd ; *Burn*

216.

Since Man receiv'd Capacity to be  
The Vassal of *Diseases*, He was ne'r  
In bondage to so deep a *Malady*  
As when imperious fiery *Love* doth bear  
The scepter of his Thoughts, and is posse  
Of all the Realm of his soft yielding Breas

217.

I know, alas, I know for certain, I  
Believed am by every genuine Heart  
Whose Tenderness hath been transfixed by  
The violence of *Love's* mysterious Dart.  
These, these will justify my Song, and be  
Condolers with my *Psyche*, and with Me.

218.

Inamoration, be it of a Thing  
But weak and mortal, and Dust's wretched  
Can with immortal Pains and Wishes sting,  
And spur the Soul into unwearied Care ;  
Doubts and Discouragements in vain lead :  
Their Troops of Obstacles its way to stop

219.

No, no : the generous *Lover's* Heart disdain  
Not to approve his *Passion* infinite :  
With gallant Obstinacy he maintains  
Against the Will of Heav'n and Earth the fi  
To win his *Idol* ; for whose sake, had He  
Millions of Lives, Millions should ventur'd

220.

For in Her Image, which he hath inshrined  
High in the Temple of his loyal Breast,  
Such mighty Charms his zealous Fancies find  
As rob him of all Power to resist.  
On, on he runs ; and in such furious wise,  
That *Love* is slandered with want of Eyes.



## 221.

Knows not the World how *Hamor's* royal Son  
His Foreskin scorn'd and his Religion too,  
When *Dinuk's* Love got full possession  
Of his subdued Soul? How *David*, who  
Was Heav'n's choise Darling, durst Heav'n's Law  
despise  
For what he read in *Bathsheba's* fair Eyes?

## 222.

Who hath not heard what power *one Helen* had  
Upon *two mighty Nations*, both content,  
For love of Her to run so strangely mad  
Upon a War of Hate; whose Fury rent  
Up *Ilium* by the roots; which to the flame  
Of *Lust* a woful Holocaust became?

## 223.

No marvel then the Fire of *heav'nly Love*  
With such intollerable Fervor reigns;  
Whose ravishing Sweetness is so far above  
All sublunary Charms; whose mystick Chains  
Draw with almighty Force, and cannot be  
Outvy'd by feeble Man's Reluctancy.

## 224.

*Sick, desperately Sick* is *Psyche* now,  
And finds no Physick to aswage her Pain:  
Did any Salve in furthest *India* grow,  
Through all the Seas she thither would amain:  
But Earth breeds no such Herb as can relieve  
The Wounds which Heav'n's *inamoring Arrows* give.

## 225.

For all those Wounds bleed nothing else but *Fire*:  
*Fire*, which remembering its original Flame,  
With neverwearied struggling must aspire  
Back to the radiant Home from whence it came:  
Its proper Element are *Jesus's* Eyes,  
And thither in heroick Zeal it Flies.

## 226.

And what can racked *Psyche* do, who by  
This most unruly Heat to Heav'n is haled;  
And yet by mortal Life's repugnancy  
Fast to her Body and dull Earth is sealed?  
What can she do in this Extremity  
Of raging Life and Death at once; but *Cry*?

## 227.

Hardy and bold she grows in her Complaint:  
For lifting up her love-encourag'd eyes,  
Although her sickly Voice were low and faint,  
Yet full of sinews were her serious Cries:  
Which thus she suting to her flaming Passion,  
Tun'd by the stout Key of *Expostulation*:

## 228.

O Lord of Gentleness, O why dost thou  
Make *Love* so cruel to tormented me?

O Lord of Justice, canst thou me allow  
No other Torturer but *Suavity*?  
Why must my Gall be only Honey? why  
Of nothing else but *Life* must *Psyche* die?

## 229.

Why didst thou not permit me to Decease  
When thou hadst left me to my Self alone?  
So had thine Handmaid been repriev'd from these  
Riddles of charming Pangs; so had I gone  
Whole to my grave, who now must *Melted* be  
By thine unsufferable sweets, and thee.

## 230.

O might thy *Presence* but consume me, I  
Should drop into my Nothing with Delight,  
But thus to be dissolv'd and murder'd by  
Thine only *Absence*, duplicates the weight  
Of my strange Death, whilst in my killing woes  
I all the Pleasure of my Ruin loose.

## 231.

And am I not a *Worm*, and worse than so?  
What Triumph then canst thou atchieve on me!  
Why dost thou not pick out some *Seraph*, who  
With this sublime and blessed Misery  
Might bravely grapple? or why mightst thou not  
At *Phylax's* nobler Breast my Dart have shot?

## 232.

O be not angry! 'tis not I that speak,  
But tortured *Necessity*: my Heart  
A thousand times desir'd, but could not break;  
My Lips had not presumed else to part  
And ope into these bold *Complaints*: wherein  
*Excuse* (I hope) is woven with my *Sin*.

## 233.

Not for innumerable Worlds would I  
Have miss'd that splendid *Apparition*: but  
Should full as many Worlds their Tyranny  
Combine against my Soul, they could not put  
Poor Me to any Torture so extream  
As this Remembrance of my blessed *Dream*.

## 234.

Yet though in Ravishments thy Kingdom be  
So truly Sovereign: *Psyche* could forbear  
From reaching her ambitious Ardency  
To any glorious Joys which triumph there,  
Wert *Thou* away: but pardon, pardon Me  
If I profess I needs must Covet *Thee*.

## 235.

In Sweetness why art thou so *Infinite*?  
Or why must that *Infinity* appear  
To any Soul to fire her with Delight,  
If to the Front she may not come, and there  
Quench her impatient Thirst? O *Jesus* be  
Still what thou art; but then be so to Me!

## 236.

*Be to Me; and O be so with speed /*  
*Death is not Death compared with Delay :*  
*This teacheth every Moment to excede*  
*All those long Years I till this cruel Day*  
*Have tediously measured ; and now*  
*I older by an Age each Minute grow.*

## 237.

Fain fain would I *let thee alone*, and be  
 Content to wait thy longest Leisure still :  
 But O, all-lovely Thou now urgest me,  
 And violently dragg'st my conquer'd Will.  
 Thou dragg'st me ; yet wilt not permit that I  
 Should follow home to my Felicity.

## 238.

If thou wilt kill me ; lo thy Worm's content :  
 But O, vouchsafe to let my slaughter be  
 By *Death*, not by this *breathing Banishment*  
 From my *best Life*, most amenable thee !  
 O pity, pity thy poor Handmaid's Cry,  
 Whose Tongue cleaves to her mouth, whose throat is  
 dry.

## 239.

Here hop'd she to have fainted : but her *Pain*  
 Whose load so heavy on her shoulders lay,  
 With cruel Kindness helped to sustain  
 Her parched Vigor, that it still might prey  
 Upon her Patience, and consume her still.  
*O strange Disease which canst by Curing Kill !*

## 240.

*Phylax* mean while unseen, perceiv'd that she  
 To Heav'n's fair Suburbs was arrived now ;  
 And that the Strings of her Mortality  
 By this high stretch would quickly crack : for though  
 Her Self her *Change's* Dawn could not descry,  
*He saw her final Hour was drawing nigh.*

## 241.

His Love this roused timely to prepare  
 For's precious *Pupil's* never-ending *End* :

About her Funeral kind and decent Care  
 He took ; because himself could not attend  
 Those Rites, when She had once Expir'd ; for He  
 Her noble *Paranympus* was to be.

## 242.

He was to be her Convoy when she flew  
 Up to her royal *Spouse's* marriage Bed :  
 This made him dress his Count'nance with a new  
 Festivity ; his Wings this made him spread  
 With fresh and snowy Down, that's *Master's Bride*  
 In that soft Coach of Triumph home might ride.

## 243.

And in this joious Hue to her he came ;  
 Yet She his sweet Approach regarded not :  
 For, burning in her more delicious Flame,  
 The Sense of all things else she quite forgot.  
 The *Phenix* thus, amidst her funeral Fires,  
 Sees nothing else, and nothing else desires.

## 244.

Flat on the ground, though wholly snatch'd from Earth,  
 The *most subdued Prize of Zeal* she lay :  
 Her tired Blood no longer sally'd forth,  
 But to her Heart retreating back, gave way  
 To overpowering *Pallor's* deadly Chase,  
 Who strait set up his Colours in her face.

## 245.

The double Fountain of her Tears was dry ;  
 Her Groans were tired ; and her Languishment  
 It self did languish : but her Ecstasy  
 Outrageous grew, and like a Giant bent  
 The mighty Bow of her Desires, by which  
 The Mark of all her Hopes she was to reach.

## 246.

To loathed *Earth* then having bid Adieu,  
 And firmly fixt her loving longing Eye  
 On her dear Heav'n, to keep her Aim in view ;  
 Her Flame's triumphant Tempest swell'd so high  
 That She, unable to contain its Tide,  
 With three deep sighs cry'd out *O LOVE*, and dy'd.

Δόξα Θεῷ.

FINIS.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

STANZA 33. l. 6, '*enthous*' = inspired : st. 37. l. 3, '*triduan*' = triple, or for three days : st. 67. l. 5, '*Compline*' = the closing prayer of the day in the Romish Breviary : st. 104. l. 6, '*Use*' = interest : st.

131. l. 4, '*masty*' = very large : st. 132. l. 5, '*tralucid*' = translucent, semi-transparent : st. 166. l. 3, '*sore*' = soar. So st. 176. l. 6, and st. 212. l. 2 : st. 202. l. 4, '*rase*' = raze. G.





MINOR POEMS  
IN  
ENGLISH AND LATIN.



**THE** whole of these Minor Poems, with the exception of the opening one (**Latin**), from a rare volume, for which I am indebted to my friend **ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE**, Esq., are derived from the quarto first published in 1749. Of this volume see more in our Introduction. A few noticeable words in these Minor Poems will be found in their places in the Glossarial Index.

G.

NO storm in a small schoolroom teapot can ever have made more noise in classic metre than the lawsuit brought against William Hawkins, Master of Hadleigh School in Suffolk. A sufficient account of the whole matter, offensive and defensive, having been given in the only complete edition of Crashaw's poems,\* dispenses me (not unwilling) from any duty of recapitulation. The little volume of Latin verse in which the literally much-tried pedagogue came forward after many days to plead his cause before other than legal hearers is headed by a general title-page. At the top of the words *Corolla Varia*; immediately beneath is a woodcut representing a plump stalwart hand, with a tuft of small solid buds by way of wristband, vigorously grasping a large oval wreath of such undeniably mixed components as to comprise among other miscellaneous trifles, only comparable in incongruity with the immemorial contents of Mrs. Harris's imperishable pocket, spikes of horn, sprays of foliage, knotted and snaky twigs, with a stray vine-leaf or two, on the right side; then, rising to the left, two pastoral crooks entwined with field-flowers, a great and ponderous school-book, a sixfold bundle, consisting, first, of three implements known to me by sight, which I took at first for children's wooden spades, but now presume rather to be samples of the weapon described in old dictionaries as 'a ferula or rattler,' and, secondly, of three birch rods, thick, stunted, and stumpy, that if sub-

mitted to Etonian inspection they would be likelier to provoke a grin than to produce any tingling sense of recognition. Above these again hang aslant and overweighted the too partial scales of Themis, and above those are sundry scrolls of bescribbled and perforated parchment, reaching right up to the thick flat thumbnail of the cloud-cuffed hand, which grasps the tough stout hoop of planed and solid wood round which this remarkably composite garland is significantly twisted. Round an empty space in the midst, apparently intended to receive some design or inscription, which in my copy has never been supplied, runs the following inner sub-title:—

*Funerum : Lætum : Querulū : Hospes :  
Virgula : Leges.*

This I humbly presume to be a Hadleian hexameter, and sincerely hope it may not be a fair sample of the school produce under the fertilising rod of worthy Master William Hawkins. Below this are the words in full italic type:—

*Contexta per Guil : Haukinū  
Scholarchā Hadleianū in  
agro Suffolciensi.*

A motto on a scroll follows in smaller italics:—

*juvat petere inde coronam  
Unde prius nulli velarūt tempora Musæ.*

LUCKET.

Below this again comes the imprint:—

*Cantabrigiæ apud Tho : Buck 1634.  
Venundatur autem Londini apud Rob.  
Milbourn in Cœmiterio Paulino ad*

the sign of the running greyhound engraved on a small oblong tablet, and over against

\* In Fuller Worthies' Library, 2 vols. 1872.

this in the corner by way of epigraph :

*T. Cecill Sculp.*

On the next page follows a duly complicated 'Autoris (*sic*) ad Musas CANTABRIDAS Dedicatorium contortuplicatum.'

On the next are six lines of Latin commendation by one 'THO. ROWE, S. Theol. Bacc. Coll. Regal. Socius.' Then follows a separate title-page on which are announced :

Eclogæ tres  
Virgilianæ  
declinatae ;  
TITYRUS, } AD { *Pestifugium.*  
POLLIO, } POSTLIMINIUM.  
GALLUS, } FASTIDIUM.

Which eclogues he may read who cares, and he who reads may praise. After twenty-two pages of them comes a third title-page :—

NISUS  
VERBERANS  
ET  
VAPULANS,  
*Decantatus*  
per  
Musas { *Virgiferas*  
          { *Juridicas.*  
*In tenui labor—*  
CANTABRIGIÆ,  
Ex Academiae celeberrimæ  
*Typographeo.* 1634.

On the reverse page :—

Pars prior  
per Musas  
Virgiferas.

This first part is subdivided into twelve *Lectiones* in the order following : *Schola, Discipulus, Caballus, Conspurcatio, Indignatio, Deprehensio, Castigatio, Expostulatio* (this heading, omitted by the printer, my copy supplies in manuscript), *Instigatio, Raptatio, Deploratio, Buccinatio*. After some twenty-one pages of these, in facile and fluent hexameters, not devoid of humour and vigour on occasion, arrives at length without a fresh title-page

Pars altera  
per Musas  
JURIDICAS.

Seven pages following of commendatory Latin verse include as penultimate contribution the following twice annotated (as are also some pages of the former commendatory verses) on the margin of my copy by some Latin scrap of commentary in a fine Lilliputian hand, which bids defiance alike to my eyesight and my scholarship.

Testor ego : Plagas infixit molliter olim  
Nisus. At infixas praelia Scripta dabunt.  
Praelia magis. Vivunt hic plagæ quattuor illæ,  
Inque plagas sparse quattuor orbis erunt.

Ita testor, carmine testor  
*Bello de monte Josephus,*  
Jam justâ ætate Sophista  
*Grantani de Lare Petri :*  
*Nisi* pars gregis olim,  
De quattuor unus alumnus,  
In nostri lite Magistri  
Testis prodire paratus.  
*Edmundi visere Burgum*  
Non damno est : fortè labori ;  
Nec vano. Namque *Tribunum*  
Equitem, peditésque bipenni  
*Claros, binque Tribunal*  
*Ornatum Judice* vidi.  
Monachalis fragmina Cellæ  
Conspexi, sed sine fletu ;  
Et vicos, sed sine risu,  
Quia (lentum audire) nequivi  
Pompam albi cernere *Tauri*.

*Ad TAURILLIA.*

Cœlo gemellas summus astrigero Pater  
Infixit Ursas. Bajulo *Europa* bovi  
*Junone* sedem quin et invitâ dedit.  
Huic concolorem gratiorem fœminis  
Quidni secundum jungat ? An geminos *Atla*  
*Milone* longè fortior *Taurus* nequit  
Humeris subire ? Si nequit ; juvet *Hercules*,  
*Jove* annuente. *Nise*, cœlos suspice :  
Vide (videmus nos) bovem niveum tuum  
Intra micantis astra rutilantem poli.  
Non per plateas sordidas nunc ambulat ;  
Per alta puri spatia signiferi viam  
Molitus, Orbem metrico volvit pede.  
Auditus ? Heus audite sphaerarum melos.  
O quàm boatu dulce Diapason sonat !

JOSEPHUS BEAUMONT.

Having transcribed his verses with literal and even punctual fidelity, I need hardly disclaim any share of responsibility for all the future Doctor's quantities.

A. C. SWINBURNE.



# P O E M S

## On several Occasions.

### *Reasonable Melancholly.*

#### I.

**T**ELL me no more of Sweets and Joys ;  
Miscall not things ;  
Nor flatter poor unworthy Toys  
As they were Kings.  
'Tis not a pretty Name  
That can transform the frame  
Of Bitterness, and cheat a sober taste.  
'Tis not a Smile  
That can beguile  
Good Eyes, and on false Joys true Colours cast.

#### II.

The World has store of things, which she  
Does Pastimes call ;  
Which, tho' they sweet and tempting be,  
Yet have their Gall.  
Alas! tho' Time be now  
Grown old, he's not so slow  
That we should lend him wings ; do what we can,  
He makes no stay :  
Mistaken Play  
Passeth not Time away, but silly Man.

#### III.

Defiance, fair-impostur'd Names  
Of beauteous Cheats,  
Well-favour'd Lies, and handsome Frames  
Of poison'd Sweets,  
Your Bait full fine does shew ;  
But the false Hook below  
Is bearded with Vexation ; who desires  
Sweetly to be  
Destroyed, he  
May burn in your dear Aromatick Fires.

#### IV.

It must be so.—Could rotten Earth  
Spring with sound Joys,  
Fair Heav'n, and all it's sacred Mirth  
Would seem but Toys.  
Immortal Pleasures may  
A Soul's brave thirst allay ;

And those alone, those that are kindled by  
The flaming grace  
Of that bright Face  
Which gilds the beauteous Sweets, that smile on high.

#### V.

Come hither Grief ; one draught of thee  
Will taste more sweet  
Than all false Joy's Hypocrisy,  
Which here doth greet  
Deluded Souls ; one Tear  
Flows with more Honey far  
Than all *Hyblean* Hives ; one pious Sigh  
Breaths sweeter Air,  
Than all the fair  
*Arabia*, and can sooner reach the Sky.

### *D E A T H.*

#### I.

**L**OOK not so fierce ; thy hands are ty'd, I know,  
And must be, till my Master lets them go.  
Come let us parl awhile, and see  
What makes the World to fly from thee :  
Perhaps there's some mistake, and they  
Shou'd rather run to be thy Prey.  
Frown not in vain ; I long to feel thy Sword,  
But thou and I must stay, till Heaven gives the word.

#### II.

What Fury's hand rak'd up the monstrous deep  
Of Shame and Horror, thence to fetch an heap  
Of shapeless Shapes, which join'd in one  
Make up thy Constitution ?  
Was Night thy Mother, or was Hell ?  
Both which in thy black Looks do dwell :  
Or Sin than both more horrid ? Surely none  
But such an hideous She could bear so foul a Son.

#### III.

No sooner born but straight thou learn'dst thy Trade,  
And 'twas Destruction : All the World was made  
Thine easy Prize ; nor didst thou spare  
To take thy glutt'nous fill : But where



Is all bestow'd ? Thy craving Look  
Is sad and thin, as Famine's Book ;  
All Flesh becomes thy Food, yet naked be  
Thine ugly Bones ; there's nought but Hunger grows in  
thee.

## IV.

Great was thine Empire, and thy Conquests great :  
The proudest Kings bow'd at thy prouder feet.  
With bold Corruption thou didst tread  
On Glory's stoutest, fairest Head.  
Thou bad'st thy shameless Worms go feed  
In Princes' bosoms, and with speed  
Gnaw out the marks of Men, that none might know  
What difference Human Dust, from common Earth cou'd  
shew.

## V.

But now all that was Death in thee is dead ;  
This was thy Sting, and this lies buried  
In one strong Grave ; and there must lie  
Till all the rest of thee doth die.  
Look not so grim and fierce ; we know  
Y' are not our Lord, but Servant now.  
Or rather, y' are our Friend, do what you can  
You must be courteous now, ev'n in destroying Man.

## VI.

Sweet Death, so let me call thee now, thy Hand  
Alone can bring our shipwreck'd Souls to Land.  
Thou with this stormy Life compar'd  
More calm, more sweet, more lovely art.  
The Graves thou open'st are but the Gates  
Of blest and everlasting Fates,  
Thro' which our dying Life doth pass, to be  
Born in a surer Birth of Immortality.

*Cantic. chap. 2. ver. 10. 11. 12. 13.*

## I.

RISE up my Love, my Fairest one  
Make no delay ;  
Now Winter's utmost blast hath blown  
Himself away.

## II.

The cloudy Curtain's drawn aside  
To free the Light ;  
No drop is left, pure Heav'n to hide  
From thy full sight.

## III.

The chearly Earth doth, as she may,  
Reflect Heav'n's Face,  
With flow'ry Constellations gay  
In every place.

## IV.

Our Birds sit tuning their soft throats,  
The Angels' Quire  
To echo back : The Turtle's Notes  
With them conspire.

## V.

The teeming Fig-tree's new-born Brood  
Abroad appear ;  
Vines and young Grapes breath out a good  
And wholesome Air.

## VI.

All Sweets invite us to lay down  
Our dull delay ;  
Rise up my Love, my Fairest one  
And come away.

*Thou shalt call his Name JESUS.*

S. Luke 1. 31.

## I.

IS it an Incense-Cloud that breaks,  
Or is it Balm the Angel speaks ?

## CHORUS.

Ne'er did Arabian Beds enrich the Sky  
With such rich breath, nor Eastern field  
So pure and balmy Odours yield ;  
Nor Paradise' Perfumes ascend so high.

## II.

From his fair Lips does Balsam flow,  
Or is it Manna that they strew ?

## CHORUS.

Such fragrant Balsam ne'er drop'd on the Earth ;  
The kindest Heaven ne'er shower'd down  
So noble Manna on its own  
Dear Flock, when Wonders were its usual birth.

## III.

What is it then, O who can tell ?  
Speak Thou thyself, sweet *Gabriel* !

## CHORUS.

'Tis Heav'n I speak, from whence I hither came,  
To shew how all it's Sweets do lie  
Couch'd in one rich Epitome ;  
Of which great Treasure *JESUS* is the Name.

*H O M E.*

WHAT is House and what is Home,  
Where with Freedom thou hast room,  
And may'st to all Tyrants say,  
This you cannot take away ?  
'Tis no thing with Doors and Walls,  
Which at every Earthquake falls ;  
No fair Towers, whose Princely fashion  
Is but Plunder's invitation ;  
No stout Marble Structure, where  
Walls Eternity do dare ;  
No Brass Gates, no Bars of Steel,  
Tho' Time's Teeth they scorn to feel :

Brass is not so bold as Pride,  
 If on Power's Wings it ride ;  
 Marble's not so hard as Spite  
 Arm'd with lawless Strength and Might.  
 Right and just Possession, be  
 Potent Names, when Laws stand free :  
 But if once that Rampart fall,  
 Stoutest Thieves inherit all :  
 To be rich and weak's a sure  
 And sufficient Forfeiture.

Seek no more abroad, say I,  
 House and Home, but turn thine Eye  
 Inward, and observe thy Breast ;  
 There alone dwells solid Rest.  
 That's a close immured Tower  
 Which can mock all hostile Power.  
 To thyself a Tenant be,  
 And inhabit safe and free.  
 Say not that this House is small,  
 Girt up in a narrow Wall :  
 In a cleanly sober Mind  
 Heav'n itself full Room doth find.  
 Th' Infinite CREATOR can  
 Dwell in it ; and may not Man ?  
 Here content make thy abode  
 With thyself and with thy God.  
 Here in this sweet privacy  
 May'st thou with thyself agree,  
 And keep House in peace, tho' all  
 Th' Universe's Fabrick fall.  
 No Disaster can distress thee,  
 Nor no Fury dispossess thee :  
 Let all War and Plunder come,  
 Still may'st thou dwell safe at Home.

Home is every where to thee,  
 Who can'st thine own Dwelling be ;  
 Yea, tho' ruthless Death assail thee,  
 Still thy Lodging will not fail thee :  
 Still thy Soul's thine own ; and she  
 To an House remov'd shall be ;  
 An eternal House above,  
 Wall'd, and roof'd, and pav'd with Love.  
 There shall these Mud-walls of thine  
 Gallantly repair'd out-shine  
 Mortal Stars ;—No Stars shall be  
 In that Heav'n but such as Thee.

### WISHES.

NOW I have mind and leisure  
 To trip a chearly measure ;  
 Desire, come freely hither,  
 And tell me plainly whether  
 Thy Wishes come not thronging,  
 And make thee big with longing.  
 Dost hanker after Pleasures,  
 The Belly's lazy Treasures ;  
 Which there will rot before thee,  
 And with Corruption store thee ;

Providing quicker breeding  
 For Worms and fatter feeding ?  
 And howsoe'er it pleases  
 Cheats thee into Diseases.

Do Gold and Silver woo thee ?  
 Abundance will undo thee.  
 The Metal's sad ; be wary  
 How much thou striv'st to carry.  
 Enough is vaster Treasure,  
 Than Wealth that knows no measure ;  
 Which Dropsy-like may kill thee,  
 And split, but never fill thee.

To Honour's gaudy Splendor,  
 Could'st thou thyself surrender,  
 And court the glitt'ring graces  
 Of high-commanding Places ?  
 Where flatt'ring Eyes' Devotions  
 Will wait on all thy Motions ;  
 And foulest Vices garnish  
 With Virtue's forced Varnish ;  
 Where Envy's Disaffections  
 Will blast thy fairest Actions,  
 And in ten thousand Places  
 Will undermine thy Paces ;  
 Painting in thy confusion  
 A falling Star's conclusion.

Do Wedlock's Looks invite thee  
 In chaste Sweets to delight thee ?  
 But what if thou dost marry  
 Millions of Cares, and carry  
 Thy single Freedom's Treasure  
 Into a Chain for Pleasure,  
 Of which sole Death can ease thee ;  
 A Friend which scarce will please thee ?

What, does thy Study lure thee  
 Within it to immure thee ?  
 Alas vain project, Plunder  
 Has broke that Plot in sunder :  
*Cambridge*, thy genuine Mother,  
 Is forc'd to be no other  
 But Step-dame, and reject thee,  
 Tho' once she did elect thee.

'Tis well, God does not fashion  
 By Man's, his Reprobation.  
 Would'st if thou could'st come by it,  
 Thy Living hold in quiet,  
 And by its Profits, treasure  
 Up Fuel for thy Pleasure ?  
 Fondling, how thou mistakest  
 Thy Happiness, and makest  
 Thy Gain, thy Loss ! Th' hast gained  
 Not to be spent and pained  
 With mystick Cares : Most mighty  
 Heroes who knew the weighty  
 Burthen of Souls, have faster  
 Fled from the Name of Pastor,  
 Than unfledg'd Brats now hasten  
 Upon this charge to fasten.

*S. JOHAN. ad Port. Latin.*

## I.

FOOLISH Tyrant ! spare thy Cost,  
 All thine Oil and Labour is lost.  
 Thus is a Seraph all on fire,  
 Oil will but feed his Flames up higher.  
 If thou would'st kill him, let him live :  
 Death his best Life to him will give.

## II.

Foolish Tyrant,  
 Who thus avaint'st thine Enemy  
 Too strong before for Hell and Thee,  
 And dost for streams of Torments, shed  
 Soft Oil of Gladness on his Head.

*S.S. INNOCENT'S Day.*

## I.

GO, Rensal Buds of Martyrdom,  
 In Paradise go take your room ;  
 Where you may flourish, and not fear  
 That Herod's Sword can crop you there.

## II.

Your little Lord that 'scapes to-day  
 All yours in richer Blood will pay :  
 First let him grow, and fill his Veins  
 Whose Blood must wash the whole World's Stains.

*NEW-YEAR'S Day.*

## I.

FELIGN'd Janus, now forget thy Name,  
 And both thy Faces hide, for shame.  
 The nobler Face of Heaven and Earth  
 Are join'd in this Great Infant's Birth ;  
 Who in his double Nature now is come  
 To open the Year at Bethlehem, not at Rome.

## II.

Sweet Earnest of an happy Year,  
 Which on thy Front all Heav'n dost wear ;  
 Shine out Fair Day, that we may see  
 That fairer Sun which smiles in Thee.  
 Shine out, that Heaven and Earth may have the Grace  
 To read the Name that's printed on thy Face.

*EPIPHANY OBLATION.*

## I.

OUR Gold, rich King of Poverty,  
 Our Incense, Infant Deity,  
 Our Myrrh for thy Humanity,  
 And our poor selves we bring to Thee.  
 In us our East is hither come,  
 To meet thine Eyes, its fairer Home.

## II.

O let this Gold wait on thy Crown :  
 This Incense let thine Altar own ;  
 And this Myrrh on thy Tomb be thrown  
 And our East be thine Eyes' sweet Dawn.  
 So shall our other East and we  
 Adore no Sun, but only Thee.

*ASCENSION.*

## I.

LIFT up your Heads, great Gates, and sing.  
 Now Glory comes, and Glory's King.  
 Now by your high all-golden way  
 The fairer Heav'n comes home to-day.

## II.

Hark ! now the Gates are open, and hear  
 The Tune of each triumphant Sphere ;  
 Where ev'ry Angel as he sings  
 Keeps Time with his applauding Wings,  
 And makes Heav'n's loftiest Roof rebound  
 The Echoes of the noble Sound.

*WHITSUNDAY.*

## I.

FOUNTAIN of Sweets ! Eternal Dove !  
 Which leav'st thy glorious Perch above,  
 And hov'ring down, vouchsafest thus  
 To make thy Nest below with Us.

## II.

Soft as thy softest Feathers, may  
 We find thy Love to us to-day ;  
 And in the Shelter of thy Wing  
 Obtain thy Leave and Grace to Sing.

*On the same.*

## I.

THY Heav'nly Kingdom here below  
 Now like itself, dear Lord, doth shew ;  
 And needs no Metaphor to tell  
 How lofty things beneath can dwell ;  
 Now thy Celestial Flames are hither sent  
 To light the Stars of Earth's new Firmament.

## II.

How bright they shine ! Brave Stars, whose Light  
 Spreads Day upon the face of Night !  
 And gilds the farthest Shades, which lye  
 Hid from the upper Heaven's great Eye.  
 Coasts to the glaring Sun unknown shall say,  
 Welcome sweet Beams of bright Religious Day.

## III.

These Heav'ns thy Glory shall declare,  
 And with thy Praises fill the Air.  
 The Tongues of this great Day shall send  
 Thy Name unto the World's vast End.  
 Where-e'er it lists this Spirit shall blow, and find  
 Its Chariot on the Wings of ev'ry Wind.

*On the same.*

TUNE we our Heart-strings high,  
And to the Heav'nly Dove,  
As we are able, fly  
On vocal Wings of Love :  
To Him our Thanks and Praises pay  
In all the Tongues he gave To-Day.

*Whiteness, or Chastity.*

TELL me, where doth Whiteness grow ?  
Not on Beds of *Scythian* Snow ;  
Nor on Alabaster Hills ;  
Nor in *Canaan's* milky Rills ;  
Nor the dainty living Land  
Of a young Queen's Breast or Hand ;  
Nor on Cygnets' lovely Necks ;  
Nor in Lap of Virgin Wax ;  
Nor upon the soft and sleek  
Pillows of the Lilly's Cheek ;  
Nor the precious smiling Heirs  
Of the Morning's pearly Tears ;  
Nor the Silver-shaming Grace  
Of the Moon's unclouded Face :  
No ; all these Candours  
Are but the handsome Slanders  
Lost on the Name of genuine Whiteness, which  
Doth Thee alone, fair Chastity, enrich.

*A Morning Hymn.*

WHAT's this Morn's bright Eye to Me,  
If I see not thine and Thee,  
Fairer *JESU* ; in whose Face  
All my Heaven is spread ! Alas,  
Still I grovel in dead Night,  
Whilst I want thy living Light ;  
Dreaming with wide open Eyes  
Fond fantastick Vanities.  
Shine, my only Day-Star, shine :  
So mine Eyes shall wake by thine ;  
So the Dreams I grope in now  
To clear Visions all shall grow ;  
So my Day shall measur'd be  
By thy Grace's Clarity ;  
So shall I discern the Path  
Thy sweet Law prescribed hath :  
For thy ways cannot be shown  
By any Light but by thine own.

*An Evening Hymn.*

NEVER yet could careless Sleep  
On Love's watchful Eyelid creep ;  
Never yet could gloomy Night  
Damp his Eye's immortal Light :  
Love is his own Day, and sees  
Whatsoe'er himself doth please :

Love his piercing Look can dart  
Thro' the Shades of my dark Heart,  
And read plainer far than I  
All the Spots which there do lye.  
Pardon then what thou dost see,  
Mighty Love, in wretched Me :  
Let the sweet Wrath of thy Ray  
Chide my sinful Night to Day ;  
To the blessed Day of Grace  
Whose dear *East* smiles in thy Face.  
So no Powers of Darkness shall  
In this Night my Soul appall ;  
So shall I the sounder sleep,  
'Cause my Heart awake I keep ;  
Meekly waiting upon Thee,  
Whilst Thou deign'st to watch for Me.

*A FRIEND.*

## I.

DEAR Name, and dearer thing ! to Thee  
How dull and coarse all Jewels be !  
Tho' I to them can Love maintain,  
Yet they can not love me again ;  
Cold stones are sparkling gay,  
But Thou of Fire of Life dost make thy Ray.

## II.

O could our greedy World but read  
The Value of a Friend indeed ;  
No *Indies* should be raked more,  
No Deeps unbowell'd of their Store :  
All Voyages should be  
Made to no other Port but Amity :

## III.

The only Port where we can find  
Safe Harbour from the furious Wind  
Of treacherous Fortune ; she who ranges  
About the World with Storms of Changes,  
And with her sudden Shocks  
Dashes Prosperity upon Sorrow's Rocks.

## IV.

Why dost thou go much way about  
Vain Man ! to find some Treasure out ?  
'Tis not at City, nor at Court,  
At neighbour or at foreign Port,  
Where thou can'st surely find  
Thy Hopes, tho' firm and strong, crown'd to thy mind.

## V.

O take the nearest Way : go trade  
To gain a Friend, and thou hast made  
A better Market far than they  
Who make returns of glittering Clay,  
Which ever was and must  
Be subject unto Envy, Thieves, and Rust.

## VI.

Hast thou a Friend ! O hold him fast  
As thine own Soul ; and know thou hast  
A Prize, which as most Kings desire,  
Few are so blest as to acquire.

Greatness may Flatterers gain,  
But Friends scorn to be drawn by such a Chain.

## VII.

Hast thou a Friend ! what'ere thou hast,  
Thou hast compleatly double : cast  
Up thy Account no more for One,  
Thy scant Identity is gone :

Thou art thy Friend, and He  
By mutual Faith transanimates with Thee.

## VIII.

That Life He leads in Thee, to Him  
More precious than his own doth seem ;  
His own he freely will resign,  
So he may still be sure of Thine ;

Death only makes him live,  
When he, by dying, Life to Thee doth give.

## IX.

Joys lose to Him their Name and Taste  
But when with Him thy Share Thou hast :  
Whenever thou receiv'st a wound,  
He feels as deep the Strokes rebound,  
And claimeth as his right

The Moiety of thy disastrous plight.

## X.

Tho' all the World upon Thee frown,  
He counts Thee still no less his own :  
'Tis not thy Fortune, tho' as high  
As is a Crown's brave Majesty ;  
But 'tis thyself alone

Which knits Him to Thee in Love's Union.

## XI.

Of Virtue's genuine Faithfulness  
True Love's pure Cement temper'd is ;  
A Cement that disdains to feel  
Time's Teeth, which triumph over Steel,  
Or suffer any Harm

From angry Fortune's most outrageous Storm.

## XII.

Parental Kindness cold may grow,  
And filial Duty cease to glow :  
Ev'n matrimonial Fervour may  
Be chill and faint and dye away :  
But Friendship's res'lute Heat

In Loyalty's eternal Pulse doth beat.

## XIII.

Tell all things else by thy slight Eye,  
Thou scorn'st their glosing Treachery ;

But, next to thy Devotions, spend  
Thy holiest Powers upon thy Friend.  
None but thy God, and He  
Inseparably linked are to Thee.

## FRIENDS.

## I.

THY Friends ! nay, spare the Plural there ;  
Such things as Friends are Singular :  
Thou of thy Phoenixes as well

May'st tell

Thy tale, and be believ'd as soon,  
That thou hast many of what scarce is one.

## II.

Shines thy Sun fair ? that glaring Light  
To shew a Friend is too too bright :  
The Day with gloomy Shades oppress'd  
Will best

Discover him, whose Worth by none  
But its own gen'rous Rays is seen alone.

## III.

Alas ! thy fawning Courtiers be  
Friends of thy Fortune, not of Thee :  
Let Her but frown, and they will do  
So too.

Be wary then, and just as far  
Rely on them, as thou can'st trust to Her.

## IV.

But hast thou met a faithful Heart ?  
In spite of Fortune blest thou art.  
Write others down Acquaintance, yet  
Admit

Sole Him into thy Friends' dear Roll ;  
Them in thine Arms embrace, Him in thy Soul.

## HONOUR.

## I.

AMBITIOUS Sir, take heed,  
For thou on Glass dost tread :  
No Glass more beautiful and clear  
Than all the Paths of Honour are ;  
No Glass more slippery can be,  
Or brittle, than deceitful She.

## II.

Ambitious Sir, take heed !  
Thou trustest to a Reed :  
No Reeds more toss'd, and scorn'd by  
All Winds, than Honour's Bravery ;  
No Reed will wound more deeply thee  
Who lean'st on it, than treacherous She.

## III.

Ambitious Sir, take heed !  
Thou rid'st a dang'rous Steed :

No Steed his Crest doth more advance,  
Or prouder than Honour prance;  
No Steed did e'er so fatally  
Stumble, as most uncertain She.

## IV.

Ambitious Sir, take heed!  
Thou dost on Poison feed:  
No Poison in a goodlier Cup  
Than that of Honour served up;  
No Poison e'er made Drinker be  
More swollen than doth baneful She.

*LOVE's Eye.*

## I.

**B**OLD Proverb! do not thus blaspheme:  
What, is Love blind? why, GOD is Love,  
And can'st thou Blindness charge on Him  
Who is all Eye? Do but remove  
False Prejudice, and thou shalt find  
'Tis Passion, and not Love is blind.

## II.

Love's of so quick a sight, that He  
Aforehand with his Object is,  
And into dark Futurity  
With præsential Rays doth press.  
How strange were Heav'n's fam'd Bliss, which lies  
In Vision, had Heav'n's King no Eyes!

## III.

Hast thou not heard how He set ope  
Those Eyelids into broad day sight,  
Which Nature's Seal had dammed up  
With a deep-lay'd annealed Night?  
And how can He in Blindness live  
Who, spite of Nature, Eyes can give?

## IV.

And wonder not that by a Clay,  
(The likeliest thing to close them up)  
He them unlock'd; this was the way  
His own Divinity to ope:  
A way which none but He could take,  
Who Man at first of Clay did make.

## V.

But if by Love thy meaning were  
Vain *Cupid*, I consent with thee;  
Blindness herself would never dare  
To count herself more blind than He:  
And justly He doth want his Sight,  
Who joys in none but Deeds of Night.

*The Oath.*

## I.

**Y**ES, *As I live*, I'll do't.—Nay stay  
My Friend, if that be all, I may

Not rest on this Security;  
Your swearing by  
Your *Life*, doth but my Faith deter,  
For you but by a Vapour swear.

## II.

Your Life! what Lease makes Life your own?  
May not your flitting Breath be blown  
Away by every moment's Blast?  
*Future*, and *past*,  
Quite out of thy possession are,  
And *present*'s gone as soon as here.

## III.

What mean'st thou then by *As I Live*?  
Death can thy Confidence deceive,  
And make thee dye a perjurd Man  
Precisely when  
Thou'rt swearing by thy Life: Take heed,  
That Oath thy Essence doth exceed:

## IV.

An Oath, which only doth become  
The mighty Mouth of GOD, from whom  
Life learn'd to live.—Ah, mortal Wight,  
I sooner might  
Yield on thy Credit to rely,  
If thou but swearest, *As I Dye*!

*The World.*

## I.

**N**AY, now I'm sure my Judgment's sound,  
Since ripe Experience is its ground.  
Why, I myself have felt and seen  
Thy tedious Vanity,  
Fond shameless World, and can'st thou ween  
I will for Thee ev'n Common Sense deny?

## II.

Thou wear'st a beauteous Skin, I grant;  
And do the deadly Serpents want  
Those dangerous Hypocrisies?  
Or is the Poison's Soul  
Less its curs'd self, because it lies  
In the brave Ambush of a Golden Bowl?

## III.

When *Israel's* and Wisdom's King  
Did stoutly to the touchstone bring  
Thy fairest Pieces, did not they  
Prove base and Counterfeits?  
Whose Stamp tho' neat, and Colour gay,  
Their purest Ore was but refined Cheats.

## IV.

And, Oh that I had been content  
To rest on his Experiment!  
But since I at the Cost have been  
By Thee deceiv'd to be,  
'Tis not another World could win  
My Heart to dote or trust on empty Thee.

## V.

Go, fawn on those, whose frothy Mind  
Can Solace in a Bubble find,  
And *Juno* in a Cloud embrace,  
Who by the lying Paint  
Which smiles upon their Idol's Face,  
Doubt not to count the Beauties of their Saint.

*The Journey.*

MY Parents dear to see to-day  
My Duty summons me away.  
Yet must my Heart first wait on Thee,  
Great Father, both of them and me.  
So guide my Journey, that I may  
Remember still Thou art my Way.  
Thou art my Way, and if of Thee I miss,  
My plainest Path will prove a Precipice.

*Winter-Spring, May 18.*

## I.

O How the World's amazement now doth stare  
Upon this Contradiction of the Year!  
Whilst frowning *January's* Frost  
Doth smiling *Maia's* Beauties blast;  
Whilst Winter his chaste Bounds forgets,  
And on the Virgin Spring a Rape commits.

## II.

Poor ravish'd Spring! how ev'ry Leaf confesses  
The Violence done to her goodly Tresses!  
Her woeful Head how sadly she  
Hangs down n ev'ry Flow'r! No Tree,  
No Field, no Garden, where she went,  
But doth her piteous Injury lament.

## III.

Mark well, my Heart, too plainly painted here  
The Emblem of thyself in this sad Year:  
The Rays of Righteousness's Sun  
By gracious Nearness had begun  
With Vernal Beauties thee to grace,  
And Heav'n's sweet Dew had wash'd and cheer'd thy Face.

## IV.

But blasted now by Indevotion's Cold,  
Thy youthful Spring turns withered and old;  
The Beds where thy fair Flow'rs did grow  
Alas! are but their Death-beds now:  
Nipp'd in their Bud thy First-Fruits are,  
And thou can'st only say, Such Sweets grew here!

## V.

And has some sudden Anger snatch'd away  
Thy courteous Sun? O no; thyself didst stray  
From thine own Bliss: He, constant He  
Desires not retrograde to be:

It is not this, but th' other Sun  
Who of himself doth back to Winter run.

*Eloquence.*

## I.

TO speak or write  
Things which dare meet the searching Light;  
Solid Discourses pois'd with fit  
Judgment, and trimm'd with handsome Wit;  
Sweet Numbers, which can Pleasure's Soul distill,  
And thro' the willing Heart their Conquests thrill;

## II.

Words tuned by  
The heavenly Sphere's high Melody;  
Which with Devotion's Musick ring,  
And the Creator's Glory sing  
Words which with charming ravishment surprize,  
And all the Hearers' Souls imparadise;

## III.

Is brave, I grant:  
And yet no certain argument  
But he who thus doth speak or write  
May be a Brat of swarthy Night;  
Nor must we think to calculate the Men  
By the sole Horoscope of Tongue or Pen.

## IV.

The Hand which paints  
The Glories of sin-conquering Saints,  
And makes the Deaths of Martyrs able  
To breath fresh Life on a dead Table,  
Upon a wicked Arm too often grows:  
'Tis them, and not himself the Painter draws.

## V.

That Man for me  
Not in whose Words, but Deeds I see  
Zeal's gallant Flames. I dare not found  
Substantial Worth upon a Sound:  
His only is the solid Excellence  
Of Rhetorick, whose Life's his Eloquence.

*Scripture Translated.*

## I.

OF Babes in *Christ* is this your care,  
To let them dang'rous Weapons wear?  
What you esteem the safely-handled Word,  
Is sharper than a two-edg'd Sword:  
Must Children's fond Temerity  
With two-edg'd Tools intrusted be?

## II.

Yes, Sophister, with this they may:  
Altho' themselves with it they slay,

Their Sacrifice gives Heav'n the best content,  
When they a broken Heart present :  
And only by this Sword they can  
Cut off their old condemned Man.

## III.

The sturdy Heretick it is,  
And not the tender Babe, whom this  
Weapon doth arm for Mischief: that wild Wight  
Under Hell's Dragon loves to fight :  
But Heaven's most gentle Lamb of all  
Meek harmless Babes, is General.

## IV.

And He doth by his own sweet might  
Teach them to wield this Sword aright.  
To God thou need'st not lend thy Caution thus,  
For fear his Gift prove dangerous :  
Thou may'st thy Preachers, but 'tis odd  
Methinks, for Man to silence God.

## V.

Yet if he will in Latin teach,  
He shall thy License have to preach,  
And Sermons he *ad Clerum* when he please  
May freely make. But have not these  
Lay simple Souls more need, good Sir,  
Than your learn'd Scholars, Him to hear?

## VI.

Come, come; 'twas ne'er Saint *Peter's* mind  
The Spirit's Sword should be confin'd,  
And under his Keys locked up: 'tis you  
Who in your Latin Scabbard now  
Keep it so close, I more than fear  
That Rust, at least, it gathers there.

## VII.

Then draw it out, for shame, and let  
Careful Translations furbish it :  
The oft'ner thus you draw it, you will see  
It brighter and more genuine be.  
Draw, draw; if not for Laymen, yet  
For your own Priests it may be fit.

*Life's Uncertainty.*

## I.

WHAT all'st thou, to complain of what  
Thy Heart believeth not?  
Why cry'st thou out on *Life's Uncertainty*,  
And yet preparest not to dye?  
Either thy Mock-Repinings spare,  
Or else be true to thine own Fear.

## II.

Yet let me tell thee, hadst thou wise  
And right-discerning Eyes,  
Thou might'st an advantageous Courtesy  
In *Life's Uncertainty* espy,

And ground to thank thy Lord, that he  
Let it not out by Lease to thee.

## III.

This was the way Love did contrive  
To make thee truly live  
Before thou dy'st, and after thou art dead :  
The only way thy Heart to lead  
On in devout religious Care,  
And holy profitable Fear.

## IV.

Thy brittle Life's Inconstancy  
Alarms thee constantly  
To stand upon thy never-sleeping guard,  
And Night and Day keep watch and ward :  
By which strict Discipline may'st thou  
In thy Lord's service perfect grow.

## V.

So wilt thou suffer no sly Sin  
Thy hold to undermine ;  
So shalt thou sift by wise Examination  
The bottom of each fair Temptation :  
For Spies Temptations are, and sent  
To murder thee in compliment.

## VI.

Wert thou for any term secure  
That this Life should endure,  
Alas, how eas'ly would'st thou yield to set  
Up all thy Rest and Joys in it !  
And never strive that Life to gain,  
Which shall for evermore remain.

## VII.

But now be brave, and throw disdain  
On what thou find'st so vain.  
Is not thy Soul eternal? and can she  
On this short Vapour doating be?  
A Vapour, which each minute may  
Break toss, and mock, and puff away !

*S. PETER'S Cock.*

## I.

WITH what indifference read I how  
The Cock did by his signal Crow  
Alarm Saint *Peter's* Heart !  
No Echo in my Breast I felt,  
Into the thought of my own Guilt  
To make my Conscience start.

## II.

But ah ! sweet Lord of Lenity,  
Have not ungrateful faithless I  
Deny'd Thee more than thrice?  
And has the Cock not warned me  
To think of both myself and Thee  
By crowing more than twice?



## III.

Should all my Life be brought to trial,  
It would appear but a Denial  
Of what I owe to Thee :  
Yet no such terrible Temptation  
As *Peter's* was, e'er made invasion  
Upon my Loyalty.

## IV.

Alas ! the Cock, who by his Crow  
Doth terror upon Lions throw,  
Hath never frighted me :  
I bolder am than they, for I  
Tho' but a Worm, have dared thy  
Almighty Majesty.

## V.

Sweet *Jesus*, it must be the Art  
Of Love, which seizeth this my Heart  
With penitent pious Fear :  
Soft Strokes will steal themselves into  
The Flint of that hard Soul, which no  
Pierce Violence can tear.

## VI.

O turn to me thy gracious Eye,  
And with its dear Artillery  
Shoot, shoot my Bosom thro' ;  
My Heart, tho' deaf unto the stroke  
Of Sound, may learn to hear a Look,  
And broken, Weeper grow.

## VII.

Thy blessed Look knows how to speak  
Louder than any Voice, and shake  
The sturdiest Heart asunder :  
For in the radiant Treasury,  
Great Lord, of thy Soul-conquering Eye,  
Both Lightning dwells and Thunder.

*The Master.* S. Matth. 11. 29.

## I.

WOULD thy Ambition paint thy Story  
With Learning's never-fading Glory?  
Thy aim is brave and high,  
If thou thy Master warily  
Dost choose ; for such a choice, to thee  
Will half the way to Learning be.

## II.

Looks thy Election now about  
To find some Man or other out,  
Whom Wisdom's Fame doth crown?  
Take heed : for Error's plainly grown  
So epidemical, that she  
Becomes an human Property.

## III.

Look higher then ; thine Eye advance  
Above that Cloud of Ignorance

Which blinds this World below :  
Hark how the heav'nly Master now  
His Scholars woo's :—Come all, says he,  
Who would be learn'd, and *Learn of Me*.

## IV.

Who would not learn of Him ? and yet  
How few Disciples does he get !  
All Oracles are dumb  
But His ; and yet how slow we come  
To only Him ! how fondly we  
Fain would, yet would not learned be !

## V.

For Knowledge still doth tempt us all,  
Nor fell we by our fatal Fall  
From that Ambition, which  
For the forbidden Fruit did itch :  
But now true Knowledge on no Tree  
Can grow, but that which once bare Thee.

*The Lesson.* ibid.

## I.

WHAT Lesson reads Heav'n's Master now  
Is't not too high for Worms below?  
Can most immeasurable He  
Shroud in our scant capacity?  
Does not the very plainest Alphabet  
Of Heav'nly Wisdom pose our quickest Wit?

## II.

Know then, that tho' He Sovereign be  
In Wisdom's glorious Monarchy ;  
He's so in Mercy's too, and can  
Stoop to the lowest Form of Man.  
He who himself unto the Cross did bow,  
Will not disdain to teach true Wisdom now.

## III.

Witness his easy Lesson, which  
Tho' Heav'nly, doth no higher reach  
Than *Lowliness* : and who is he  
Who here can want Capacity?  
Descent's Earth's natural Motion, and how  
Can it be hard for Sons of Clay to bow?

## IV.

Come learn of Me, for meek am I  
And *lowly*, cryeth the Most High.  
Ne'er didst thou in *Lyceum*, ne'er  
In the grave Porch this Lesson hear ;  
The lofty Academy ne'er could reach  
So high as this most lowly Lesson's pitch.

## V.

O study then with all thy Art  
This Lesson how to get by Heart :  
By Heart, by Heart it must be got,  
And not upon thy outside float.  
Meekness is then right built, when thou canst find  
Her Ground-work in the bottom of thy Mind.

*Anger.*

I.

**M**Y Friend, run quickly to thy Glass,  
And read thy Cure in thine own Face.  
Why should the Scorpion be  
The readiest Remedy  
**F**or his own Poison, and not thou?  
**A**pply, apply; 'twill do, I know.

II.

**S**ee what black Clouds thy Brow deform  
**W**ith grim Threats of th' approaching Storm!  
Lo! how thy pallid Cheek  
And trembling Lips do seek  
**T**o make thee understand, how thou  
**A**rt posting to self-torture now!

III.

**L**ook how thy working troubled Eye  
**I**n its own Fire doth strangely fry!  
What Frowns plow up the grace  
Of thy disturbed Face,  
**P**reventing Time, and making thee  
**I**n one hour old and wrinkled be!

IV.

**O**n mine rely not, but receive  
**T**he Warning that thyself do'st give:  
Did'st ever view a Sight  
Fuller of ugly Fright?  
**B**e calmer then, in mercy to  
**T**hy tortur'd self, tho' not thy Foe.

*The Times.*

I.

**W**HY slander we the Times?  
What Crimes  
Have Days and Years, that we  
**T**hus charge on them Iniquity?  
If we would rightly scan,  
**T**is not the Times are bad, but Man.

II.

Constant Obedience they  
Do pay  
To their great Maker; and  
Do we do so? Nay, never stand  
To study Shifts; 'tis plain  
'Tis our Blot which the Times doth stain.

III.

If thy Desire it be  
To see  
The Times prove good, be thou  
But such thyself, and surely know  
That all thy Days to thee  
Shall, spite of Mischief, happy be.

*The Rich Scorners.* S. Luke 16. 21.

I.

**W**HAT? shall thy Dogs more courteous  
Be, than thyself, to *Lazarus*?  
Shall their Tongues court his Sores, and thine mean w  
His Misery revile?  
Strange Metamorphosis! which thus doth make  
The Master strive to bark, the Dogs to speak.

II.

Take heed: the Play may soon be done:  
For in Life's Comedy not one  
Of all the Acts but well may be the last.  
O do but then forecast  
What thy high Part will prove, when thou shalt be  
Quite level'd by the just Catastrophe.

III.

May not thine Exit follow'd be  
With hellish Hissings? May not he  
His Plaudits find clap'd by fair Angels' Wings?  
Come, come, great Sir, these things  
Are not vain Fancy's Froth; Life, tho' it be  
A Play, will prove a real History.

*Home.*

I.

**H**OME's Home, altho' it reached be  
Thro' Wet and Dirt and Night; tho' hear  
I welcom'd was, yet something still,  
Methinks, was wanting to fulfil  
Content's odd Appetite: no cheer,  
Say I, so good as that which meets me here,

II.

Here, here at Home: Not that my Board  
I find with quainter, richer Dainties stor'd;  
No, my high Welcome all in this  
Cheap simple Word presented is,  
*My Home*; a Word so dearly sweet,  
That all Variety in it I meet.

III.

When I'm abroad, my Joys are so,  
And therefore they to me seem Strangers too:  
I may salute them lovingly,  
But must not too familiar be;  
Some ceremonious Points there are  
Which me from Pleasure's careless Freedom bar.

IV.

There must my Mirth's Tunes taken be  
Not by mine own, but by my Convive's Key:  
My Words and Smiles must temporize,  
And I myself a Sacrifice  
Must on that Humour's Altar yield,  
Which there the Company shall please to build.

## V.

If there on every Dash I last,  
 It's not myself, but some Disease I feast ;  
 My Friend suspects it if I forbear,  
 That I neglect him and his Cheer :  
 Not is it easy to prevent  
 Or mine own Mischief, or his Discontent.

## VI.

But Home, sweet Home, releaseth me  
 From anxious Joys, into the Liberty  
 Of unsollicitous Delight,  
 Which howsoever mean and slight  
 By being absolutely free  
 Enthrones me in Contentment's Monarchy.

*Idleness.*

## I.

O Tedious Idleness,  
 How irksome is  
 Thy foolish Nothing ! When all day  
 I struggled thro' the craggiedst way  
 Of knottiest Learning to get up  
 To the fair top  
 Of some clear Knowledge, I did never find  
 My Body half so tir'd, so damp'd my Mind,

## II.

So tir'd and damp'd as now :  
 For monstrous thou  
 Thwart'st ev'n mine Essence, and dost choke  
 My sprightly Flame in drowsy Smoke.  
 Surely a Soul which dwells among  
 A quick and strong  
 Consort of Organs, ne'er was seated there  
 To lend to Sloth's dull Pipe her active Ear.

## III.

Were I to curse my Foe,  
 I'd damn him to  
 No Hell but thee ; In whose blind Grot  
 He, tho' in Health, might lie and rot,  
 And prove Death's wretched Sacrifice  
 Before he dies ;  
 Whilst he himself doth to himself become  
 Both the dead Carcase and the living Tomb.

## IV.

May some Work ever keep  
 My Eyes from Sleep  
 Whilst they are waking ! tho' it be  
 But some poor Song to throw at Thee,  
 Mischievous Sloth. Alas ! I grutch  
 That I so much  
 Of this my little Time expend, whilst I  
 All Night seal'd up in lazy Slumbers lye.

## V.

The longest Summer Day  
 Strait posts away :

An honestly employed Mind  
 Doth shrieve d-up *December* find  
 In wide-spread *June*, and thinks black Ni  
 Crowds out fair Light  
 As soon when *Sol* thro' lofty *Cancer* rides,  
 As when down to the *Fishes* Depth he slides.

*Hope.*

## I.

YET still bear up : No Bark did e'er  
 By stooping to the Storm of Fear  
 'Scape that Tempest's Wrath, which rent  
 Two into one Element ;  
 Whilst into one  
 Confusion  
 The groaning Air, and weeping Water run.

## II.

Bear up ; and those proud Waves which c  
 Shall but only fairer wash thee.  
 Bear up ; and thou at length shalt find  
 All these Blust'ring are but Wind.  
 Trust Hope, and be  
 Assur'd that she  
 Will find thee out an Haven 'midst the Sea.

## III.

Suspect not any stony Shelf ;  
 No Rock can split Thee, but Thyself.  
 Hope casts her Anchor upward, where  
 No Storm durst ever domineer.  
 Her Hand kind she  
 Holds out to thee,  
 To bid thee welcome to Security.

## IV.

O then take her aboard, altho'  
 All other Wares thou out dost throw ;  
 Thy Bark will only lighter be  
 By Hope's chearly Company ;  
 Tho' she doth far  
 Outweigh whate'er  
 To stop the Waves' wide Mouths thou threw'st

## V.

Hope, tho' slow she be, and late,  
 Yet outruns swift Time and Fate ;  
 And aforehand loves to be  
 With most remote Futurity.  
 Hope, tho' she dies,  
 Immortal is,  
 And in Fruition's Fruit doth fairer rise.

## VI.

Hope is Comfort in Distress ;  
 Hope is in Misfortune Bliss :  
 Hope in Sorrow is Delight ;  
 Hope is Day in darkest Night.

Nor wonder at  
This riddling Knot,  
For Hope is ev'ry Thing which she is not.

*Content.* Philip. 4. 11.

I.

DIVINE Content !  
O could the World resent  
How much of Bliss doth lye  
Wrap'd up in thy  
Delicious Name ; and at  
How low a Rate  
Thou might'st be bought ; no Trade would driven be  
To purchase any Wealth, but only Thee !

II.

Thee, precious Thee.  
Who can'st make Poverty  
As rich as th' Eastern Shore,  
Or Western Ore ;  
And furnish *Job* a Seat  
More fair and sweet  
Upon the Dunghill, than the glitt'ring Throne  
Of Glory's Darling, pompous *Solomon*.

III.

And why may I  
Not valiantly defy  
The Face of any Storm  
Mischance can arm  
Against my Bark ? Why may  
I not obey  
*His* Will, which, tho' a Flood of Gall it seems,  
*Will* by Submission, turn to Honey Streams ?

IV.

What will it cost,  
When I by Storms am toss'd,  
Not by repining to  
Augment my Woe ?  
Let all the Wind's worst Ire  
Proudly conspire ;  
*Yet* if I durst but say, *I am content*,  
*Those* Winds may whistle, for their Fury's spent.

V.

Content's the thing  
Which makes the Slave a King.  
Whilst in all Fortunes, still  
He has his Will :  
Nor do his Gives to him  
More heavy seem  
Because of Brass, than if they were of Gold ;  
For, his own Slav'ry, he in Chains doth hold.

VI.

*Content* can laugh  
At all Mishaps, and scoff

VOL. II.

Ev'n Scoffings and Disgraces ;  
Content outfaces  
All Impudence, ev'n by  
Meek Modesty :  
And the Career of Opposition breaks,  
Only because she no resistance makes.

VII.

Content can be  
Full, and good Company  
In Solitude : Content's  
*Christmas* in *Lent* ;  
In Wracks and Losses, Gain ;  
Sun-shine in Rain ;  
A Crop of Sons and Daughters springing from  
A single Bed, or Barrenness of Womb.

VIII.

Content, is Peace  
Amidst War's Miseries :  
Content is Rest, altho'  
Sleep flies the Brow.  
Content, in Plunder's Wealth,  
In Sickness Health,  
Fruition in Hope, Plenty in Dearth.  
In Night Day, Life in Death, and Heav'n on Earth.

IX.

O dear Content,  
Thou only Firmament,  
Where Stars can fixed shine ;  
May I in thine  
Illustrious Orb, above  
All Motions move !  
So shall my panting Heart, with restless Rest  
Wherever I am whirl'd about, be blest.

*A Dialogue.* S. Luke 16. ver. 24.

DIVES.

O Let thy Pity, gracious Sire,  
Drop down on my tormenting Fire !  
Tho' in profoundest Death I fry,  
Alas ! I have not leave to dye.  
Lo ! how, with my Complaint, the Flame  
Forth from my scorched Lips doth stream :  
One Drop of Water will to me  
An Ocean of Comfort be :  
Send *Lazarus* then to me beneath,  
To quench my Tongue and cool my Death.

ABRAHAM. v. 25.

When Thou and He on Earth did dwell,  
Thou hadst thy Heav'n, and He his Hell :  
But changed both, you now do reign,  
In Pleasure He, and thou in Pain.

v. 26.

Besides, between our Realm and yours,  
A mighty Gulph the way devours,  
And frights all feet from vent'ring thro'  
From you to us, and us to you.

DIVES. v. 27, 28.

Then let him warn my Brethren, how  
To 'scape this Sink of Deaths below :  
'Tis Loss more than enough, that thus  
Hell has gain'd One of Six of us.

ABRAHAM. v. 29.

What other Preachers need they, who  
May to the Law and Prophets go ?

DIVES. v. 30.

If one from Death to Life repent,  
'Twill make them also penitent ;  
A dead Tongue moves the quickest, and  
No Pulpits can like Graves command.

ABRAHAM. v. 31.

When *Moses* and the Prophets can  
Not rouse th' impenitent Heart of Man,  
No Resurrection from the Dead  
Will raise him from his sinful Bed.

*A Dialogue. S. John 11. ver. 21.*

MARTHA.

DEATH had not ventur'd to draw near,  
Hadst Thou, Great Lord of Life, been here.  
But in thine absence bold he grew,  
And us in our dear Brother slew.

JESUS. v. 23.

Thy Brother fell, when he was slain,  
But to rebound to Life again.

MARTHA. v. 24.

I know that he shall raise his Head  
Again, when Time is put to bed ;  
When thy great Trump shall summon forth  
The World, and wake up Dust from Earth.

JESUS. v. 25.

Already Faith's clear Eye in me  
May Life and Resurrection see.  
Who puts in me his faithful trust,  
Shall live ev'n in his bury'd Dust ;  
Nor ever shall Death's proudest Darts  
Feed on believing living Hearts.  
Believ'st thou this ?

MARTHA. v. 27.

Sweet Lord, no more ;  
My Faith doth Thee as God adore ;  
Who from thy Father's Bosom forth  
Didst come to bring down Heav'n to Earth.

MARY. v. 32.

Dear Lord, who once vouchsaf'st to let  
My Ointment dew thy blessed Feet ;  
O give me leave, that I before  
These Altars now my Tears may pour :

That for thy Burial was ; but this  
Effusion for my Brother's is.  
For he, because Thou wert not here,  
Is flown to Heav'n to seek Thee there.

JESUS. v. 34.

Where is he laid ?

MARY.

Sweet Lord, O come,  
See our Grief's Monument, his Tomb.

JESUS. v. 39.

Remove the Stone.

MARTHA.

Corruption now  
Has had four Days mature to grow :  
Alas ! what Comfort can we think  
Such Graves' Mouths breathe, but deadly Stink

JESUS. v. 40.

Told I not thee, thy faithful Eye  
God's glorious Power should descry ?  
Alas ! thy Faith (as thou shalt see)  
More dead and rotten is than he.  
—*Lazarus, come forth !*

v. 44.

He comes, he comes !  
O mighty Word, which can from Tombs  
Fright Death and Fate ; and make him, who  
Is ty'd and bound, have pow'r to go !

*EASTER Dialogue. S. Joh. 20. 13*

1st ANGEL.

THOSE Fun'ral Tears why dost thou shed  
On Life's and Resurrection's Bed ?

2d ANGEL.

Why must those low'ring Clouds of Sadness  
Deflow'r this Virgin Morn of Gladness ?

MAGDALENE.

What Morn of Gladness, now the Sun  
Of all my fairest Joys is gone ;  
He whom my Soul did hope to meet  
Here in this West in which he set ?  
But Oh ! that more than deadly Spight,  
Which rob'd him of his Life's sweet Light,  
Lives here, you see, in Death's own Cave,  
And plunders Him ev'n of His Grave.  
Nor know I where our Foes have set  
His Body and my Soul with it.

JESUS.

Woman, to what Loss do thine Eyes  
Such full Drink-Offrings sacrifice ?

MAGDALENE.

Sweet Gard'ner, if thy Hand it were  
Which did transplant Him, tell me where

Thou set'st that precious Root on whom  
Grow all my Hopes ; and I will from  
That Soil remove him to a Bed  
With Balm, and Myrrh, and Spices spread ;  
Where by mine Eyes' two Fountains He  
For evermore shall water'd be.

JESUS.

Mary.

MAGDALENE.

O Master !

ANGELS 1st and 2d.

With what sweet  
Fury she flies at his dear Feet,  
To weep and kiss out, what she by  
Her Tongue could never signify !

O no ! the Powers of sweetest Tor  
Of String or Pipe-attended Songs,  
Can raise no pitch of Joy so high  
As *Easter's* rising Majesty.

O glorious Resurrection which does  
Above the Reach of loftiest Ecstasies







O E M A T A  
V A R I A.

AUCTORE

*SEPHO BEAUMONT*, S.T.P.









## Poemata Varia.

### *Magi ad Christum.*

#### PRIMUS.

##### I.

O Tu, sereni deliciae Poli !  
O Matre longè Gnate vetustior !  
O arra Cælorum, O Catena  
Quæ Superos Hominesque jungis !

##### II.

In se remigrent byssina luminum  
Plenasque reddant pallia gemmulas.  
Excessit huc Ganges, tuumque  
Ipse Oriens coliturus ortum.

##### III.

Sume sume flavas pocula filias  
Sume Metalli ; nunc cochlearia  
Cessantis hæredes mamillæ,  
Et teneri famulos palati.

##### IV.

Num colla sperant hæ tua bracteæ  
Ludent refractis lumina saltibus.  
Sume has catenas, sume amicas,  
Non aliter tibi vincla vellem.

#### SECUNDUS.

##### I.

Cæli propago ; signiferi faber ;  
Lux prima Phœbi ; maxime parvule ;  
Qui solus Atlas, quique solus  
Omnipotens, tenerumque Numen.

##### II.

Permitte, (nostro pectore stat focus)  
Permitte parvam thuris adoream ;  
Fumumque per nares vagari,  
Et tenebras simulare suaves.

#### TERTIUS.

##### I.

O Horte nuper consite, semina  
Cujus dederunt sydera ; sydera  
Jam victa demisso decore,  
Jam stabuli radiis minora.

##### II.

Frontis venustis jungito liliis  
Myrrham ; genarum consere florido  
Myrrham roseto. Vestri odore  
Myrrha cupit redolere vultus.

### *In Christi Passionem, Threnodia.*

#### SUSPIRIUM I. Mat. 27. 2.

Δήσαντες αὐτὸν ἀπήγαγον, καὶ παρέδωκαν αὐτὸν  
Ποντίῳ Πιλάτῳ τῷ ἡγεμόνι.

##### I.

PORTARE parvum est pondera criminum,  
Ni detur ultra, crimine cum novo  
Pondus catenæ ? has plûs peritè  
Vota manus sociare norûnt.

##### II.

Sic osculantèr cur digitos procus  
Ferratus ambit ? pulchrior annulus  
Debetur illis, et refuso  
Gemma suo radiaret auro.

##### III.

En O ! satellites ruminat horrido  
In dente bilem, marmora complicans  
Callosa vultus, ut minaci  
Latius expatientur irâ.

##### IV.

Cætus protervis æthera fustibus  
Stuprant querentem ; lusingat ensium  
Fatale fulgur, dum catervæ  
Fulmina vociferantis, istis

##### V.

Condigna factis præmia personant,  
Quassoque narrant flagitium polo.  
Ecce ! ecce porrecti furoris  
Dextra sacrum violenta corpus

##### VI.

Contemptuosos promovet impetu,  
Donec fatetur proxima Curia  
Horrenda majestas tribunal  
Quo timide sedet aura iudex.

## VII.

Sic terrefactæ vulnera carbaso  
Sufflatus Eurus densat, et asserum  
Fædus procelloso resolvit  
Dissidio, minuitque mali

## VIII.

Illâ innocentem sorte Superbiam.  
Hujus furores discipulus studet  
Primo, Euroauster murmurante  
Mox tumidis recitare buccis.

## IX.

Accitus isto cominus irrui  
Fragore Caurus, nec minus impetu  
Dives tremendo, vel ruinæ  
Mitior ambitione fertur.

## X.

Incerta fati, certaue vellitur  
Hinc inde Navis; factaque frivole  
Vicina Cælo, proniore  
Prora petit Phlegetonta rostro.

## XI.

Illamque tandem spumea naufragi  
Index doloris suscipit, aurium  
Indocta semper, viscerumque  
Scylla, necem minitante saxo.

## SUSPIRIUM II. v. II.

ὁ δὲ Ἰησοῦς ἔστη ἔμπροσθεν τοῦ ἡγεμόνος· καὶ ἐπηρώ-  
τησεν αὐτὸν ὁ ἡγεμὼν, λέγων· Σὺ εἶ ὁ βασιλεὺς  
τῶν Ἰουδαίων; ὁ δὲ Ἰησοῦς ἔφη αὐτῷ·  
Σὺ λέγεις.

## I.

SIC stare certo est corrui impetu:  
Scandas tribunal, justior arbiter,  
Arramque supremi protervos  
Judicii doceas, JESU.

## II.

Heu! nescienti crimina (ni pati)  
Objectat atro gutture Concio,  
Mendax sed et verax aruspex  
Horribilis subitque fati.

## III.

Castigat intus languidulè pio  
Sese Pilatus judicio, manu  
Deludit ignarum fluentum  
Sanguine protinus imbuendâ.

## IV.

O en! potentes omnigeni mali,  
Latronis ultra discipiunt scelus.  
En stragis audacem Barabbam  
Turba petit sitibunda cædis,

## V.

Illumque tandem non ducis indiga  
Exemplar iræ sanguinæ capit,  
Vincitque tam docto furore, ut  
Vivere jam mereat Barabbas.

## VI.

Christi apparatus, nubila ut impudens  
De Sole ventus, dissipat impetu  
Vulgus rapaci; puritatis  
Sola suæ toga copiosa

## VII.

Mansit fideli tegmine Numini,  
Dum surda multo verbera milite  
Nimbium coarctant pertinacem  
In lacerum, tacitumque corpus.

## VIII.

Heus O; flagellum jam sua crimina  
Et vestra luget planctibus asperis.  
Fraudatis ipsi vos futuri  
Præpropera feritate lusûs,

## IX.

Quem falsa cudad gloria purpuræ.  
Heu! vanus oro. Non patiens suæ  
Ripæ tumescit provocatus  
In latices cruor ampliores,

## X.

Ut liberato corporis hortulos  
Torrente mergat; lymphula lymphulam  
Suadens vagari, dat dolori  
Mille oculos, lachrymasque mille.

## SUSPIRIUM III.

Ἐκδύσαντες αὐτὸν, περιέθηκαν αὐτῷ χλαμύδα

## I.

VAH purpurantis dedecoris decus!  
Ingloriosæ tollite gloriæ  
Fraudes superbas, nec modestè  
Improbis insidiosa rubro

## II.

Commenta pannus tegmine contegat.  
Quid tu lacertis, heu! male fortibus  
Cogis corollam, quid sodales  
Implicitas vegetantis iræ

## III.

Unire diro conjugio studes,  
Certans tyrannos cudere spinas?  
Averte crudeles honores,  
Non opus est cumulare spinas

## IV.

Huic quem dolorum pectore turbido  
Spineta vexant. Fertilius nemo  
Non sic capillorum vigeret.  
Atque polo caput implicandum

Cur sceptrā dextrā tradere mimica  
Testes caduci sic juvat impert?  
Heu! ipse stridentis procellæ  
Stat Dominus patiens arundo.

VII.

En! mentienti poplite militum  
Curvatur astus, sollicitus dare  
Submissiones arrogantes,  
Atque humiles simulare fastus.

VIII.

Salve tremendum filia criminis  
Scariotæ subdola perstreptit.  
Magnisque vestitum rotatur  
Nominibus titolare virus.

IX.

Mox ora sputum tristia fætidum  
Non hanc merentis Canitiem tegit  
Sputum salivæ suscitantis  
Immemor è tenebris ocellos.

X.

Nunc pervicacem degener induit  
Sceptrum bacillum, verberibus genas  
Christi frequentantem silentes  
Plurima dum parit ora vultus.

XI.

Et vulnerantur vulnera. Malleo  
Victorioso sic domat artifex  
Non obstinatam subjugari  
Egregii faciem metalli.

XII.

En pompa tandem progreditur; sua  
Vivo feretro non modo funera  
Portat, sed et Christus dolendo  
Officio parilem meretur

XIII.

Ligni laborem. Currito, Musula,  
(Guttæ sequaci prodere tramitem  
Nōrunt cruentæ) sed memento  
Cum tragico simul ire plectro.

SUSPIRIUM IV. v. 33.

Ἐλθόντες εἰς τόπον λεγόμενον Γολγοθᾶ, ἔδωκαν αὐτῷ  
πιεῖν ὄξος μετὰ χολῆς μεμιγμένον.

I.

ENO, silentis municipes Stygis!  
Ut Terra vestram Tisiphonen novi

VOL. II.

Atque manus cruor osculatur.

III.

En! en, aceti conscia spongia  
Fellisque fratris stulta superfluos  
Propinat angores labellis  
Felle alio nimum lavatis.

IV.

Tandem intricati flumina sanguini  
Scrutatur ensis cuspe splendida,  
Heu! quam potenter curiosus  
In lateris penetrare cellas!

V.

Phæbus pudicis se tenebris tegit,  
Atque immerenti lumina seculo  
Infensus aufert, et relicta  
Attonito sinit astra mundo.

VI.

Nocturnus omni climate stat dies;  
Sub Sole summo serpere maximas  
Miratur umbras, inquieta  
Terra die latitante falli.

VII.

Expergefacto marmora pulveri  
Jam pænitentes discutiunt fores;  
Vermisque reddit mutuatas  
Fænore cum vegeto placentas

VIII.

Postliminares non trepide choros  
Jam corda tentant; et cineres sua  
Jam sponte in ævi audaciora  
Bis validi cicurantur ossa.

IX.

Sanguis relictus jam laticis memor  
Audet reverti. Durities soli  
In carneam byssum labascit,  
Inque viros respiscit ultro

X.

Commota tellus. Decrepitus sibi  
Velum senectam proditor advocat  
Rumpique contentus, fatetur  
Commoriens retagenda sancti

XI.

Secreta Templi (forsan et obviam  
Tecti ruinam) dum facilis Dei  
Flecti, oscitantem in victimam  
Fatum aliud manifestat aram.

*Ad Christi Sepulchrum.*

## I.

**F**INGE Tu, saltem lachrymante vultu  
Præficas Marmor, (cadii Ille dignus  
Saxa quem plangant) liquidis cadaver  
Imbue gemmis.

## II.

O lapis, tandem pretiose, lectum  
Disce mentiri ; tridua mortis  
Bruma pulvinar roget et profundi  
Gaudia somni.

## III.

Tertio en ! tandem juga ditat auro  
Sol, et detexit tacito sepulchro,  
Saxeo longum manet haud IESUS  
Incola sulco.

## IV.

Surge tu, Saxum, domitantis audi  
Mallei jussum, pete chasma Templi,  
Sic novis notum poteris lacertis  
Cingere Christum.

*Ad venerabilem SS. Eucharistiæ institutionem  
Plausus Hymnicus.*

## I.

**A**BITE, vilis quos reprimit Tepor,  
Sensuque Cælum iudice pensitat.  
Abite, quos vanus benignum  
Fervor agit cohibere Numen.

## II.

Jam fæta magno semine Charitas  
Immensa gestit promere gaudia,  
Majorque festinat renasci  
Degeneri Paradisus Orbi.

## III.

Resolvit omnem fortis Amor Deum,  
Totumque miras dividit in dapes :  
Docetque Sacratissimam liquentem  
In pateris fluitare JESUM.

## IV.

Non Angelorum nobilior cibus  
Mensas coronat ; non generosius  
Ridet Nepenthes, crediturque  
Cherubicas animare Cænas.

## V.

Venite Mystæ, siqua monet sitis  
Æternitatis : jam liquidam licet  
Haurire Vitam, jam Supremæ  
Mente piâ accubuisse Mensæ.

## VI.

Non invidemus Cælitibus suum  
Numen reverti sufficis integer  
Utrique Mundo, Teque Terra.  
Servat adhuc tua, Magne JESU.

*Ad suam Animam.*

## I.

**R**EGINA vitæ maxima, parvula,  
Quæ sola sensus et regis et fugis  
Constare quam delectat osse,  
Et liquidis trepidare venis ;

## II.

Ne te catenis Plutus in aureis  
Ducat. Metallo non animam cupit  
Natura ; sic nec fulva terra,  
Credito, par queat esse rubræ.

## III.

En ! omne pallor conscius occupat  
Languoris aurum. Mittito, mittito,  
En ! sponte nativas remigrans  
Terruit in Phlegetontis oras.

## IV.

Pulchrâ superbos temne superbiâ.  
Non unde lapsus celsior, expete.  
His astra sublimi negantur  
Vertice qui cupiunt ferire.

## V.

Fallax honoris bractea ludit  
Furtim, vicissim, fulgura surripit,  
Accersit et fronti nigellam  
Ebria vel levitate larvam.

## VI.

Sublime vitrum tu fuge, lubrico  
Calcere passu ; tu loca fulmini  
Vicina, permittas ruinæ  
Enceladi minitantis astra.

## VII.

Ne tu venustum capta puellulæ  
Sugas venenum ; nec sine flammulæ  
Dulces dolores, nec sagittam  
Te tacito violare sulco.

## VIII.

Ah ! non rosetum fæmineis genis  
Natura pinxit, sed muliebria  
Peccata veraci colore  
Insinuat rubicunda testis.

## IX.

Nix quæ vagatur tramite lacteo  
Dispersa tersas per manuum vias,  
Non suadet ignes, sed pudicam  
Casta docet tolerare brumam.

X.

Nodi capillis qui faciles meant  
Non corda quæruni; sed bene perfidi  
Nunc colla produnt, nunc procantis  
Blanda fugant Aquilonis arma.

XI.

Sis tu pudico corporis unici  
Contenta tecto; te tua brachia  
Cingant, et osculum dent vicissim  
Labra sibi, rapiantque dando.

*Recumbens Dormitum.*

I.

NUNC, O, sopori vos quoque cedit  
Curæ diurnæ, nec vigiles meum  
Turbate somnum; quin jacete;  
Namque graves satis esse novi.

II.

Et tu quietis, mens mea, pulsibus  
Mulceto pectus, dum calidum gelu  
Deludit artus, dumque plumbum  
Pondere me levat innocenti.

III.

Sic, O, secundam sentio vesperam  
Tardis ocellis; fimbria fimbriam  
Prendit sororem, et lenta passu  
Invalido semiverba languent.

*Ad D. M. SKIPPON.*

I.

I Charta, ne sis tramitis anxia,  
Spissis politur semita gratiis,  
Musæque divino protervas  
Tripudio domuere cautes.

II.

Illuc videbis tendere gloriæ  
Justæ curulem, quâ sedet impudens  
Risura marmor, temporumque  
Canitiem, fluidosque dentes.

III.

Et non superbis proxima Numini  
Sparsura lauris Fama sedilia.  
Adversus occurret fugati  
Grege vitii, et pudibunda curtans

IV.

Mortale vulgus nomina. Prodigio  
Laxata risu, et congenito levis  
Moria plumbo, terreoque  
Aufugit hinc glaciata plaustro.

V.

Hinc ambulantes passibus ebris  
Montes videbis; credito, Pelios

Et Taurus humanam figuram  
Jam referunt simulante fastu.

VI.

Hinc iste crebris divitiis inops  
Fulvi sacerdos Numinis, et simul  
Lictor recedit, gloriosas  
Sollicitus retinere sordes.

VII.

I charta, dextram, quærito candidar  
Skipponianam, nam calami sinat  
Fortasse nævos; heus, magistri  
Grata etiam memorato pectus.

*Ad C. B. in illud suum cum  
Ad magna pergo Sydera Ca*

I.

SIC vota eudas, sic rutilantia  
Præoccupari Sydera gestiunt,  
Scintillulanti dum feruntur  
Tripudio, latebrisque curtis

II.

Mallent prehendi. More puellulæ  
Quæ fraude primum vitat amasium  
Ut capta vincat, conscioque  
Strata siet, sed amata lecto

III.

Imusne! colles ut minuunt suos  
Pinus! ut omni sordida Libano  
Arbusta serpunt, et superbæ  
Decubuit genus omne Cedri!

IV.

Amisit altam Cambria montium  
Distinctionem; Pendulus in tuo  
Macrescit arvo, nec modestæ  
Despicit inferiora vallis

V.

Et fastuoso pascua vertice  
Obscurat: Ipsum Gogmagog impud  
Sacras sacelli Henriciani  
Desinit exuperare cristas.

VI.

Vix Ætna flammis conspicitur suis,  
Soloque restat nomine Caucasus;  
Neutramque Parnassus levare  
Jam meminit super arva frontem

VII.

Nascuntur omni Cyclades in Globo,  
Nec magna durant regna; per æque  
Passim supergressus refusa  
Navigat irrequietus Orbis.

## VIII.

Jam, jam liquescit, jamque suum nihil  
Ultro fatetur Terra; supernato  
Utres Deorum, spongiisque  
Ætherias, liquidumque cælum.

## IX.

Nunc abstinentis janua flammulæ  
Puro remigrat cardine; panditur  
Immixtus ardor, congenerque  
Syderibus generosus ignis.

## X.

Saltem hoc probati simus, ut ætheris  
Justum metallum. Eheu! urimur, urimur.  
O Tu Supernorum Monarcha  
Salvifica approperato dextrâ.

## XI.

Io! prehenso cornua frigidæ  
Jucunda Phæbes. Splendida, splendida  
Quæcunque cerno; nec metallum  
Jam niteat, neque margarita.

## XII.

En! ipsa cæli bruta micantibus  
Vestita stellis; cedite bestiae,  
Humanus advento. Quid hoc est?  
Deficit, hei mihi, pes.

*Ad T. S. qui ruri agentem, Incusavit  
languentis amoris.*

## I.

VOS O maritis quæ datis ulmeis  
Complexa vites gaudia rusticæ,  
Narrate quam vestris amores  
Sæpe meos recolens notavi.

## II.

Tu, Brette, pratis qui recreas sitim,  
Tortisque furtim laberis atriis  
Qui fallis Hadleiam fluentis  
Quæ fugiunt remanentque semper.

## III.

Dic O! propinquis quot tua murmura  
Vici querelis, dum latices lego  
Dextris amicis conjugatos,  
Hasque manus vacuas amici.

## IV.

Dic, ut reprimi creber adulteram  
Lympham lutoso quæ recubat toro;  
Dixique cælesti nitore  
Stanbrigii radiare pectus.

## V.

Dic sylva, nostræ conscia semitæ  
(Quid quid susurris flamina circinas?)  
O dic aperte, dic sacrata  
Quot corylos docui fateri

## VI.

Cultro magistro nomina Stanbrigi.  
Heus! certa vocis, sera licet comes  
Echo, supremum tu studebas  
Dic, quoties simulare Thomam.

*Ad C. B. post Cupidini vale dictum.*

VICINO de sole tuæ rediere Carinæ,  
Et victa in miti climate flamma perit.  
Quàm meminisse juvat grato confecta labore  
Tædia, et incertæ gaudia dura moræ!  
Pons tibi, quem toties transisti nocte minutus,  
Angustum et dubium dixit Amoris iter:  
Per mare pectoreus Paridem sic transtulit ignis,  
Ut per torrentem te tua flamma trahit;  
Conscia te quoties tacitum postica recepit;  
Erudit in fraudes ostia doctus amor.  
Scintillam seræ quoties texere favillæ  
Quâ solet in radios tæda redire suos!  
Tæda factum monitrix, et luminis arra cupiti.  
Fallitur augurio quam bene tæda suo!  
Te quoties passa est semitensi incuria veli  
Ad tacitas oculis approperare dapes!  
Tum quoque tu duplices umbras, noctesque fateris,  
Dum neutro fulgent æthera sole tua.  
Nam tua spes dixit. Sed spes bene nescia veri,  
Fæmineo cælo quam cecidisse, juvat!  
Tu tamen hoc plaudis, tuto quod lumine fixus  
Jam radii vacuas intueare genas.  
Omnia membra suis ad cælos laudibus effers.  
Quæ tamen haud velles arripienda polo.  
Elogium oblongum, repetitum effundis; at illam  
Ad laudes nolles evigilare suas.  
Hæc frons quæ Niobes planissima marmora vincit.  
Illud et Hesperidum germina flava nemus.  
Sic Veneris micuere comæ, sic Daphnidis ora;  
Laurum, at non laurum commeruere suam.  
Pervaga sic potuit Stygio Proserpina Regi,  
Sic potuit Danae plus placuisse Jovi.  
Nec satis hoc. Pergis: Quam sunt hæc cerea labra,  
Digna quibus pressi surgat imago Dei!  
His obsignatum quoties conaris amorem!  
Heu dubius, fragilis, cereus omnis amor.  
Ah quoties placuit non constans forma genarum?  
Attamen his melius picta tabella rubet:  
Mox credis biforl consurgere lilia naso.  
Tutius at tellus lilia vera dabit.  
Miraris mollis sudantia marmora colli.  
Marmore sed molli crede subesse dolum.  
Tunc humeros pariter laudas, Divumque labores,  
Sic Pelopem gemino monte fatetur ebur.  
His subter colles pendentes ubera tollunt;  
Filiolisque patent mensa torusque tuis.  
Ubra contingis, sed protinus ubera cedunt.  
O si tam facile cor mihi cedat, ais.  
Falleris ah! fugiunt non cernis ut ubera tactum?  
Non cernis. Quivis quàm male cæcus amor!

Cætera non audes, ne somno mota resciscat.  
At forsam quicquid jam facis illa videt.  
Ah fuge subtectè; sic somnia somnia cernas,  
Et dormitantem dicere posse: Mane.

*Ad eundem, responsorie.*

**D**ESIPUISSE juvat; si sic mihi præmia reddas;  
Sim stolidus, stolido dum tua Musa favet;  
Musa relucenti quæ sic variatur honore,  
Ut credam Musas, et sine fraude, Deas.  
At titulum spectans gemebundo murmure frendis;  
At murmur, fuerit dum titulare, placet.  
Fronti nulla fides; at sum de fronte Poeta,  
Perfidiaævum sic meruisse dolet;  
Si nueruisse tamen; quid peccat garrula Musa?  
InnocuA non sum simplicitate reus.  
Frontis erat, cerebrum quia nullum Musa fatetur?  
Sed cerebro sedes proxima frontis adest.  
Victo Cupido, vale; num sic te dicere vellem?  
Ah, malle dicas, Elizabetha vale.  
Sim vates, modo sic dederis prædicere certum;  
Te solum noscet Turba novena procum.  
Forte nec ille tuus Deus est puer, ille Cupido;  
Prima puellorum sit nisi causa puer.  
Quid mihi cum barba, mento quid et illa virili?  
Non illam mento gestat Apollo suo;  
Quam levis hæc gravitas, levibus quæ erinibus orta est?  
Sunt magis ex illo nomine bruta viri.  
Quid virgulta genis, aut quid vepreta labellis?  
Arbustum nollem, sit mihi vultus ager.  
Quid tua sic setis stant verruncantia labra?  
Num nasi scopas larga cloaca vocât?  
Ora, tuæ, caveas, ne pronus in oscula Divæ  
Dertgas setis proditor ipse rosas.  
Languentem flammam tibi Cynthia suscitât? cheu.  
Quam malè non meminit frigoris illa sui!  
At ne subsident, in me convertito flammæ.  
Conveniat melius mascula flamma viris.  
Mentiris; sic fallit amor. Quin, subdole, pergas;  
Namque amor ut mendax sit tuus ille velim.  
Oro, tuam constanter ames, sed fallere. Tutus  
Sic tandem, et fixus te redamare queas.  
Dum me perlectas citius jurabis amare?  
Plumbeus haud telum versus amoris habet.  
Quid Satyrum narras? Hanc vel mordere recusem.  
(Audi ultra) morsu ne male læsa siet.  
Mitte tamen Satyri, vel tu tibi suscipe Nomen.  
Tu Satyrus Nymphæ plus videare tuæ.  
Membra quidem laudo, sed sic laudabit Equiso  
Ægrum quem tectè vendere vellet equum.  
Tu potius laudes, expertaque commoda cantes.  
Maxima laus usu dicitur orsa rei.  
Quid maneas, cedas? poterit num tanta Cupido?  
Sic est; sic Numen, qui putat, ille facit.  
At bivio torqueris amans? mihi porrigere dextram,  
Ducam ego; sed tendas ne sine corde manum.  
Ah maneas, video duplicis mendacia cordis.  
De te fæminei dejice cordis onus.

Non mihi pandochium communi pectore prostat.  
Te possum, haud Venerem possem adamare tuam.

*Ad T. S.*

**A**CCIPE; nec speres tumida magnalia vocis;  
Prodeat è parvo gutture magnus amor.  
Accipe; si præti procus es, mea pagina præsto est.  
Hæc erit in flammæ officiosa tuas.  
Adjice, si desint cinamomo pallia, chartam,  
Dulcia sic saltem carmina nostra sient.  
Me cantare stupes? prius haud cecinisse stupendum.  
Figitur in cantu desipientis opus.  
Heu, male deliqui, mea non sunt carmina cantus.  
Mugitu nullum crede latere melos.  
At quid narro? malum! quam sunt mea verbula muta!  
Multa loquor, multo carmine, nulla loquor.  
Garrio. Non sensus mea querit nomina Lingua.  
Fecit amor stolidum; sed tamen ille tui.  
Verbula mitto tibi; quam me quoque verbula vellem!  
(Mitte precor, stolidus si malesana precor.)  
Tu tamen hæc ridenda putas; sed et ipse putavi;  
Unanimes quovis non dolet esse modo.  
Hæc forsam lacerare juvat; sed mitte laborem;  
Tam male compositos vix lacerare queas.  
At laceres, tutum maneat modo fædus amoris.  
Me laceres; lacerum si modo poseat Amor.

*Ad D. G. excusatorie post longum silentium.*

**H**ÆC mea quam timeo ne perlectare recuses!  
Est tamen ut timeam si malè sarta legas.  
Qui canit arma virum, qui delabentia mundi  
Secula, mellifluo carmine torquet opus.  
Verba reum nobis, miserumque fatentia sunt;  
Sum tuba longævi criminis ipsa mei.  
Ah quoties avida lustravi mente Camænas,  
Immemor in medio te recubasse choro!  
Historicis legi miracula docta columnis,  
Nescius antitypum te tenuisse suum.  
Naturæ vepres, et torta sophismata vidi,  
Nec dixi, dubiis Oedipus ipse clues.  
Non mihi sic Samus dictare silentia Vates,  
Nec potuit gratis mens dominata fibris.  
Ipsa manus trepidat, quod non trepidaverit ante.  
Ille pudor fuerat; jam quoque culpa, tremor.  
Vix testes potero maculas non spargere chartæ,  
Ut similis mentis sordet illa meæ.  
Ah! sparsi ignarus; sunt nostra hæc carmina sordes;  
Quam culpam culpâ sic minuisse piget!  
Ergo (precor) fædam chartam depone; repurget  
Hanc focus, atque manum lympha serena tuam.

*Ad Reverendum D. G. excusatoria quod Car-  
men funebre promissum non obtulerim.*

**A**CCIPE, non isto deformem carmine chartam  
Quod petis: Ah! maculas fert nova charta novas.



Flebile carmen erat quod crasso è pectore fudit  
 Musa, nimis lachrymis heu sibi digna suis.  
 O utinam expletis alieno in funere justis,  
 Sensisset proprii funeris illa rogos !  
 Jam mihi non soli sordet, jam nuda videtur  
 Ipsa sibi, et turpis turpior esse velit.  
 Jam stat plena sui, perfectis sordibus, ungues  
 Jam timet, et terret commaculata meos.  
 O precor, O vestri cedat reverentia jussi,  
 O liceat tutò non placuisse Tibi.  
 O liceat malesana cadant promissa ; pudori  
 Des veniam, quamvis perfidus iste pudor.  
 O liceat puros squallenti carmine ocellos,  
 O liceat doctas non violare manus !  
 Ipse tibi parcas et nobis. Quæso, fatentis  
 Ne cupias scripto crimina teste legi.  
 Sic meminisse juvat tam digni funus Amici,  
 Ut nisi per nævum non meminisse, juvet ?  
 Hunc melius revocare diem tibi pulpita possunt :  
 Pulpita quæ modulis intonuere tuis ;  
 Plena Tui et Cæli, cum non caruisse Magistro  
 Quanquam defuncto visa fuere suo.  
 Obstupuit Cætus tantæ ad miracula linguæ,  
 Et nimis alatum tempus abire gemit.  
 Jam placet et funus ; tua jam cælestia tanto  
 Tam charo pretio quærere mella juvat.

*Dies Judicii. Luc. 21. 27.*

UT tellus, siccis quando vox faucibus hæret,  
 Invocat expanso clarius ore Jovem ;  
 Sic Te, nos pulvis, pulvis tuus, expectamus ;  
 Hoccine (proh Superos !) Illico, Christe, tuum est ?  
 Phosphore, perde diem, nam gaudia nostra moraris,  
 Si reddas iterum ; Phosphore, perde diem.  
 Phæbe, tuos tonde radios, nec lumina differ  
 Nostra tuo. Ah ! longum te nova signa manent.  
 Nostra dies gestit majorem cernere Phæbum ;  
 Siste parum ; totus sol sibi mundus erit.  
 Efficto nimium defectu, Cynthia, ludis,  
 Et nimium tuto sanguinolenta volas.  
 O tibi cum placeat noctu per prata vagari  
 Cælorum, æternæ tegmina noctis habe !  
 Ah ! aliis tandem maculis nigrescere discas,  
 Nec fluido illusas lumine tinge genas.  
 Vosque diu dubio trepidâstis lumine, stellæ :  
 O vos, O quando vera ruina feret !  
 Si tua non moveant rigidum te fulmina, Cælum,  
 At moveant nostræ, fulmina nostra, preces.  
 Io sat est. Latum lituus tarantantara dixit :  
 Judicis emicuit nuntius ille sonus.  
 Ecce facit nubes currum, superambulat alas  
 Ventorum, et miro Jupiter imbre cadit.

*Fortitudo Ed. Stanleii Angli ad Zutfaniam.*

*Zutfaniam captæ decus unius Edvardi Stanleii virtuti  
 debetur. Is enim apprehensam hostis, a quo præcipue  
 repellebatur, hastam tanta vi tenuit, ut, ab ipso hoste*

*arma sua sibi eripi renitente attractus, in  
 naculum transilierit : eoque tam insperato  
 animos suis pone sequentibus fecit, ac tantum  
 hostibus iniecit, ut protinus locum de  
 Thuan. Lib. 85. Cap. 5.*

B UCCIS plus solitis tume,  
 Et narra dubiis, Fama, nepotibus  
 Audacis facinus viri  
 Ignotum decori sternere tramitem.  
 Toto Marte furentia  
 Stanleii docuit gloria pectora  
 Arram Zutfanis suâ  
 Turrim magnificâ prendere dexterâ.  
 Mens insueta timoribus  
 Ferratæ ravidum fulgur Iberiæ,  
 Et nimbos jaculis graves  
 Ridet, non timidæ docta superbiæ.  
 Denso pulvere pulchrior  
 Heros Elysii vel decoris procus  
 Primi sorte periculi  
 Exultans, gladio millia fulgurat  
 Raptim fata cohortibus ;  
 Dum tergo pharetræ dissilientibus  
 Plaudunt verberibus virum.  
 Et plumis Zephyrus mixtus euntibus  
 Alas addit inutiles  
 Scuto, quod rutilæ nomen adoresæ  
 Prono provocat impetu.  
 At tandem pavidis proxima turribus  
 Virtus impatiens moræ,  
 Et major lapidum robore, mænïa  
 Ponit vulneribus jocos,  
 Dum multo laceri lumine chasmatis  
 Fatum prospiciunt suum.  
 Torquens interea longa pericula  
 Altæ cuspidæ lanceæ  
 Hispanus, variâ strage notabilis  
 Angli submonuit latus.  
 At magnis gravidus mente curulibus,  
 Et caræ rabide memor  
 Laurûs ; intrepidæ carcere dexteræ  
 Angustat jaculum reum  
 Stanleius spoliis sanguinei rapax ;  
 Donec viribus hostium  
 Hostes comminuit ; nam malè strenuo  
 Attractus brachio, suum  
 Captivus spoliū gestat, et undique  
 Totis meta periculis  
 Ad muros rapitur celsior in necem.  
 At mox horribili pavor  
 Hispanis domuit corda tyrannide ;  
 Et muris equitans, velut  
 Spectandus solio, rubra diplomata  
 Mortis distribuit, vago  
 Quæ signat gladio, nec doluit capi,  
 Dum sic serviat hostibus  
 Stanleius, validæ fraudis anhelitu  
 Qui turris dominus simul  
 Et Famæ meritis audiit impigris.

*Ad increbescentem famam de Hispanicâ in  
Angliam expeditione.*

**A**DSIS sollicito, Lyra,  
Et magnos levibus pelle tremoribus.  
Cædis non teneros avus  
Enses progenerans Bilbicus Faber,  
Vaginæ male nescios  
Aut saltem ancipites efferat incolas.  
Nigri semina fulminis  
Haud longâ dolii nocte latentia,  
Intus concipiunt Styga,  
Et quicquid Furia non stolidæ mali  
Nôrunt ferre periculi.  
Intrat flammigeras præproperus minas  
Ferri, et promptus in impudens  
Miles flagitium, terribilis sibi  
Vultus induit æreos.  
Mox raptim patrio terga recolligens  
Altum stridula balteo  
Appendit pharetram fructiferam necis ;  
Et dextram cupidam aspici  
Vibrat Bilbico aut fulgure Norico.  
Longe littora mugiunt  
Dum Doris creperas ingeminat tubas ;  
Atque anceps numeri sui  
Densis militibus cedit arenula.

Audin' ut sceleris vorax  
Et major modico nauta celeusmate,  
Nil pleni cupidus Noti  
Accersit proprium gutturiis Æolum.  
En ut veligerum nemo  
Addiscit Thetidos per viridaria,  
Et campis liquidis vehi.  
Quassat non veteris ponderis immemor  
Canos ipse Tridentifer,  
Et non vincibilis robora nominis  
Horret Classe loquacia ;  
Et spes haud teneras magnificæ fugæ.  
Audiuit Thamesis suo  
Non frustra tremulo murmura littore, e  
Vultu fluctibus eminens,  
Per læti properat pascua Cantii,  
Secum filiolos trahens  
In ulnis fluvios ; perruit ostium  
Rapto curriculo fremens,  
Et complens querulis fluminibus Patris  
Aulam ; deprecor anchoræ  
Morsus Hesperia, dixit, et impudens  
Gades ne satient suam  
Extremæ nimium turbine carbasum  
Quem noster Boreas rotat.  
Audiuit liquidus Rex querimonias,  
Et risu tumuit senex ;  
Arrisit Thamesis : classis abierat.



## NOTES.

THE references in the Glossarial Index which follows this are simple, viz.,

I., 12/35 = Vol. I., page 12, stanza 35.

II., 239/1, l. ... = Vol. II., page 239, column 1, line ....

As with the other Worthies, my earnest endeavour has been to record every word in any way noticeable. Occasionally—as in DR. HENRY MORE—now familiar words are included, because, while they do not call for explanation or annotation, they illustrate (1) the growth of our language and usage ; (2) the variations and freaks of orthography. Classical commonplaces of names and personifications and allusions are left unannotated. All words or things that seemed to call for illustration or explanation will be found more or less annotated. This other Glossarial Index is respectfully offered as an additional contribution to the future now being prepared under a capable

**ABROACH**, to set running—metaphor from a cask :  
'What mishaps might be set *abroach*' (Henry IV.  
pt. ii. iv. 2). So Swift—

'The Templar spruce, while every sport's *abroach*,  
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.  
(City Shower.)

I. 63/32, 185/127, 195/179; II. 90/189.

**ABROAD**, to fall down abroad, I. 152/173.

**ABSOLUTE**, *adj.* = perfect, II. 70/244.

— 'Thou art indeed  
So *absolute* in body and in mind,  
That but to speak the least part to the height  
Would ask an angel's tongue.'

(Massinger's Duke of Milan, t. 3.)

**ABSOLUTELY**, II. 100/74, 167/53, 169/71, 173/137.

**ABUSIVE**, II. 28/162.

**ACCESS**, II. 71/253.

**ACQUAINT** = acquainted, I. 52/122.

**ACTED**, *v.*, I. 139/281.

**ADAMANT**, I. 153/190, 166/42, 177/208; II. 125/16,  
217/30.

**Adamantine**—Adamas, adamant = the diamond; but  
the *adj.* here and elsewhere, seems used rather with  
reference to the quality of hardness, etc., than to  
those of its beauty, whiteness, clearness, and costli-  
ness. Thus Milton of Hell's gates 'thrice threefold,'  
. . . 'threefold were brass

Three iron, three of *adamantine* rock,' etc. (P. L. II.)

He has also (Samson Agon. 130) the word applied  
to suit of mail. Modernly Campbell uses it—

'Each gun  
From its *adamantine* lips  
Spread a death-shade round the ships.'  
(Battle of the Baltic.)

I. 14/44, 17/88, 118/316, 148/112; II. 58/68, 122/182,  
*et frequenter.*

**Admiration**, II. 169/80.

**Admire**, *v.*, admired = to wonder, I. 49/63, 93/213,  
106/130; II. 105/149, etc.

**Admiring**, *adj.*, I. 52/111, 115/274, 124/59; II. 87/142.

**Adulterate**, I. 178/221.

**Aeruginous**, I. 216/70.

**Aestuating**, *adj.*, II. 73/283.

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motion of the sea, the ebbing and flowing of the  
sea' (Cooper's Thes. s. v.). More exactly *aestus*,  
heat: hence *aestus*, to be hot—to be agitated by  
heat as boiling water, to bubble: of the sea, to  
foam, rage with force of tide or storm, etc. I.  
141/3.

**Affected**, *v.*, affect'st, II. 117/115, 153/148.

**Affected**, *adj.*, II. 50/209, 199/319.

**Affrightment**, I. 168/74.

**Affy'd**, *v.*, = affianced, I. 193/151.

**Affronting**, *v.* = facing, I. 15/65.

**Aforehand**, I. 31/30, 36/104, 48/54, etc.

**After-game**, I. 123/42.

**Aggrandized**, *v.*, I. 92/204.

**Agonistick**, I. 226/206.

**Alabaster**, II. 134/159.

**Albian**, I. 123/47.

**A-light** (set on a-light), II. 84/100.

**All-agreeing**, II. 88/155.

**All-beauteous**, II. 22/78.

**All-balmy**, I. 194/161.

**All-bane-transcending**, I. 168/298.

**All-bemangled**, II. 32/232.

**All-dooming**, I. 226/211.

**All-dazling**, I. 184/21.

**All-glory-shunning**, I. 143/29.

**All-love-deserving**, II. 23/95.

**Allow**, allow'd, *v.* = to approve, II. 107/178, 140/246.

**All-ravishing**, I. 15/58.

**All-snowy**, I. 131/168.

**All this All**, II. 92/220.

**All-tongu'd** = speaking all languages, II. 87/138.

**All-warming**, I. 213/21.

**Almain**, *adj.*, I. 183/3.

**Almug**, **Allmug**. See 1 Kings, x. 11-12, and cf. 2.  
Chronicles, ii. 8, where they are called *algum* trees.  
I. 175/180; II. 131/101.

**Almner**, cf. Fairy Queen, i. x. 38, II. 136/190.

**Alquickning**, II. 90/189.

**Amain**, I. 36/108, 128/129.

**Ambiguous**, I. 148/104.

**Ambushment**, I. 154/199, 197/216.

**Ambrosia**, I. 184/15.

**Ameable**, I. 126/87.

Amorously, I. 140/301.  
 Amours, I. 8/21.  
 Amphibiaenas, II. 120/154.  
 Amusement = being in a muse, II. 185/115.  
 Anathematized, *adj.*, II. 135/167.  
 Angels = messengers, II. 63/135.  
 Angel-faced, I. 220/122.  
 Angel-ships, II. 102/106.  
 Annealed, *adj.*, II. 243, st. 2. (Loves's Eye.)  
 Anneiled, *adj.*, I. 118/323, 207/357.  
 Annoy, *sb.*, II. 162/291.  
 Annular—the annular finger, I. 82/50.  
 Answerable = corresponding to, I. 134/216.  
 Antick, *adj.*, antic, I. 71/147; II. 24/104, 27/157.  
 Anticks, *sb.*, I. 219/109; II. 130/99.  
 Antichristianly, II. 195/258.  
 Antidate, *v.*, I. 218/88; II. 9/121, 147/56, 158/229.  
 Antidated, *adj.*, II. 15/211, 37/21.  
 Antiquation, II. 107/184.  
 Anvil—(to beat on), 'The surest armour *anvil'd* in the shop of passive fortitude' (Beaumont and Fletcher's Lover's Progress, IV. 1): 'You are now *anvilling* out some petty servant' (Hicks, Gentleman Instructed, ii. 303). II. 85/106.  
 Apace, I. 120/10.  
 Apes, *sb.*, I. 15/55.  
 Apologies, I. 70/131.  
 Apopsiopsis, II. 68/168.  
 Appaled, *adj.* = turned pale. 'Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer *appaled*' (Henry VI. pt. i. 1. 2). Same as our 'appal,' which has its meaning from the pallors of fear. I. 39/157.  
 Apparation, I. 137/254.  
 Apparent = visible. See Davies's Bible Engl., p. 194. I. 117/296.  
 Apparent heirs = heirs apparent, II. 201/19.  
 Apparition, II. 63/140, 68/209, 70/239, 71/253, etc.  
 Appiration, I. 142/13.  
 Appointed, *v.* = equipped, II. 83/72, 208/118.  
 Approof = approval — 'condemnation and *aproof*' (Measure for Measure, II. 4). I. 50/71.  
 Arachne, I. 64/51.  
 Arbitratrix, — 'arbitratrix and compoundresse of any quarrell' (Howell's Dodona's Grove, p. 4), II. 135/168.  
 Arcenal, I. 9/28.  
 Arcs, I. 178/232; II. 130/99.  
 Ardency, I. 18/99, 47/30, 204/318; II. 230/234, etc.  
 Ardent, *adj.* = burning, II. 82/68. Cf. 'fervent,' which also is almost always now metaphorically used, not as in 2 Peter iii. 10, 12.  
 Ardor, I. 175/181; II. 63/144, 79/15.  
 Aridity, II. 39/55.  
 Arithmetic Art, I. 223/167.  
 A-robbing, II. 185/110.  
 Aromatize, *v.*, II. 153/154, 174/154.  
 Aromatized, *adj.*, I. 14/52.  
 A-rotting, II. 153/148.  
 Aspect, *sb.*, I. 131/167, 172.

Asphaltites, I. 12/10.  
 A-staring, II. 86/118.  
 Astorgy = want of natural affection (*ἀστοργία*) such the ostrich (onward) is (erroneously) miscredited with. See Romans i. 31; 2 Timothy iii. 3 (Greek); also Job xxxix. 13-15. Astorgy is therefore the genius or rather fiend who produces this. *She* rides the ostrich because that bird 'neglecteth to brood her egges.' (Batman upon Barth, lxii. c. 33.) II. 185/107.  
 Astrologick, *adj.*, II. 131/109.  
 A-swearing, II. 86/119.  
 Ataxy, I. 91/189, 105/121; II. 9/118.  
 Atchiements, II. 18/12.  
 Atheous, II. 85/101. See Paradise Regained, i. 486.  
 Athletic, II. 195/256.  
 Attach, *v.*, II. 56/26.  
 Attending = waiting, II. 211/418.  
 Auditor, II. 156/200.  
 Aure—a misprint for 'awe,' the reading of 1648, text (c. vi. st. 14). But *in loco* (2d edn.) he may have meant to use it as Hippocrates uses *αἰῶρα* (from wind in the stomach) = gripings or throbbings of pain. I. 98/17.  
 Authentic, authentick, I. 61/7; II. 55/16, 181/54.  
 Authoriz'd, *v.*, II. 108/205.  
 Autographs, *sb.*, II. 138/225.  
 A-weeding, II. 65/161.  
 Awfulness, II. 59/72.  
 Axel, I. 99/27, 218/99.

## B

BABY = toy, II. 71/258.  
 Baby-God, I. 155/218.  
 Bacchanalian wars, II. 5/61.  
 Bacins, bacin, I. 92/198; II. 34/261.  
 Back-side, I. 105/126; II. 132/197. I must refer the student-reader to my full note in edition of Henry Vaughan's Works (4 vols., F. W. Lby). Similarly Herbert uses it in his Country Parson, c. x. p. 48 (1st edn., 1652), 'if he adds anything for a great day—or a stranger, his garden or orchard supplies it, or his barne and back-side.' Modern editors print 'yard.' Merely = that side or part opposite the front. We now say the backside of the house. Elizabethans used it for gardens, yards, etc. Cf. Exodus iii. 1. 'How in my back-side? where? what come they for?' (Jonson's Case is altered, iv. 4.)  
 Baffled, *v.*, I. 155/216.  
 Baffled, *adj.*, II. 176/178.  
 Bail (to be thy bail), I. 177/219.  
 Baited, *v.* = fed, I. 142/52.  
 Baited, *v.* = assailed, II. 29/185.  
 Balcōny, balcōnies, I. 84/79, 219/109. See N. and Q. *passim*.  
 Baleful, I. 229/263; II. 56/32.  
 Balk, *v.*, II. 187/138.  
 Ballas'd, *v.*, II. 216/13.  
 Ballast, *v.*, II. 148/75.  
 Band, *sb.*, bands, II. 126/26, 131/115, 152/134.

- Bandogs** = bound or tied-up dogs, *i.e.* with a collar—so, fierce. II. 66/190. See Nares, *s.v.* According to Pennant and others, the mastiff, 'fitted to match the bull or beare' (Whitney, 1586). Query = the watch-dog who by fierceness *banned* all intruders? 'The time when screech owls cry and ban-dogs howl' (2 Hen. vi. 4, 21).
- Bandore**, I. 67/93.
- Bandy**, *v.*, bandying, bandied, I. 147/86, 198/230; II. 34/258, 27/152, 219/67.
- Bane**, *sb.*, I. 104/103, 114/258, 154/199, etc.
- Bane**, *v.*, banes, I. 119/330, 149/129.
- Baneful**, I. 159/273, 202/293; II. 83/81, etc.
- Bang'd**, *v.*, I. 198/230; II. 31/218.
- Banning**, *v.*, II. 67/202.
- Barbarism**, II. 182/67.
- Barbarize**, *v.*, I. 146/85, 213/22; II. 41/71, etc.
- Barbarousness**, I. 214/34, 226/219; II. 35/269, etc.
- Barracado**, *v.*, barracadoing, I. 116/287, 184/18; II. 195/262.
- Barracado up**, *v.*, II. 156/199.
- Base-hearted**, II. 47/173.
- Basilisk**, I. 153/188, 230/268; II. 20/48, 70/248, 120/154, 157/220.
- Bate**, *v.* = to abate, II. 143/4, 166/26.
- Bate**, *v.*, II. 155/188, 171/111, 172/118.
- Bating**, *v.*, bate, *as*, *e.g.* bating only this, I. 109/181, 124/59; II. 7/86.
- Battails** = battles, I. 8/22.
- Battalia**, I. 79/7, 190/115.
- Bawd**, I. 226/219.
- Bawling**, *sb.*, II. 66/190.
- Bay** (Abraham's Bay) I. 210/415.
- Bay**, *sb.* = wreath, I. 11/4; II. 147/70.
- Bear**, *sb.* = bier, I. 95/249.
- Beauteous-hideous**, II. 176/179.
- Beck**, *sb.*, I. 77/244, 171/118; II. 60/88, 82/59, etc.
- Beclug**, *v.*, II. 175/167.
- Becloud**, *v.*, beclouded, becloudeth, I. 52/114; II. 125/24, 9/240, etc.
- Beclouded**, *adj.*, II. 68/207.
- Bedewed**, *adj.*, I. 210/403.
- Befooled**, *adj.*, I. 190/113; II. 148/81.
- Begay**, *v.*, I. 50/75.
- Beggar-god**, I. 191/127.
- Beholden**, *v.* (to be beholden), II. 83/71.
- Belace**, *v.*, belac'd, I. 32/48; II. 174/157.
- Belaced**, *adj.*, II. 125/13, 148/81.
- Belch**, *v.*, belching, belched, I. 100/48; II. 21/61, 39/51, 57/47, etc.
- Belch out**, *v.*, II. 181/54.
- Beldame**, I. 58/198; II. 47/170, 59/80, 122/185.—See Nares, *s.v.*, for full notes and examples.
- Belk**, *v.*, belking, I. 39/146, 104/103, 212/4; II. 89/168, etc.
- Belking**, *adj.*, I. 13/30, 45/6, 114/260; II. 21/61, etc.
- Bemangled**, I. 200/261, 221/137.
- Benefactrix**, II. 140/248.
- Benisons**, II. 145/32.
- Bent**, *sb.*, II. 182/58.
- Beseech'd**, *v.*, I. 185/37.
- Besmear'd**, *v.*, II. 20/47, 23/98, 88/151.
- Besotted**, *v.*, II. 168/57.
- Bid**, *v.*, II. 62/120.
- Big-bin'd**, I. 155/206.
- Big-look'd**, II. 26/143.
- Billowy**, *adj.*, billowy frown = wave, II. 54/8. See our Introduction (II. Critical) on this.
- Bin**, *v.*, II. 99/61.
- Bitterly-delicious**, I. 217/76.
- Bitterly-delightful**, II. 77/352.
- Black**, lagging, II. 103/121.
- Blackness** (His B. = Devil), I. 164/15.
- Blains**, *sb.*, II. 136/177.
- Blanch**, *v.*, blanche, II. 17, Argument, 67/199.
- Blandishings**, I. 97/4.
- Blandishment**, I. 127/10, 221/113; II. 19/40, 184/94.
- Blasphemous**, II. 9/116, 106/169.
- Blaz'd**, *v.*, I. 159/227.
- Blar-eyd**, II. 57/42, 168/67.
- Bliss-begetting**, II. 88/147.
- Bliss-unlocking**, II. 135/168.
- Bloodhounds**, II. 18/21, 31/213.
- Blood-squeezing**, I. 128/127.
- Bloody-meek**, I. 227/235.
- Blubber**, *v.*, I. 93/210.
- Blubber'd**, *adj.*, I. 15/59, 46/20, 106/130; II. 99/62, etc.
- Blur**, *v.*, I. 130/150.
- Blur**, *sb.*, II. 139/222.
- Board**, *sb.*, boards = table, I. 218/96; II. 154/166, 167.
- Bodkins**, II. 182/69, 208/117.
- Bohn**, I. 105/117.
- Boistrousness**, II. 53/255, 223/123.
- Boldly-busy**, II. 129/73.
- Bolonian Godfrey**, II. 96/13.
- Bolster'd up**, *v.*, II. 129/79.
- Bolt**, *sb.* (of fire), I. 204/314.
- Bolt**, *sb.* (of thunder), II. 182/58.
- Bondless**, II. 12/163.
- Bonfire**, bonfires, II. 82/67, 96/12, 103/127, 113/45, etc.
- Bonity**, II. 168/70.
- Born** = borne, I. 21/144.
- Bookish**, I. 32/51.
- Boot**, *v.*, boots, I. 79/1, 109/182; II. 89/161, etc.
- Bottles**, *sb.*, bottles, I. 81/27, 141/2, 210/409, 214/40; II. 15/220, 39/54, 167/42, 226/170.
- Bowl**, *sb.* = bowl, I. 65/61, 67/95; II. 154/162, 166.
- Boulimy** = ox-hunger, insatiate appetite, I. 65/63, 167/64; II. 15/212. Bailey in his Dictionary gives two explanations of this word, (1.) hunger like an ox's, (2.) hunger sufficient to eat an ox.
- Boult**, *v.*, bouted, boulding, I. 84/75, 124/69, 154/203; II. 8/107, 10/134, 65/173.
- Bounden**, *adj.* (bounden brine, bounden homage), I. 38/134, 137/263.
- Bow'd**, *v.*, bowing = to bend, I. 132/187, 193/160, 196/200.

Brachmans, I. 189/88.  
 Brackish, II. 153/149.  
 Brag, *adj.*, I. 168/72.  
 Brags, *sb.*, I. 206/347.  
 Brag'd, *v.*, II. 89/168.  
 Brat, *sb.*, brats, I. 73/188, 121/20, 229/64; II. 130/94, etc.  
 Brave, I. 53/126, 129/135, 197/210, 209/387, etc.  
 Bravery = adornment in braveries, I. 53/118, 65/61, 84/77, 104/109, 174/174, etc.  
 Bravery = courage, I. 168/84.  
 Braving, *adj.* = boasting, I. 226/213.  
 Bravingly, II. 132/116.  
 Brawn, I. 189/92, 93.  
 Breakfast, I. 132/176.  
 Brew, *v.*, II. 180/27.  
 Bridled in, *v.*, II. 185/108.  
 Bright-flaming, I. 184/16.  
 Brims, *v.*, II. 89/174.  
 Brinc, *sb.*, I. 38/134.  
 Brisk, *adj.* 'Brisk as the April birds' (Comus, 671).  
 I. 87/121, 113/241, 219/109; II. 92/209.  
 Briskest, *adj.*, II. 155/185, 178/6.  
 Briskly-blooming, II. 134/149.  
 Broach, *v.*, I. 16/68, 44/5, 73/179, 80/14, 119/330, etc.  
 Broach, *v.*, broach your bottles = weep, II. 39/54. Cf. 'water your plants.' See Nares, *s.v.*  
 Broad-ey'd, I. 136/245.  
 Brook, *v.*, I. 88/141; II. 11/152, 161/277.  
 Bruit, I. 164/24.  
 Bubling, *adj.*, II. 129/74.  
 Buckle, *v.* (to buckle to), II. 127/42.  
 Budgets, *sb.*, II. 122/187.  
 Buff, *sb.*, II. 144/19.  
 Buisy, I. 52/106.  
 Bulk, *sb.*, II. 4/53, 21/58, 226/165.  
 Bunched, *adj.*, I. 218/90.  
 Bung, *sb.*, II. 67/197, 89/174.  
 Burglary, II. 66/177.  
 Burly = like a boor:

'a tombe that in her *burly* breast  
 The sea shall open.' (Chapman's Iliad, xxi.)

Used sometimes with a sub-signification of swelling with pride, strutting, etc. I. 95/241, 96/253, 124/70, 129/135, 174/174; II. 16/222, etc.

Burning-glass, II. 58/70.  
 Burroughs, I. 196/200.  
 Busks, I. 92/195, 103/95.  
 But, *sb.* butt, I. 98/15, 123/53, 177/215; II. 20/54, etc.  
 Buxom, I. 220/121.  
 By and by = immediately, I. 33/59.  
 By-blows = bastards, 'Such *by-blows*, old stories say, still proved Fortunate captains' (Massinger's Parle of Love, v. 1): 'He . . . is the natural brother of the King, a *by-blow*' (*ibid.* Maid of Honour, i. 1). Jonson (Magnetic Lady, iv. 2) has 'by-chop' in the same sense. Cf. Tom Jones, bk. viii. c. 4. I. 17/85, 68/113.  
 By-paths, bypathes, I. 146/71; II. 165/22.

## C

CAKED, *adj.*, I. 110/195.  
 Calcining, *adj.*, I. 101/64; II. 53/256.  
 Calming, *adj.*, II. 146/42.  
 Calmy, I. 202/284; II. 125/23, 202/31.  
 Campagnia, II. 202/31.  
 Campania, II. 73/282.  
 Candied, *ad.*, I. 184/15.  
 Candor, *sb.* = whiteness, I. 42/197, 124/64, 195/180; II. 165/12.  
 Candy, *v.* candied, I. 193/146; II. 91/198.  
 Candy'd, *adj.*, I. 17/96.  
 Canker, *sb.*, I. 212/1, 216/70; II. 20/51, 151/130, etc.  
 Cankering, *adj.*, II. 121/161.  
 Canonized, *adj.*, II. 116/90.  
 Cantagion, II. 39/47.  
 Cants, *sb.*, I. 219/209.  
 Cants out, *v.* = distributes, I. 202/281.  
 Cap-a-pe, II. 11/154.  
 Captivate, *v.*, II. 125/16.  
 Captivated, *adj.*, I. 228/238.  
 Captiv'd, *v.*, II. 14/193.  
 Card, *sb.* = chart, I. 81/37; II. 161/270.  
 Carking, *adj.*, I. 216/58.  
 Career'd, *v. tr.*, II. 161/266.  
 Carrion, I. 192/142.  
 Carriages, *sb.* = that which bore the baggage, I. 175/187.  
 Cashiering, *v.*, II. 54/6.  
 Cast, *v.* = to cast in his mind = consider, I. 144/44.  
 Cast, *v.* = to reckon, cast their fund accounts, II. 159/248.  
 Catastrophe—It is told of a pedantic person who was at once parson and village schoolmaster, that having severely chastised some lads for forgetting the meaning of this word, which he had explained as = end of a thing, he was next day met by his victims while on horseback. All of a sudden his not usually frisky Dobbin reared, and became extremely excited. Why? Because the mischievous school-boys had placed a gorse-spray under the tail of the steed, and roared after its irate rider to 'look under the catastrophe of his horse'!! So Shakespeare 'I'll tickle your catastrophe' (Henry IV., pt. II. II. 1). I. 220/118.  
 Catch'd, *v.* = caught, I. 186/54, 55, 193/147, 153.  
 Cates, I. 39/151, 53/123, 117/301, 182/284, etc.  
 Cates of Marsels, II. 10/133.  
 Cater, *sb.* = caterer, I. 56/172, 71/147.  
 Caterer, I. 184/16.  
 Causeless-rebel, I. 149/123.  
 Caution'd, *v.*, I. 8/12.  
 Caytiff, *sb.* caytifs, I. 157/247; II. 41/80.  
 Cedar-crowned, I. 14/50.  
 Cedar head, I. 73/181.  
 Celsitude, I. 132/187.  
 Cement, *sb.*, I. 193/148; II. 36/8, 104/142, 144/12.  
 Cement, *v.*, I. 227/222; II. 27/151, 116/89.  
 Censor, II. 138/215.

- Censure, *sb.*, I. 51/98, 199/243; II. 23/86, 63/142, etc.  
 Censure, *v.*, I. 208/381; II. 119/133.  
 Centuries = hundreds, II. 125/20.  
 Ceremonious, II. 105/107, *et alibi*.  
 Cerinthian, II. 118/116.  
 Chaf'd, *adj.*, II. 159/250.  
 Chalkey, *adj.*, II. 142/272.  
 Chamelions, I. 170/101.  
 Champagne (lay in), II. 87/136.  
 Champain, I. 134/207.  
 Champing, *v.* champ'd, I. 71/155; II. 159/249, 180/26, 184/95.  
 Chance-defying, II. 85/111.  
 Chap, *sb.* = chops, II. 60/90, 207/102.  
 Chapter, I. 112/231.  
 Chapman, chapmen, I. 153/184, 223/163-6, 230/272; II. 181/49, etc.  
 Charet, I. 175/180, 204/321; II. 43/101, etc.  
 Characters, *sb.*, I. 128/117, 222/157; II. 75/323.  
 Character'd, *v.*, II. 222/101.  
 Charles his wain, II. 146/46.  
 Chaste-sighing, I. 42/197.  
 Chastly-pleasant, I. 182/283.  
 Chearly, cheerly, *adj.*, I. 40/161, 138/275, 203/310; II. 55/12, 63/136, etc.  
 Cheerlyer, cheerlyer, I. 161/302; II. 9/123, 187/131, 212/177.  
 Cheerlyest, II. 112/32.  
 Check, *sb.*, II. 165/18.  
 Check, *v.*, check'd, I. 178/233; II. 173/144.  
 Check'd, *adj.*, II. 157/206.  
 Checker, *sb.* = alternate white or black, as in checkers or draughts—pure Clarity and glowing Doubting alternating, II. 168/61.  
 Checker, *sb.* = exchequer, treasury, I. 223/168; II. 161/69.  
 Chequer, *sb.* = exchequer, treasury, I. 65/69.  
 Chevalry, I. 32/54, 66/176.  
 Chew'd upon, I. 174/161.  
 Chimaeras, II. 120/154.  
 Chink'd, *adj.*, I. 90/162.  
 Chinks, *sb.* = crevices, I. 219/113.  
 Chinks, *sb.* = sounds as of coin, I. 224/176.  
 Chirping, *adj.*, II. 67/201.  
 Chode, *v.*, I. 99/31, 137/261; II. 63/135, 68/216, etc.  
 Christ-bred, II. 89/162.  
 Cignet, I. 124/64.  
 Cimmerian, II. 45/143.  
 Cincture, I. 49/69, 52/115, 122/28.  
 Cinque-ports, I. 87/118; II. 156/192.  
 Circled, *adj.*, II. 112/33. The reference is to the 'cycle' mentioned in previous stanzas = she went round in a circle or cycle.  
 Civet, *sb.*, II. 153/156.  
 Civit box, *sb.*, II. 152/144.  
 Civil speciousness, II. 161/271.  
 Civility, II. 173/145.  
 Civilized, *v.*, II. 179/18.  
 Clambering, *v.*, II. 86/117.  
 Claritude, I. 119/331, 124/66, 131/166, 195/183; II. 92/206, etc.  
 Clarity, clarities, I. 11/5, 42/200; II. 140/247, 164, The Argument, 168/61.  
 Clarks, II. 156/203.  
 Classical Degrees, II. 225/151.  
 Clear-ey'd, I. 165/35.  
 Cleft, *sb.*, II. 82/70, 84/88.  
 Cleopatra, I. 70/146.  
 Clip, *v.* = to cut or trim, I. 178/221.  
 Clock (Nature's Vigilant Clock) = cock, I. 130/146.  
 Close-fauning, II. 156/194.  
 Close-shrunk, I. 184/12.  
 Clotted, *adj.*, II. 23/98.  
 Clotted, *v.*, II. 129/80.  
 Cloud-cutting, II. 80/40.  
 Clouded, *v.*, II. 142/273.  
 Clouted, *v.*, I. 175/180.  
 Clouts, *sb.*, I. 134/216, 139/287.  
 Clownish, II. 13/186.  
 Clung-up, *adj.*, I. 166/49.  
 Coach, I. 205/337; II. 72/267, 83/76.  
 Coalblack (and see cole-black), I. 153/176; II. 207/102.  
 Cock, *sb.* = a tap, II. 156/201.  
 Cock-boat, I. 164/14.  
 Coemiteries, I. 200/252.  
 Cognation = relation to, I. 118/319; II. 174/154, 181/50.  
 Cohabitant, II. 28/170.  
 Cohabits, *v.*, II. 137/202.  
 Cold dry = barren, I. 126/94.  
 Cold-hearted, II. 134/157.  
 Cole-black, and see Coalblack, I. 104/103, 147/96; II. 122/88.  
 Coleworts, II. 107/177.  
 Colin = Spenser, I. 68/105.  
 Colluvies—and 'colluvio,' which latter is the commoner Latin form = concourse of filth (as from the mouth of a sewer), often used metaphorically = things washed together, a mass of filth, a strange medley, etc., II. 136/177.  
 Combine, *v.*, II. 144/12.  
 Combrous, II. 6/77.  
 Comedy, and (of comfort), as used by Dante, 'The Divine Comedy' = drama, in a large sense any thing acted out, without reference to the stage, or our notions of comedy as involving the ludicrous, II. 50/216, 81/45.  
 Committee, II. 190/181.  
 Commoner, *sb.*, II. 186/164.  
 Commons, *sb.* = common people, II. 26/141, 157/208.  
 Common-web, II. 42/86.  
 Community, II. 143/10, 144/24.  
 Complacence, II. 74/303.  
 Complement = completion, I. 50/79.  
 Complement, *v.*, to complete, II. 110/2.  
 Complement, *sb.* = compliment I. 23/175, 33/63, 91/178, 197/211.  
 Complemental, I. 18/102, 210/415, 219/110, 226/216.  
 Complemented, *v.* = complimented, II. 40/69.  
 Complices, I. 84/75; II. 217/36.  
 Compliment, *sb.*, compliments, II. 13/190, 21/67.



- Compline, II. 219/67.  
 Composure = composition, I. 119/333, 148/104.  
 Comprehension = compendium, epitome, I. 168/72.  
 Comprise, *v.*, I. 45/7, 87/117; II. 224/138.  
 Concameration, II. 76/326.  
 Conceit, *v. int.*, II. 90/180.  
 Conceit, *sb.*, II. 31/214.  
 Concent, *sb.* = harmony, II. 169/181.  
 Concentred, *v. int.*, concentrating, I. 185/29; II. 173/143.  
 Concoct, *v.* = digest, I. 142/12.  
 Concoction = digestion, II. 163/305.  
 Concomitance, II. 8/107.  
 Concurring, I. 32/47, 227/222.  
 Concurr'd, *v.*, to run together (wounds concurr'd), I. 202/262.  
 Condescent, *sb.*, I. 132/183, 218/100; II. 12/161, etc.  
 Conduct, *sb.* = guidance, I. 128/123.  
 Confectory art, I. 71/147.  
 Confluence, II. 60/98.  
 Conflux, I. 174/173; II. 63/133, 88/157.  
 Confute, *v.*, I. 213/24, 216/56.  
 Confuting, *v.*, I. 40/166.  
 Congé, I. 9/37; II. 157/206.  
 Congested, I. 216/64; II. 3/39.  
 Congregate, *v. tr.* = to gather together, II. 54/9.  
 Conjurat[i]on = conspiracy, I. 39/153, 198/233, 178/236; II. 115/80, etc.  
 Conjure, *v.*, conjur'd, I. 153/190; II. 20/55, 97/26, 128/69.  
 Conjure down, II. 66/188.  
 Conjur'd up, II. 42/95.  
 Conjur'd, *v.*, II. 97/37.  
 Conjuring, *adj.*, I. 94/226, 152/166.  
 Conn'd, *v.*, I. 173/159; II. 19/33.  
 Conne by heart, II. 86/126.  
 Consanguinity, II. 36/4, 80/29.  
 Conscience = consciousness, II. 6/78.  
 Consequents, *sb.*, I. 75/212; II. 8/105.  
 Consistorial, II. 19/28.  
 Consorts, *sb.* = companions, I. 39/160, 41/190, 193/156; II. 7/95, etc.  
 Consort, *sb.* = in music, I. 68/110, 73/295.  
 Conspiracy, I. 49/56, 85/98, 113/235, 185/28; II. 82/60, etc.  
 Conspire, *v.*, conspir'd, I. 146/82; II. 4/54, 54/7, 55/13; II. 153/148.  
 Constellated, *v.*, I. 18/11.  
 Contain'd, *v.* = kept in, restrained, II. 156/203.  
 Contempor'd, *v.*, II. 119/137.  
 Contentation, II. 81/52.  
 Contention = distaste, I. 95/249.  
 Contestation = dispute, I. 160/295, 225/196; II. 98/51, 105/156.  
 Continent, II. 4/55.  
 Contradicting, *adj.*, II. 167/47.  
 Contreplot, I. 149/124.  
 Contrivement, I. 24/189.  
 Conventicle, II. 18/23, 83/83.  
 Conventicling, *adj.*, II. 83/80.  
 Convert, *v. tr.*, I. 121/11, 187/65; II. 226/174.  
 Convince, *v.*, convinced, I. 52/134, 90/169, 102/38, 102/80; II. 193/26, etc.  
 Convinced, *adj.*, II. 38/37, 208/121.  
 Convincing, *adj.* = conquering, I. 100/54; II. 160/263.  
 Convive, *sb.*, II. 247, st. 4. (Horne.)  
 Convives, *sb.*, I. 196/205, 197/211; II. 5/69, 6/83, etc.  
 Convoy, *sb.*, I. 123/50, 138/271; II. 72/271, 231/242.  
 Convoy'd, *v.*, convoys, I. 42/194, 134/224, 137/299.  
 Burns introduces the word finely in his 'Cottar's Saturday Night' of Jenny 'convoy'd' by her 'sweet-heart,'—through the French instead of the Latin.  
 In 1648 ed. c. ii., 148, it 'swiftlie carried her.'  
 Convoing, *adj.*, I. 184/16.  
 Cops, I. 108/73.  
 Copulation, I. 227/221.  
 Cordial, *adj.*, II. 80/40.  
 Cordials, *sb.*, II. 161/278.  
 Cormorants, I. 218/87.  
 Corn, *sb., pl.*, 'the corn hung down *their* heads,' II. 203/48. 'Its' was at this time rather a modern introduction. See Davies's 'Bible English,' p. 59.  
 Corneous, I. 64/46.  
 Cornishes, *sb.* = cornices, I. 219/109.  
 Corps, I. 102/171, 211/417; II. 51/229, etc.  
 Correspondence = agreement, II. 174/157.  
 Correspondent, *adj.*, I. 212/3; II. 175/163, 183/74.  
 Corruptive, I. 59/209.  
 Corsives, *sb.*, II. 151/130, 179/23.  
 Corsive, *adj.*, I. 76/221, 168/81.  
 Cosen'd, *v.*, I. 156/229.  
 Couchant, I. 112/228, 213/14; II. 188/158.  
 Couching, *v.*, II. 59/75.  
 Countermand, *sb.*, II. 55/16.  
 Countermine, *sb.*, I. 168/75; II. 31/207, 57/51.  
 Countermines, *v.*, II. 119/138.  
 Countermures, II. 76/327.  
 Counterplot, II. 152/145.  
 Counter-works, I. p. 11, Argument.  
 Course, *adj.* = coarse, I. 38/139, 47/34, 210/202, etc.  
 Courser, *adj.* = coarser, I. 50/75, 63/29.  
 Course-spun, *adj.* = coarse-spun, I. 43/219.  
 Courtship = courtesy, II. 51/229.  
 Covenant, II. 113/47, 132/121.  
 Cowardly-courageous, II. 159/246.  
 Cozenage, I. 41/178.  
 Cozen'd, *v.*, II. 154/161.  
 Crabbed, *adj.*, II. 32/228.  
 Crack, *v.* = to boast, II. 42/93.  
 Crack'd, *adj.*, I. 116/293.  
 Cracked, I. 68/112.  
 Cragged, *adj.*, I. 141/6.  
 Craggedst, *adj.*, II. 248, st. 1. (Idleness.)  
 Craggy, II. 123/202, 141/255, 178/9.  
 Crambe, I. 159/276.  
 Crampfish, I. 110/195.  
 Crannied, II. 3/38.  
 Cranny, I. 154/192.  
 Cratch, I. 132/180, 189, 133/200; II. 112/29, 113/41.  
 Craziness, I. 40/173.

*Crazy*, I. 116/293, 159/279, 198/233; II. 126/35.  
*Crazy-brained*, I. 94/234.  
*Cream*, *sb.* = choicest part, I. 133/202.  
*Crest*, *sb.* (of lion), II. 181/55.  
*Crest*, *sb.* = top, I. 169/89; II. 165/15, 169/78, 172/120, etc.  
*Crinkling*, *adj.*, *crinckling*, I. 40/173, 166/50. If I err  
not, John Clare uses the word of snow under the  
feet. It is found so early as John Skelton (Elynour  
Rummin),

'Her face all bowsey  
Comely *crinckled*  
Wonderously wrynckled.'

The usual sense is = bendings or bowings. Hence  
wrinkled and therefore withered.

*Crisped*, *adj.*, I. 208/380; II. 148/81.  
*Crisping-irons*, II. 125/12.  
*Crisping pin* (Isaiah iii. 22), I. 93/215.  
*Crocodile*, *crocodil*, I. 183/73; II. 22/82, 184/97-98.  
*Croce*, *sb.*, II. 217/36.  
*Crookback'd*, I. 108/161.  
*Cross*, *adj.*, I. 95/246, 121/16; II. 69/230, 127/50.  
*Cross-grain'd*, II. 179/18.  
*Crossly*, *adv.*, I. 216/62.  
*Crossness*, II. 17/1, 8.  
*Crow'd*, *v.* = crowd, I. 53/125.  
*Cruel-beak'd*, I. 213/16.  
*Cruel-looking*, I. 20/129.  
*Crumbled*, *v. tr.*, I. 65/59.  
*Crystallize* (crystallize) = to make clear, I. 193/46.  
*Cue*, *sb.*, I. 174/169, 186/42; II. 4/45, 17/4, etc.  
*Culminant*, *adj.*, II. 95/4.  
*Cunning*, *adj.*, I. 222/151.  
*Cunning*, *sb.*, I. 213/25; II. 66/189.  
*Cunningest*, I. 157/243; II. 174/151.  
*Curiosity*, II. 166/35, 181/47.  
*Curious*, I. 50/71; II. 153/148, 155/178.  
*Curiously*, I. 124/62.  
*Curiousness*, II. 27/152.  
*Curtail'd*, *adj.*, II. 162/295.  
*Cushionets*, I. 112/228.  
*Cussed*, *adj.*, II. 120/158.  
*Cuts*, *sb.*, article of dress, II. 155/180.  
*Cygnets*, I. 19/119.

## D

*DABLING*, *v.*, II. 34/261, 130/93.  
*Dainties*, *sb.*, I. 29/7.  
*Daintily*, II. 78/7.  
*Daintiness*, II. 63/145, 174/173.  
*Dainty*, II. 51/230, 69/231, 71/252, 265, etc.  
*Dam'd*, *v.* = dammed—pent up, I. 126/95.  
*Damn'd*, *v.* = to condemn, I. 87/128; II. 208/116.  
*Dammed*, *adj.*, *qu. dammed?* I. 207/362.  
*Danger-scorning*, I. 85/92.  
*Danger-stricken*, II. 50/213.  
*Dangling*, *adj.*, I. 30/16; II. 122/87.  
*Dare*, I. 70/144 = dace (according to Halliwell-Phillips,  
*s.v.*). See Iz. Walton, pt. i. c. xvii. In Couch's  
'British Fishes' (iv. 54) it is called Dart.

*Dead*, *v.*, I. 83/66.  
*Deadish*, II. 212/178.  
*Deafs*, *v.*, I. 80/23.  
*Death-awakening*, I. 226/211.  
*Death-daring*, I. 49/59.  
*Death-deriving*, I. 165/30.  
*Death-designing*, I. 156/228.  
*Death-despising*, II. 16/221.  
*Death-scorning*, I. 194/173.  
*Decent*, I. 171/129, 175/188.  
*Decorum*, I. 184/22.  
*Decoys*, *sb.* = decoy birds, II. 126/37.  
*Decyphered*, II. 42/87.  
*Deep-amused*, II. 71/261.  
*Deep-damn'd*, II. 121/167.  
*Deep-dy'd*, I. 168/74.  
*Deep-grain'd*, I. 102/84.  
*Deeplier*, II. 57/50.  
*Deep-observing*, I. 133/205.  
*Deep-plow'd*, I. 176/202.  
*Deep-writ*, I. 155/214, 171/121.  
*Deflected*, II. 229/209.  
*Defloure*, *v.*, *deflower*, I. 40/171, 121/21, 163/3; II. 3/29.  
*Defloured*, *adj.*, II. 43/108.  
*Degenerous*, II. 5/59, 24/103.  
*Deicide*—'The earth profaned yet blessed by Deicide'  
(Prior, Ode on Exodus iii. 14). II. 46/152.  
*Dejected*, *v.* = cast down, I. 174/171, 176/196.  
*Delicately-sacred*, I. 185/28.  
*Delicates*, I. 204/323; II. 16/233, 134/149.  
*Deligence*, II. 102/107.  
*Delinquency*, II. 188/150.  
*Delinquents*, II. 188/149.  
*Delve*, *v.*, I. 218/90; II. 126/38, 159/241.  
*Demur*, *sb.* = delay, I. 73/177, 103/88; II. 39/42.  
*Demurr'd*, *v.*, II. 64/148.  
*Deplorations*, II. 122/193.  
*Deposed*, *v.*, II. 118/125.  
*Derelection*, I. 5/5; II. 200, The Argument, 204/51,  
217/28, 218/49.  
*Derives*, *v.*, I. 210/413, 227/221.  
*Descension*, I. 95/246.  
*Designed*, *adj.* = designated, I. 14/45.  
*Desparation*, I. 200/252.  
*Desperateness*, I. 168/72.  
*Despightful*, II. 115/184.  
*Destain*, *v.*, II. 26/133.  
*Detorteth*, *v.*, II. 46/155.  
*Devest*, *v.*, *devested*, II. 62/72, 79/18.  
*Devotos*, I. 151/150, 172/139, 205/338, 218/86; II. 193/  
225, *et frequenter*.  
*Devour'd*, *v.*, (devour'd their way), I. 162/311.  
*Dexter*, *adj.*, (d. hand. d. Wing), I. 220/116; II. 221/98.

'My mother's blood  
Runs on the *dexter* cheek.'  
(Tr. and Cress. iv. 5.)

*Diaphanous*, I. 64/66.  
*Dictamnum*, and see 'Ditany,' II. 14, 198. Derives its

name from Mount Dicta, where Zeus was nourished in Crete. Cf. Holyoke, *s.v.*, and Aelian, *s.v.* In English Plant Names published by Engl. Dialect Socy. is this:—'Dictamnus Fraxinella, or Burning Bush. It is said that the plant gives off so large a quantity of essential oil that the air around it becomes inflammable, and will ignite if a light be brought near' (p. 77).

Difficultest, II. 154/17.  
 Dight, I. 171/122; II. 221/95.  
 Dignation, II. 166/29, 172/129.  
 Dilations, II. 184/91.  
 Dint, *sb.*, I. 29/4, 46/11, 47/36, 76/225, 98/17, etc.  
 Diocess, I. 202/281.  
 Disagreeing, *adj.* = diverse, II. 87/144.  
 Disbanded, *v.*, II. 163/306.  
 Discession, II. 228/195.  
 Disciplining, *adj.*, II. 179/11.  
 Disconsolation, II. 54/13, 212/176.  
 Disease, *sb.*, I. 33/61 (= Bibliomania); II. 19/28.  
 Disgusted, *v.* (was disgusted), II. 107/190.  
 Dishevel, *v.*, dishevel'd, I. 29/19; II. 129/80.  
 Disherited, I. 221/145.  
 Dismal, I. 30/23.  
 Dismission, I. 196/200; II. 28/173.  
 Disolation, II. 85/110.  
 Displeasant, II. 153/149.  
 Disrelish, *v.*, disrelished, II. 105/148, 165/14, 173/138.  
 Dissembler = imitator, II. 120/146.  
 Ditany (sovereign), and see Dictamnum, II. 14/197.  
 Dive, *adj.* = divine? I. 230/278.  
 Doctress, II. 210/147.  
 Doctor = teacher, II. 5/68.  
 Dogged, *adj.*, I. 217/76; II. 180/37.  
 Doggedly, II. 173/145.  
 Dole, *sb.*, II. 14/195.  
 Domineer, *v.*, domineers = to reign, II. 11/49, 173/34, 181/52.  
 Doom, *sb.*, I. 184/25, 217/71; II. 68/219, 180/33.  
 Dorce, I. 70/144. The sea-fish St. Peter's fish (*dorée*, Fr.), the John Dory. In Couch (iii. 66) it is spelled Dorse, and has the other name of 'variable cod': 'Baltic cod.' In 1648 edition it is not named, the line being:—

'The Mullet, Barble, Codfish, Conger, Trout.'

Double, *v.*, II. 215/9.  
 Doubled, II. 164/6.  
 Double-faced, II. 139/192.  
 Double-hearted, I. 97/4.  
 Doubtful = doubting, I. 125/71.  
 Dragons, I. 213/15, 230/268; II. 20/49, 58/68, etc.  
 Dread-darting, I. 103/96.  
 Dreadfulness, I. 221/140.  
 Dresser-boards, II. 185/109.  
 Driven-snow, II. 51/230, 62/122.  
 Dross, II. 70/238.  
 Droyling, *adj.*, II. 176/176.  
 Dry-starv'd, I. 184/14.

Dubb'd, II. 4/43.  
 Dugs, II. 122/187.  
 Dull-ey'd, I. 27/247, 153/180.  
 Dull-hearted, II. 71/258.  
 Dughill, *adj.*, II. 165/16.  
 Duplicates, *v.*, I. 132/182; II. 230/230.  
 Durity, I. 177/208; II. 37/15.  
 Dust-begotten, I. 12/21.  
 Dust-damped, II. 13/180.  
 Dutch or Danish bowls = notorious drunken nations; II. 5/61.

## E

EAGLE-LIKE, II. 16/221.  
 Early-pious, I. 142/19.  
 Earned, *adj.*, = ? longed for? yearned? II. 64/159.  
 Earned, *adj.*, = the spectacle earned by and vouchsafed to her tears, II. 88/151.  
 Earnest—bashful, II. 104/139.  
 Earnestness—seems to be used as = earnest sparkling, 'earnest' being = stretching forward to, striving to reach its aim (brilliance) in accordance with context word 'strive,' I. 85/95.  
 Earth-despising, II. 160/260.  
 Earthen, *adj.*, I. 207/356.  
 Earth-relying, II. 47/173.  
 Easier, II. 168/57.  
 Easiest, II. 126/131.  
 Easts, *sb.*, I. 131/166.  
 Eb-defying, II. 166/37.  
 Ebon-shining, I. 175/178.  
 Ecclesiastick House, II. 83/84.  
 Ecstasies, ecstasy, II. 14/192, 68/209, 71/263, 73/290.  
 Ecstatick, I. 133/199, 205/330; II. 5/66, 11/150, etc.  
 Effeminated, I. 68/109.  
 Effigies, I. 204/313; II. 221/98.  
 Effluence, II. 162/289.  
 Effusions, II. 114/69.  
 Egg, *v.*, II. 19/32.  
 Ejaculations, *sb.* = darting forth of rays, as the diamond, I. 54/143.  
 Ejulations, I. 100/43, 201/274, 229/255, 230/273; II. 19/37, etc.  
 Elders, *sb.*, play on word, II. 145/28.  
 Elf, I. 159/279, 191/118, 212/1; II. 1/5, etc.  
 Elogium, elogiums, I. 24/196; II. 14/194.  
 Elves, I. 59/210, 177/216, 178/227, 200/257, etc.  
 Ambassador, I. 9/37; II. 89/93, 90/181, 224/141.  
 Embassy, II. 90/181.  
 Emblematize, *v.*, I. 43/217.  
 Embrave, *v.* = to adorn, I. 17/83; II. 54/6, 82/57.  
 Embrave, *v.* = to strengthen, encourage, I. 168/72; II. 9/125, 22/75, 91/205.  
 Embraved, *adj.* = strengthened, encouraged, I. 164/20.  
 Embroider'd, *v.*, I. 208/385.  
 Embryo, II. 143/7, 181/53.  
 Emergent, *adj.*, I. 197/207.  
 Empoisoning, II. 184/97.  
 Emphyrean, II. 76/340, 149/92.  
 Emphyrean tapers, II. 73/282.

Emptæum, I. 132/176; II. 82/62, 192/208.  
 Enammel'd, *v.*, II. 101/86.  
 Enchas'd, *v.*, II. 161/269.  
 Encoached, *v.*, II. 88/151.  
 Encomiastic, encomiastick, I. 67/91; II. 75/315.  
 Enflames, *v.*, II. 91/191.  
 Enflaming, *adj.*, II. 10/139.  
 Engin, engins, I. 213/25; II. 20/49, 182/68.  
 Engrav'd, *v.*, II. 74/307.  
 Engravings, *sb.*, II. 130/99.  
 Enigmatick, I. 224/177.  
 Enroul, *v.*, II. 5/57.  
 Enterfere, *v.*, II. 167/49.  
 Enterwove, I. 161/269.  
 Entheous, I. 122/30; II. 10/137, 40/58, 147/65, 152/141, 170/96, 217/33.  
 Enthusiastick, II. 84/90.  
 Entrench, *v.*, II. 223/127.  
 Eavenomed, *v.* II. 27/149.  
 Envy-blinded, II. 56/31.  
 Envy-breeding, I. 21/144.  
 Epicuræan, II. 11/47, 131/106.  
 Epitome, epitomies, epitomy, I. 89/149, 127/111; II. 25/127, 169/79.  
 Epitomize, *v.*, epitomized, I. 85/98, 124/66, 166/47.  
 Epitomized, *adj.*, II. 136/186.  
 Erected, *v.* = elated, II. 71/256.  
 Eremitical, I. 205/327.  
 Ermite, I. 104/109; II. 96/12.  
 Ermyn, I. 53/117.  
 Error, I. 115/273.  
 Eructations, II. 122/183.  
 Erythraean tide = Red Sea, I. 11/3.  
 Escheated, *adj.*, I. 108/180, 193/154.  
 Estate (mantle of Estate), I. 175/188.  
 Estrich, I. 109/188.  
 Eternal-dying, I. 148/113.  
 Eternally-resolved, I. 188/72.  
 Etesian, II. 162/290.  
 Evacuate, *v.*, II. 154/170.  
 Evangelick, II. 84/86, 122/181, 132/125, 137/205.  
 Event, I. 58/198.  
 Ever-boiling, I. 200/265.  
 Ever-burning, I. 155/218.  
 Ever-flaming, I. 164/13; II. 19/39.  
 Ever-fretting, *adj.*, I. 12/18.  
 Everhighnoon (everhighnoon sun), II. 166/29.  
 Ever-howling, I. 216/56.  
 Ever-jealous, II. 88/152.  
 Ever-knawing, I. 159/273.  
 Ever-polish'd, I. 181/267.  
 Eversion, I. 148/113.  
 Eververdant, II. 153/151.  
 Exaltation, II. 76/326.  
 Examen, II. 30/201.  
 Excrements, I. 114/250.  
 Excrementitious, I. 224/186.  
 Exemplary, I. 135/230.  
 Exigence, exigences, I. 214/32, 220/123.

Exotick, *adj.*, II. 85/104.  
 Expectance, II. 113/50.  
 Experiment = trial, II. 204/65.  
 Experimental, I. 176/198.  
 Expires, *v.*, I. 47/29.  
 Expired, *v.*, II. 154/171.  
 Extemporal, I. 49/62, 142/11; II. 23/88.  
 Extent, *sb.*, II. 169/72.  
 Extraction = essence, II. 10/144.  
 Extrecate, *v.*, I. 176/205.  
 Exuberance, I. 66/72, 124/67; II. 150/13.  
 Exuberant, I. 169/96; II. 9/127, 129/82.  
 Exultant, I. 131/161, 135/222, 210/45, etc.  
 Eyn, II. 159/236.

## F

FACIL, II. 108/197, 110/7, 113/41.  
 Facilness, II. 108/197.  
 Fact, I. 83/63, 203/310; II. 22/82, etc.  
 Factors, factor, I. 77/242, 122/31; II. 162/288.  
 Factress, I. 148/109.  
 Fained, *adj.*, I. 176/193.  
 Fainted, *v.* (was fainted), I. 34/85.  
 Fainting, I. 129/144.  
 Fair, *sb.*, I. 113/253.  
 Fair-faced, I. 22/166, 29/1; II. 114/57, 175/168, etc.  
 Fair-spread, I. 151/149.  
 Fair-tongu'd, I. 77/246, 97/2; II. 108/197, etc.  
 Fairer-wing'd, I. 135/221.  
 Fairest-fac'd, I. 160/112.  
 Fairest-tongu'd, II. 104/145.  
 Fairly-dreadful, I. 109/187.  
 Fairly-tall, I. 150/143.  
 Fairly-treacherous, I. 97/6.  
 False fires, I. 103/86.  
 False-named, I. 75/212.  
 Far, far, II. 80/33, 165/11, 175/161.  
 Far-fetch'd, II. 68/215.  
 Far-resounding, I. 164/24.  
 Fashion-mongers, I. 53/119.  
 Fat, *sb.* = Vat, II. 162/281.  
 Fatal, I. 159/266; II. 92/220.  
 Fatally-insidious, II. 67/201.  
 Fate-controlling, I. 211/416.  
 Fate-inamoring, I. 131/174.  
 Fate-ripping, I. 126/100.  
 Fatned, II. 9/118.  
 Faund, *v.*, II. 150/110.  
 Fawning, *adj.* (fawning down bed), I. 26/220.  
 Feat, *sb.*, I. 12/14, 115/270; II. 21/65, 67/200.  
 Feathered oars = wings, I. 60/222. A curious counter part to this phrase is found in the following :—' The Turks . . . came flying [in their galleys] with the force of all those wooden wings [= oars] that born them up.' (John Reynard's Deliverance from the captivity of the Turks : Harl. Misc. i. 159.)  
 Feature = complexion rather than structure, I. 92/204.  
 Feind, *sb.* = fiend, II. 1/2, 47/168, 57/96, etc.  
 Feindship, I. 101/70.

- Fell, *adj.*, I. 61/4, 71/155, 77/239, 114/254, etc.  
 Fellow-elves, II. 58/65.  
 Fertility, II. 144/21.  
 Fervency, II. 63/142, 184/99.  
 Fervid, II. 61/115.  
 Fether'd, *v.*, II. 81/41.  
 Fierce-tallon'd, I. 213/16.  
 Fiery-mouthed, II. 57/45.  
 Finess, II. 125/11.  
 Finger-work, II. 169/79.  
 Fire-breathing, I. 149/129.  
 Fire-crowned, II. 84/91.  
 Firmitude, I. 48/42, 108/167; II. 21/69, 144/13, etc.  
 Flanker'd, II. 167/47.  
 Flash, *sb.*, I. 226/213.  
 Flattering-bloody, I. 226/218.  
 Flea, *v.*, *flead* = to flay, I. 192/142, 144, 200/262.  
 Fledgest, *adj.*, II. 10/136.  
 Fleet, *adj.* = swift, II. 157/209.  
 Flesh-amazing, I. 209/400.  
 Flings, *v.*, 'from the table flings,' I. 57/188; II. 128/57, 166/34. 'Metellus . . . came *flinging* home to Rome again' (Udal's Erasmus Apop. p. 341): 'The Britons *flung* out at a back way' (Holland's Camden, p. 37): 'He *flung* from her and went out of the room' (Richardson's Guardian, iv. 209). See under 'Flung.'  
 Flitting, *adj.*, II. 7/99, 30/198, 165/16, 176/188.  
 Floridness, I. 131/170.  
 Flout, *v.*, flouted, I. 19/132, 142/16.  
 Flouts, *sb.*, I. 198/213.  
 Flower-gentle, I. 69/123. Fr. *Floramor*—applied to various species of *amaranthus*. See English Plant Names published by English Dialect Society, pp. 188, 189.  
 Flowing, *v.*, I. 217/77.  
 Flowry, *adj.* = flowery, II. 135/165, 140/240.  
 Flung, *v.* (back Psyche flung), and see 'Flings,' I. 36/105; II. 160/264.  
 Foil'd, *v.*, I. 226/214.  
 Foiles, *sb.*, foil, I. 9/29, 146/83; II. 114/56.  
 Fond, I. 17/87, 30/19, 76/222, 79/3, *et frequenter*.  
 Fondling, *sb.*, fondlings, I. 92/194; II. 55/22, 148/82, 183/82.  
 Fondly-founded, II. 126/130.  
 Fondly-venerable, II. 181/47.  
 Fondly-wretched, I. 95/237.  
 Fondness, I. 25/208, 59/209.  
 Fondly, II. 16/226, 46/156, etc.  
 Fool, *v.*, fool'd, I. 136/249; II. 89/175, 183/81.  
 Fooled, *adj.*, II. 88/160.  
 Foolery, II. 131/110, 166/35.  
 Fool's Paradise, II. 125/123.  
 Footloose, II. 27/148.  
 Popperies, II. 124/10.  
 Forbod, I. 123/41.  
 Forecast, *sb.*, II. 19/33.  
 Forefront, *sb.*, I. 158/258.  
 Forefront, *adj.*, I. 148/104.  
 Forge, *v.*, forg'd, I. 185/35; II. 63/141.  
 Forged, *adj.*, I. 35/91.  
 Forgers, II. 116/90.  
 Forgery, forgeries, I. 178/235, 184/22; II. 116/99, 117/105.  
 Forked hill, 'forked mountain' (Anth. and Cleop. iv. 2), II. 84/88.  
 Forked, *adj.*, I. 228/242.  
 Forlorn, *sb.*, I. 70/143.  
 Form, *sb.* (a higher form than mine), I. 124/65.  
 Fortunate, *sb.*, II. 126/33.  
 Foul-hearted, II. 165/25.  
 Foul-mouth'd, *adj.*, I. 206/347; II. 20/41, 57/48, 69/223.  
 Foul-mouth's scum, II. 23/95.  
 Fragar, *sb.*, I. 198/226; II. 30/204, 49/191, 50/210, 83/74, 88/153. Latin = crash. Cf. *Georgics*, i. 306, etc.  
 Fraught, *v.*, *fraughts*, II. 4/53, 166/37.  
 Free-cost (of free cost), II. 19/29.  
 Frency = frenzy, I. 63/28.  
 Fresh-perfumed, II. 174/155.  
 Fretting, *adj.* (fretting fire, of moths), II. 179/13.  
 Fries, *sb.*, fry = progeny, I. 214/37; II. 11/157, 83/80, 95/9, etc.  
 Fries, *v.*, fry, I. 26/218, 41/182, 81/34, 102/85, etc. Cf. the now well-known phrase, 'stewing in their own gravy.' Crashaw and later poets use it without any sense of a grotesque element in the word. Cf. *Taming of Shrew*, II. i. 340. One of the most unhappy printer's misprints that perhaps ever chanced any one was the substitution of 'fries' for 'tries' in a sentence setting forth how God puts his own best beloved into the furnace of affliction, and so 'tries' or proves them as silver is tried. This actually occurred to myself in an American periodical. Cf. st. 217, l. 4, and st. 218.  
 Friendly—rigid, I. 141/6.  
 Frights, *v.*, frighted = affright, alarm, I. 11/8; II. 56/37.  
 Frighted, *adj.* = affrighted, II. 59/76.  
 Fringe, *v.*, I. 32/48.  
 Front, *sb.*, I. 178/230, 189/92.  
 Frontespice—of a book, II. 47/171.  
 Frontispice = front or facade of a building, I. 209/108.  
 Frustrate, *adj.*, I. 45/7, 157/243; II. 128/69.  
 Fulfed, I. 220/121.  
 Full-bent, I. 62/21.  
 Full-eyd, I. 145/68.  
 Fulfill, *v.* = to fill full, I. 167/60.  
 Full-mouth'd, full-mouth'd = foul-mouthed, I. 43/211; II. 21/62, 67/202.  
 Full-mouth'd, 'full-mouth'd fame' = full-voiced or in full cry, noisy, I. 209/396.  
 Fulsome, *adj.* = foul, II. 3/28, 138/210.  
 Fulsomness, II. 178/4.  
 Ful-tide, I. 35/91, 64/49; II. 41/83.  
 Full-tide, I. 207/366; II. 85/110.  
 Fume, *sb.* = smoke, vapour, I. 204/323, 222/159; II. 163/304.  
 Fuming, *adj.*, I. 202/293.  
 Furniture, I. 53/121, 84/77, 86/102; II. 64/147, etc.

## G

GAD, *v.*, gads, p. 29, Argument; II. 160/252.  
 Gadding, *adj.*, II. 112/38.  
 Gagliardise = galliardise, or sprightliness, II. 125/17.  
 'I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth  
 and galliardise of company.' (Sir Thomas Browne's  
*Religio Medici*.)  
 Galiard, I. 57/180, 181, 134/220.  
 Galliard, II. 151/126.  
 Gallant, *sb.*, II. 154/162.  
 Gallantly, I. 149/125.  
 Gallantry, gallantries = beauty, I. 43/217, 65/61, 109/179,  
 111/208; II. 24/103, 74/301, etc.  
 Galled, *adj.*, I. 90/166.  
 Gall'd, *v.*, I. 185/34.  
 Gallentry, I. 113/235.  
 Gamesome, II. 31/217.  
 Garboils, I. 79/11.  
 Garded, *v.* = adorned, I. 124/62.  
 Garish, I. 113/238, 204/319.  
 Gate, *sb.* = gait, I. 42/202.  
 Generously-flaming, I. 120/2.  
 Gentle, *adj.* = genteel, II. 148/82.  
 Gentilest, II. 153/153, 200/5.  
 German, *adj.*, I. 106/138.  
 Gewgaw, *adj.*, I. 17/93.  
 Gewgaws, *sb.*, II. 165/17.  
 Ghastliness, I. 211/417.  
 Gilt, *v.* = gilded, II. 74/297.  
 Gin, *sb.*, gins, II. 103/123, 131/103.  
 Glib, I. 180/254; II. 90/187, 179/12. 'A polished ice-  
 like *glibness* doth enfold the rock.' (Chapman's  
*Odyssey*, bk. xii.) Milton uses it as a verb, *Par.*  
*Reg.* i. 375. See Wedgwood, *s.v.*  
 Glibbest, I. 146/79.  
 Glistening, *adj.*, I. 215/54, 218/91, 223/169; II. 124/9.  
 Glisters, *v.*, I. 114/256.  
 Globe of Light, I. 134/217.  
 Glorious, *adj.* = vain, I. 35/195, 114/256.  
 Glosing, *adj.*, I. 8/13.  
 Glozing, *adj.*, I. 77/246; II. 120/156, 152/135.  
 Glozings, *sb.*, I. 82/46.  
 Glue, *sb.*, glues, II. 78/5, 167/54.  
 Glues, *v.* = attaches, I. 91/67.  
 Goal, I. 56/164.  
 Goblings, II. 46/157.  
 Goddessip, II. 193/226.  
 God-bewitched, I. 216/77.  
 God-ship, I. 151/150; II. 181/52, 189/171, 193/223.  
 God-wit, I. 70/142—a delicate-fleshed bird, a kind of  
 quail. Jonson so translates Horace's *attagen*. So  
 in his *Alchemist*, ii. 1: 'My foot-boy shall eat  
 pheasants . . . *godwits*, lampreys.'  
 Golden-trapped, I. 173/153.  
 Goodliest-featur'd, I. 190/112.  
 Goodly-dreadful, I. 12/12.  
 Goodly-formed, II. 155/180.

Gormandiz'd, II. 15/213, 132/121.  
 Gospel-conquer'd, II. 136/183.  
 Gradual difference = difference of degrees, II. 225/154.  
 Graff, *sb.*, II. 182/61.  
 Grain, *sb.* = tint, dye, I. 168/74.  
 Grandame, I. 196/195; II. 122/190, 150/109.  
 Grated, *adj.* = rough or roughened, II. 209/141. A  
 person with a dry or rough throat often says, 'It's  
 as dry (or rough) as a nutmeg-grater.' Or = dried  
 up as a thing rubbed to powder, and as it were  
 choked with dust? The word 'baked' is used  
 similarly of men in training.  
 Gratings of the ear, II. 73/295.  
 Grave-fac'd, II. 18/21.  
 Graveliest-cheating, I. 23/178.  
 Gravely-wicked, I. 230/267.  
 Gravers, *sb.*, II. 74/307.  
 Gravid = pregnant, ready to bring forth, I. 127/101;  
 II. 75/315, 102/115, 103/121, etc.  
 Greatfully, I. 113/241.  
 Griffen, I. 148/102, 164/14; II. 36/9, 182/69.  
 Grisselly, I. 107/147.  
 Grissels, *sb.*, I. 111/218.  
 Grizly, grizely, I. 12/17, 40/171, 153/176, 156/225; II.  
 203/49.  
 Groundsel, *sb.*, groundsels = foundations, 'earth's  
 vast groundsell', II. 133/136, 197/292.  
 Grove, *v.* = grovel, II. 199/312.  
 Grownd, *v.* = ground, I. 220/128.  
 Grutch, *v.*, I. 8/11.  
 Guerdon, *sb.*, guerdons, I. 16/72, 27/243; II. 52/236,  
 225/154.  
 Guernet, I. 70/144—more correctly 'gurnard,' so called  
 from the grunting sound it emits. 'I'm a sowered  
*gurnet*.' (Henry IV. pt. i. iv. 2.) Couch (ii. 17)  
 says that the name comes from the old language of  
 Britain, in which it signified something with a firm,  
 rugged and bony structure of head.  
 Guilt-appalling, I. 226/212.  
 Gules, I. 12/12.  
 Gulled, *adj.*, II. 25/217.  
 Gymnosophists, I. 189/88.

## H

HABIT, *sb.* = dress, II. 144/19.  
 Hackny'd down, *v.*, II. 102/103.  
 Ha ha, I. 107/145.  
 Hairclothes, I. 104/107.  
 Halcyon = king-fisher, II. 54/8. See Nares, *s.v.*: Ovid,  
*Met.* xi.: bird of calm, as petrel of storm.  
 Halcyon quiet, II. 201/18.  
 Hale, *v.*, hal'd, haling = to drag, draw, I. 37/123,  
 43/212, 89/155; II. 8/111, etc.  
 Half-gods, II. 33/245.  
 Hallow, *adj.* = hollow, I. 100/48.  
 Hammer, *v.*, II. 85/106.  
 Hamper'd, *v.*, II. 163/304.  
 Hand-erected, II. 21/66.

- Handsome**, *adj.* = plausible, specious, I. 33/60, 41/177.  
 87/125; II. 20/54, 80/29, 120/156.  
**Hanker**, *v.*, hankered, hankering, I. 77/246, 81/32, 143/34; II. 71/256.  
**Hankering**, *adj.*, I. 77/246; II. 77/353.  
**Hants**, *v.* = haunts, I. 23/176.  
**Harbingers**, II. 174/124.  
**Hard**, *hard*, II. 153/158.  
**Harpy-bodies**, II. 184/94.  
**Harsh-grating**, II. 152/131.  
**Hatch**, *v.*, I. 120/6.  
**Hatred-hating**, I. 83/62.  
**Havocking**, *v.*, II. 98/51.  
**He**, II. 138/224.  
**Heady**, I. 183/4.  
**Heart-attracting**, I. 68/109.  
**Heart-contenting**, II. 166/39.  
**Heart-disturbing**, I. 124/70.  
**Heart-galling**, I. 128/128.  
**Heart-gnawing**, II. 15/210.  
**Heart-melting**, I. 48/42.  
**Heart-startling**, II. 161/278.  
**Heart-vexing**, II. 112/33.  
**Heartned**, *v.*, I. 20/132, 146/78, 173/157, 226/213.  
**Heav'n-admonish'd**, II. 29/183.  
**Heav'n-affronting**, I. 183/6.  
**Heav'n-aiming**, I. 211/422.  
**Heav'n-aspiring**, I. 115/269; II. 85/113.  
**Heav'n-beloved**, I. 12/15.  
**Heav'n-blown**, I. 163/213.  
**Heav'n-breathing**, I. 208/385.  
**Heav'n-commanded**, II. 40/66.  
**Heav'n-commanding**, II. 56/34.  
**Heav'n-crowned**, I. 135/225.  
**Heav'n-daring**, I. 191/118; II. 152/135.  
**Heav'n-defying**, I. 174/134.  
**Heav'n-descended**, II. 166/38, 180/40.  
**Heav'n-devouring**, I. 175/181; II. 178/7.  
**Heav'n-distrusting**, II. 47/173.  
**Heav'n-embraved**, I. 55/156.  
**Heav'n-enthroned**, II. 76/336.  
**Heav'n-fired**, 68/106.  
**Heav'n-imbraved**, II. 201/16.  
**Heav'n-inamoring**, I. 117/298.  
**Heav'n-instructed**, II. 91/191.  
**Heav'n-kindled**, 184/14; II. 92/220.  
**Heav'n-renowned**, I. 164/15.  
**Heav'n-spurred**, I. 17/94.  
**Heav'n-tuned**, II. 88/155.  
**Heav'n-witness'd**, I. 193/154.  
**Heav'nly-rare**, II. 88/146.  
**Heavy-brow'd**, I. 36/104.  
**Hebdomadary**, II. 112/33.  
**Hecatombs**, I. 21/158; II. 82/64.  
**Hell-appalling**, I. 37/122.  
**Hell-begotten**, I. 165/33.  
**Hell-breathing**, I. 160/293.  
**Hell-bred**, I. 183/5, 227/235.  
**Hell-directed**, II. 115/76.  
**Hell-encourag'd**, II. 170/90.  
**Hell-kindled**, I. 24/191; II. 84/97.  
**Hell-lifted**, II. 200/2.  
**Hemicranies**, I. 159/271.  
**Herby**, *adj.*, II. 140/240.  
**High-bragging**, I. 13/25.  
**High-conceited**, I. 93/214; II. 25/117.  
**High-esteemed**, I. 185/34.  
**High-fam'd**, I. 153/181.  
**High-fed**, I. 164/17, 169/92.  
**High-languag'd**, I. 78/255.  
**High-look'd**, I. 120/7 II. 85/115, 136/189.  
**High-noon**, *adj.*, I. 46/13, 143/36, 148/111, 187/60, etc.  
**High-noon**, *sb.*, I. 47/30, 114/256; II. 13/178, 41/83, etc.  
**High-noon-day**, I. 130/147.  
**High-strain'd**, I. 169/93, 181/276.  
**High-streined**, II. 164/4.  
**High-swoln**, I. 147/86; II. 128/169.  
**Highest**, I. 218/96.  
**Hight**, *v.*, II. 184/99.  
**Hightnings**, *sb.*, I. 9/29.  
**Hind**, *sb.* = servant, II. 113/41, 145/32.  
**Histrionick**, II. 125/11.  
**Hoise**, *v.*, hoiseth, II. 54/8, 103/124.  
**Hollow'd**, *v.*, to call out, shout, I. 158/255.  
**Hollowing**, *v.*, II. 32/221.  
**Hollow-cheeked**, II. 129/184.  
**Holocaust**, *sb.*, I. 18/99, 45/5, 131/161, 179/248; II. 172/120, 173/141, etc.—one of the words in the Rhemish version objected to by our Translators as obscure and darkening the sense.  
**Holy-looking**, I. 138/266 II. 34/264.  
**Homespun**, I. 132/185, 204/327; II. 155/179.  
**Homespun man**, I. 95/236.  
**Honey-tipped**, II. 152/131.  
**Honey-trade**, II. 37/11.  
**Honey-shaming**, II. 166/40.  
**Hood**, *sb.*, I. 138/220.  
**Hood**, *sb.* (to wear a hood), II. 126/28.  
**Hoodwink'd**, *adj.*, II. 115/85.  
**Horned statues**, I. 151/156.  
**Horridness**, II. 47/168, 48/179, 176/177.  
**Horse-infantry** = centaurs, I. 148/104.  
**Hospitably-pious**, I. 208/372.  
**Hout**, *v.* = to hoot, II. 28/163.  
**Hubbub**, II. 65/172.  
**Hudling**, *adj.*, II. 221/91.  
**Hug'd**, *v.*, I. 141/7.  
**Huggeth**, *v.*, II. 136/186.  
**Huging**, *v.* = hugging, II. 1/6.  
**Humbleness**, I. 95/245.  
**Humbly-gentle**, I. 51/100.  
**Humbly-royal**, I. 204/318.  
**Humicubations**, I. 88/146.  
**Humid**, I. 184/19.  
**Hungrier**, II. 187/143.  
**Hurliburly**—hurlyburly, I. 167/63, 198/227; II. 86/122.  
**Hutches**, *sb.*, I. 216/59.  
**Hydras**, II. 120/151.

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## I

I, II. 183/78.

'It cannot be deny'd but mighty I  
Had a mischance of old.'

Idea, *sb.*, ideas, I. 218/28; II. 125/13, 135/174.  
Idely-busy, II. 125/11, 152/139.  
Idioms, II. 86/126.

Idle, I. 129/49.

Idolize, *v. int.*, II. 220/74.

Idolize, *v.* (idolize the rising sun), I. 156/235.

Ignorants, *sb.*, II. 127/45.

Ill-boding, I. 156/221.

Ill-favour'd, II. 15/213.

Ill-reck'ning, I. 290/386.

Ill-shod, *adj.* (ill-shod tales), II. 21/58.

Illustrious = lustrous, I. 43/217; II. 168/69.

Image (image of a noise), I. 154/194.

Imbark'd, *v.*, II. 146/46.

Imbellish'd, *v.*, II. 85/112, 102/112, 111/24, 131/101.

Imbeil, *v.*, I. 24/202, 181/270.

Imbitter'd, II. 48/188.

Imbrac'd, I. 158/260; II. 67/204.

Imbosom'd, I. 210/415.

Imbost, *v.*, I. 12/15.

Imbraved, *adj.* = strengthened, made brave, I. 121/11.

Imbraved, *v.* = to make brave, I. 11/3; II. 10/137.

Imbru'd, II. 35/278.

Immense, *adj.*, II. 169/75.

Immensity = infinity, I. 53/126, 107/149, 123/42, 132/188,  
209/388; II. 61/113, 74/298, 88/47, 90/189, etc.

Immerge, *v.*, II. 71/255.

Immesurable, *adj.* = infinite, II. 167/52.

Immoderation, I. 209/387; II. 77/344.

Immure, *v.*, immured, I. 83/58, 123/51, 143/45, 189/92,  
etc.

Immured, *adj.*, II. 231/1, I. 15.

Imparadise, *v.*, II. 244, st. 2. (Eloquence.)

Impartment, II. 114/67.

Impassible, II. 116/99.

Impeople, *v.*, impeopled, I. 48/44, 67/88, 159/266; II.  
126/131.

Impetuousness, II. 83/74.

Imploy, *v.*, II. 147/58.

Imployment, employments, II. 149/90, 167/49.

Impois'ned *adj.* I. 219/104.

Imposthumes, 55/155.

Impostumes, II. 129/74.

Impostur'd, *adj.*, I. 38/136.

Impowred, *v.* II. 56/29.

Imps, *sb.*, imp. Used originally as synonym for child,  
it became appropriated to fiends, etc., as children

of the Evil One. Similar  
retaining somewhat of its c  
of a boy as a mischievous i  
or limb of the devil. I.  
181/48.

Impudently-meek, I. 57/188.

Inable, I. 109/206.

Inamel'd, *v.* inamelling, I. 141/

Inamurations, II. 14/205, 53/257

Inamored, *adj.*, inamor'd, I.  
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Inamoring, *v.*, inamored, I. 23/

Inamoring, *adj.*, I. 108/171,

103/126, 230/224.

Inamour, *v.*, I. 79/6, 169/94.

Inanition, II. 80/35.

Incensed, *adj.* = inflamed, burn

Inchanteth, *v.*, II. 143/1.

Inchanting, *adj.*, I. 217/82; II.

Inchantments, I. 196/195.

Inchas'd, *v.*, II. 72/267.

Incircling, *adj.*, I. 193/160; II.

Incline, *sb.*, I. 7/7.

Inclose, *v.*, II. 169/83.

Incompos'dness, I. 124/62.

Incorporate, *v.*, II. 12/164.

Incouraged, *v.*, encouraging, II.

Increased, *adj.*, II. 168/66.

Incroachers, II. 179/13.

Incroaching, II. 173/131.

Incroachment, II. 148/73.

Incumbred, *v.*, I. 218/87.

Incumbering, *adj.*, I. 195/180.

Indear'd, *v.*, I. 211/425, 215/48.

Indeared, *adj.*, II. 64/151.

Indeavor, *sb.*, II. 173/135.

Indeavoring, *v.*, I. 148/104.

Indented, *v.* = covenanted, I. 2

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Indifferent, I. 12/23.

Indigested, *adj.*, II. 120/159.

Indure, *v.*, II. 126/33.

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Inexhausted, *adj.*, II. 168/69.

Inexpugnable, II. 92/216.

Infeof'd, *v.*, II. 176/188, 225/156

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Infestive, II. 8/115.

Infinitude, infinitudes, II. 169/7.

Inflam'd, *v.*, II. 160/258.

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Infold, *v.*, II. 129/72, 155/183.

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Ingaged, *adj.*, I. 143/46.

Ingagements, I. 220/123.

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Ingenerate, I. 74/204.  
 Ingenious, I. 101/59.  
 Ingenuity, I. p. 5, l. 15; II. 26/144.  
 Ingesteth, II. 206/90.  
 Ingorgeth, v., ingorged, I. 172/44; II. 122/177.  
 Ingrain, v., ingrained, II. 192/218, 207/111.  
 Ingrained, *adj.*, II. 34/260.  
 Ingrateful, II. 123/199, 88/160.  
 Ingraven, v., ingraved, I. 222/157; II. 84/86.  
 Ingross, v., I. 138/268; II. 15/217.  
 Inhabit, v. = to dwell, II. 100/77, 176/188.  
 Inhance, v., inhanc'd, II. 114/56, 78/2, 156/204, 157/211, etc.  
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 Injoying, v., injoy'd, injoyest, I. 133/194, 207/36; II. 154/164.  
 Injoyned, v., II. 160/254.  
 Inky, II. 60/89.  
 Inlanders, I. 87/118.  
 Inn, *sb.* inns, I. 91/182, 164/25, 216/57.  
 Innocently-pure, II. 182/61.  
 Inrage, v., inrag'd, I. 215/55; II. 158/222.  
 Inrich, v., I. 207/263; II. 130/100, 139/231, etc.  
 Inroll'd, v. = recorded, I. 137/254.  
 Inservient, *adj.*, I. 128/130; II. 114/56.  
 Inslavest, v., II. 125/13.  
 Inshrin'd, v., inshrined, II. 124/3, 121/152, 164/2, etc.  
 Insnar'd, v., II. 151/118.  
 Insolent, II. 58/59.  
 Insphered, v., I. 66/61.  
 Instated, v., I. 18/101.  
 Institution instruction, II. 124/8.  
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 Intangled, *adj.*, I. 103/93.  
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 Intention, I. 47/36, 113/240.  
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 Interest, *sb.* = interest, II. 78/8, 90/181.  
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 Intire, I. 211/426; II. 41/85, 140/246.  
 Intirest, I. 169/91; II. 80/37.  
 Intirely, II. 140/241, 160/250, etc.  
 Intitling, v., II. 45/141.  
 Intrench, v. (to intrench upon), II. 10/142.  
 Intrenchments, *sb.* (on her lips), II. 41/82.  
 Intwine, v., II. 78/6.  
 Inured, *adj.*, II. 201/16.  
 Invaluable, I. 119/329.  
 Inveagle, v., I. 183/3.  
 Enveloped, v., II. 86/130.  
 Invenom, v., invenomed, I. 43/207, 95/242.  
 Invenomed, *adj.*, I. 12/10, 220/119, 227/229; II. 3/28.  
 Invigor'd, I. 7/6.  
 Invisibility, II. 68/220.  
 Invoke, v., I. 11/1; II. 70/245, 123/196.  
 Inwrapt, v., I. 134/216.  
 Ireful, I. 201/268, 220/116, 228/242.  
 Iron-jaw'd, *adj.*, I. 179/246.  
 Irradiation, irradiations, I. 174/161; II. 224/138.

Irrefragable, II. 182/56.  
 Israel-conducting, II. 72/171.  
 Itch, *sb.*, I. 35/62, 68/113, 118/324; II. 1/8.  
 Itching, *sb.*, I. 101/70.  
 Itching, *adj.*, II. 8/102, 15/212, 46/155.  
 Item, *sb.* = hint or reminder. 'Our neighbours' harms are *items* to the wise (Whetstone's Life of Gascoigne). So Richardson's Sir Charles Grandeson, vi. 292. Cf. Cotgrave, *s.v.* I. 28/252, 103/92, 134/213, 145/66. *et frequenter*.  
 Iterated, *adj.*, I. 110/193, 193/157.  
 Ithiphallics, II. 193/227.

## J

JAR, *sb.*, jars, I. 152/168, 212/4; II. 143/5.  
 Jear, *sb.* = jeer, I. 88/132.  
 Jebuseans, *sb.*, II. 96/16.  
 Jejune, *adj.*, I. 71/152, 167/61; II. 15/212.  
 Jessan Prince, I. 156/227.  
 Jetting, v., II. 148/81.  
 Jewel-paved, I. 64/52.  
 Jogg'd, v., II. 181/47.  
 John, I. 51/86.  
 Jolly, I. 106/136, 135/221, 168/172; II. 148/81.  
 Joppean, *adj.*, II. 96/24.  
 Jovial, II. 162/285.  
 Joyeuse, II. 216/17, 218/44.  
 Joys, v., II. 1/2.  
 Jubilation, II. 74/303.  
 Judicious, II. 163/302.  
 Juggling trick, II. 117/103.  
 July-flowers, I. 69/123.  
 Jumble, v., jumbled, II. 117/103, 120/159.  
 Juncture = union, I. 113/248; II. 169/80.  
 Junto, I. 146/73.  
 Jurie = Judea, I. 54/135.  
 Justling, *adj.*, I. 123/48, 175/188.

## K

KEEP'D, v. = kept, I. 105/121, 144/46; II. 162/286.  
 Ken, v., ken'd, I. 22/160, 155/216, 172/131; II. 99/70.  
 Ken, *sb.* (in ken), II. 44/130, 216/13.  
 Kindly, *adj.*, I. 165/12.  
 Kindly-salvage, I. 60/227.  
 Kine, *sb.* = cattle, I. 164/34.  
 Kinred, II. 80/25, 85/109.  
 Kisses, I. 227/227.  
 Kitchen-criticks, II. 4/50.  
 Kitchen-heat, I. 169/90.  
 Knaw, v., knawing, I. 80/16, 228/240.  
 Knawing, *adj.*, I. 142/17.  
 Knights of the post = whipping post, II. 19/33. See Nares, *s.v.* Those who gained a livelihood by giving false evidence at trials, etc., so called either because they were to be found haunting the posts in the neighbourhood of the courts, or more probably *ut supra*, because for their frequent perjuries, etc., they had been whipped at the post. See Brewer's Dict. of Phrase and Fable, *s.v.*

Knot, *sb.* = a small company, a few people, II. 14/200, 30/203.  
 Knotty, II. 184/98.  
 Knower, II. 165/19.

## L

LACE, *sb.*, I. 15/59.  
 Lac'd, *v.* = adorned, I. 150/139.  
 Lag, *v.*, lagg'd, I. 157/249, 173/149; II. 129/71, 154/172, 208/117.  
 Lament, I. 204/223; II. 84/99.  
 Lamentable = lamenting, mournful, II. 123/201, 154/163, 213/200. Daniel vi. 20.  
 Languishments, I. 194/171.  
 Lanthorn, I. 64/46.  
 Lap'd, *v.*, lap'd up = stored, I. 32/49. In proof (armour), Macbeth, i. 2.  
 Lapp'd, *v.*, (lapp'd in swadling bands), I. 132/178.  
 Largise, I. 207/360, 209/386; II. 114/68.  
 Latches, *sb.*, of a door, I. 154/194.  
 Launced, *adj.*, I. 200/260.  
 Laureat, *adj.*, II. 59/82.  
 Laurel-breeding, II. 127/47.  
 Laver, I. 152/166; II. 106/173, 130/94.  
 Lay, *adj.*, II. 144/24.  
 Lay, *adj.*, II. 245, st. 5. (Scripture.)  
 Leaden, *adj.*, II. 16/228, 87/135.  
 Leaden-pac'd, I. 26/226.  
 Leaguer, I. 81/39.  
 Lear-ey'd, II. 217/35. Query—misprint for 'blear-eyed,' or leer, *i.e.* left-eyed, looking askance?  
 Learing, *adj.* = leering, I. 37/124, 82/48; II. 47/172.  
 Learing, *v.*, I. 154/196.  
 Learn, *v.*, learn'd = to teach, I. 78/249, 95/246, 193/159.  
 Least = lest, I. 163/8.  
 Leather, II. 155/182. Goes in leather = in skins of beasts, or qu.—in his own skin = naked? Is the allusion to Genesis iii. 21?  
 Lecture, I. 40/175, 138/277.  
 Legers, *sb.*, II. 90/182.  
 Leggiadrous, I. 112/233; II. 112/40, 125/17.  
 Lenity, I. 227/226; II. 170/90, 94, 179/23, etc.  
 Letters testimonial, II. 179/15.  
 Licorish, *adj.*, and see Liquorish, I. 109/180, 116/289; II. 1/4, 8, etc.  
 Liege, I. 7/2, 222/157.  
 Liegers, *sb.*, I. 9/37, 37/120; II. 112/36.  
 Life-enliv'ning, II. 16/225, 140/240.  
 Life-kindling, I. 116/280.  
 Ligature, II. 12/170.  
 Lily, *adj.*, II. 144/18, 145/36, 162/284.  
 Lily-name, I. 42/206.  
 Linage, I. 125/77.  
 Lin'd, *v.* = marked with lines, I. 200/260.  
 Linguists, *sb.*, II. 90/179.  
 Lip's, I. 57/189.  
 Liquorish, *adj.*, and see licorish, I. 45/1, 56/172, 71/149, etc.  
 List, *sb.* = pathway, track, I. 145/70, 146/80.  
 List, *sb.* = catalogue, II. 170/105.

List, *sb.*, lists = bounds, enclosures, I. 165/32, 182/281; II. 143/9, 154/167.  
 List, *v.* = to enlist, listed, listing, II. 37/16, 82/70, 179/15.  
 Lively, I. 169/91; II. 8/113.  
 Loadstone, I. 210/402.  
 Locks (of hair), II. 125/16.  
 Longbearded stars = comets, I. 17/96.

... 'What care I  
 For bearded Stars? it is all one to me  
 As if they had been shav'd.'

Randolph.

Longbearded arrows, II. 152/132.  
 Long-breath'd, II. 85/114.  
 Long-extended, II. 163/298.  
 Long, long, I. 169/95; II. 45/142, 160/255, 172/126.  
 Long-panting, I. 172/138.  
 Long-patient, II. 16/223.  
 Long-thundering, I. 172/134.  
 Looking lines, I. 99/30.  
 Loose, *v.* = to lose, I. 34/74, 121/17, 227/231, etc.  
 Loose-laced, II. 78/6.  
 Lopped, *adj.*, I. 84/84.  
 Lost-found, II. 65/170.  
 Lothly, *adv.*, II. 111/23.  
 Loudly-holy-ardent, II. 18/20.  
 Lout, *v.*, louted, louting, I. 100/55, 106/135, 109/186, etc.  
 Love-inflamed, II. 62/116.  
 Love-oppressed, II. 166/40.  
 Love-ravish'd, I. 210/403.  
 Love-renowned, I. 208/371.  
 Lowring-loathing, I. 98/19.  
 Lowry, *adj.*, I. 121/19; II. 97/32.  
 Lubrick, I. 186/49.  
 Lufted, I. 150/139. A misprint for 'tufted,' which is the word in the 1648 text. As 'lufted' = puff'd, furbelow'd or flounced.  
 Lump, *sb.*, II. 86/135.  
 Lumpish, I. 18/108, 70/144; II. 60/100, 112/40. A thick fish of genus *cyclopterus*, called also a sea-owl and puddle. Fr. Suetolt, Cotgrave. Lovell says their habitat is in the septentrional ocean. Latin orchis or orbis and calvaria (Pliny). (Misprinted 'Sump' in our note.) Couch (ii. 183) quotes Hollinshed: 'Lumps are ugle fish to sight, and yet very delicate in eating if it be kindlie dressed.'  
 Lure, *sb.*, II. 173/141.  
 Lured, *v.*, lure, I. 193/158; II. 37/15.  
 Lust-burning, I. 35/95.  
 Luxuriant = luxurious, II. 4/41, 131/106, 163/304.  
 Luxuriate, *v.*, II. 127/44.  
 Luxury, II. 1/3.  
 Lymphatick, II. 80/33, 159/241.  
 Lyon-faced, I. 85/91.

## M

MAD-BRAIN'D, II. 26/131, 29/178, 184/99.  
 Madly-improvident, II. 163/298.

Madly-mighty, I. 227/231.  
 Magi, *sb.*, magy, I. 137/254, 174/161.  
 Magnalia Christi, I. 5/7.  
 Magnific, magnifick, I. 125/76, 175/189; II. 7/86, 130/97, 224/131.  
 Mahometism, II. 98/58.  
 Mahumetie, II. 96/12.  
 Maiden-faces, I. 148/104.  
 Mains, *sb.*, main = (mane of a horse), II. 142/272-273, 184/95.  
 Malgré, I. 91/187, 123/48; II. 63/142, etc.  
 Malitious, II. 132/118.  
 Mallet, *sb.*, II. 183/77.  
 Mamelukes, II. 98/46.  
 Mammillar, *adj.*, I. 69/121.  
 Mandrakes, I. 110/197, 156/221, 229/255.  
 Manger-cradeled, I. 192/140.  
 Mangler, 121/162.  
 Mannerly, *adv.*, I. 175/187; II. 182/56.  
 Mannor-house, I. 107/153, 132/189.  
 Marsel's, II. 10/133—here said to be famous for 'cates.' We have an oration of Cicero Pro Milone, of which Milo is reported to have said that had Cicero spoken that speech in his defence, he (Milo) would not have been eating figs at Marseilles; for which it also seems to have been famous.  
 Marvel-mongers, II. 116/92.  
 Massy, I. 145/68, 148/112, 165/39; II. 182/65, etc.  
 Masty, II. 224/131.  
 Mausolean, II. 52/244.  
 Meagre, II. 185/107.  
 Mean, *sb.*, II. 112/35.  
 Meander, *sb.*, meanders, I. 154/192; II. 8/102, 86/122, 119/44, 165/22.  
 Mechanick, *adj.*, II. 183/76.  
 Meek-insolent, I. 82/55.  
 Meekly-bold, II. 62/129.  
 Meekly-daring, II. 164/9.  
 Meekly-faithful, I. 203/306.  
 Meekly-noble, I. 124/70.  
 Meekly-silent, II. 31/217.  
 Meer, II. 80/29, 175/175.  
 Meerly, I. 5/21; II. 39/48.  
 Melancholic, melancholick, I. 62/20, 159/269.  
 Memorandums, I. 99/34, 218/94; II. 79/23, 177/165.  
 Memorative, II. 92/207.  
 Men-fishers, I. 187/58.  
 Men-hunters, II. 190/177.  
 Merveils, *sb.* = marvels, Fr. merveille, I. 134/217.  
 Metal'd, *adj.* (from metal), II. 82/66.  
 Metal'd, *adj.* = mettled, II. 171/113.  
 Mew'd, *v.*, mews, II. 95/6, 173/145.  
 Microcosme, I. 63/36.  
 Mid-land, I. 123/49.  
 Mildly-glorious, II. 23/91.  
 Milk-and-honey-flowing, II. 49/198.  
 Milky = innocent, I. 108/165.  
 Mince, *v.* (mince the matter), II. 116/100. Cf. Isaiah iii. 16.

Minces, *v.*, I. 57/182.  
 Min'd, *v.*, I. 167/63.  
 Mint, *v.*, minted = coined, I. 164/19; II. 20/52, 21/62, 101/87.  
 Mischievous, mischievious, I. 201/267, 202/287.  
 Miscreants, I. 227/235; II. 57/53, 135/167, 190/187.  
 Misconster, *v.*, II. 118/122.  
 Misdeeming, I. 83/63.  
 Misprised, *adj.*, II. 104/141.  
 Mistick, *adj.*, I. 126/92.  
 Moated, *v.*, I. 225/198.  
 Mocks, *sb.*, II. 24/104.  
 Mode, *sb.* = fashion, II. 160/260.  
 Moderatrix, I. 89/160. Du Bartas' Magnificence, 349.  
 Modestly-illustrious, I. 124/66.  
 Moe, I. 179/238.  
 Mole, I. 70/144 = molebat or but, a rock-fish in the Adriatic, so called from its resemblance to a lump of flesh. See Couch, iv. 377, 'the sun-fish: called by Linnæus Tetraodon Mola, from its uncouth shape.'  
 Monarchick, II. 57/49.  
 Monition, I. 128/124.  
 Monothelite, *sb.*, II. 95/9.  
 Monstrousness, I. 213/18, 220/118.  
 Mother-fountains, I. 174/194.  
 Mother-pearl, I. 138/276.  
 Mother-shells, I. 46/12.  
 Moul, *sb.* = mole, I. 207/356.  
 Mounts, *v.* = raises, elevates, II. 181/55.  
 Muckworms, II. 159/241.  
 Mudling, *adj.*, I. 186/48.  
 Mudling, *v.*, II. 157/211.  
 Muffle up, *v.*, muffled, II. 59/77, 88/148, 187/142.  
 Mulct, *sb.*, I. 87/120.  
 Multiloquie, II. 156/197.  
 Mungrel, *adj.*, II. 164/5.  
 Mungrels, *sb.*, II. 26/131.  
 Must, *sb.*, II. 89/174.  
 Mutation, II. 54/2, 55/15.  
 Mystery, I. 34/75.  
 Mystick, *adj.*, II. 129/71, 133/137.

## N

NAKED = the simple wreath or prize, II. 14/204.  
 Nard, I. 208/383-4.  
 Nature-conquering, II. 42/97.  
 Nauseous = nauseated, II. 161/276.  
 Nauseousness, II. 175/172.  
 Navel, II. 133/140.  
 Nazareens, II. 109/208, 121/167.  
 Nazaren, *adj.*, II. 117/114.  
 Neat, I. 182/283.  
 Negros, I. 193/146.  
 Neighbour, *adj.*, I. 134/211.  
 Nest, *sb.*, I. 123/52, 127/107, 129/134; II. 168/70, etc.  
 Nestling, *v.*, nestled, I. 169/92; II. 130/88, 155/185.  
 Never-blushing, I. 178/230.

Never-daunted, I. 171/127.  
 Never-faint, I. 194/171.  
 Never-pruned, I. 166/50.  
 Never-sleeping, II. 158/233.  
 Never-wearied, I. 173/153.  
 New-born-men-rejected, I. 170/106.  
 New-bru'd, I. 155/212.  
 New-coyned, II. 121/175.  
 New-fur'd, *adj.*, II. 97/34.  
 New-gilded, I. 142/20.  
 Nice, *adj.* = fastidious, I. 211/421.  
 Niceness, I. 36/102.  
 Niceties, II. 129/73.  
 Nighings, *sb.* = neighings, II. 80/39.  
 Night-birds (band of = Judas and his company), I. 224/182.  
 Night-conceived, I. 59/210.  
 Nimbly-piercing, I. 116/284.  
 Nobly-privileg'd, I. 133 192.  
 Nobly-sacred, I. 11/3.  
 Noisom, II. 161/275.  
 Noisomness, II. 23/90.  
 Nomenclator, I. 51/86.  
 Nonage, I. 212/4.  
 North-begotten, I. 165/39.  
 Nothing well drest, I. 140/298.  
 Numbers, *sb.* = verses, II. 127/48.  
 Numeration, I. 126/93.  
 Numness, II. 16/228.  
 Nuzling, *v.*, II. 157/210.

## O

OARS, *sb.* = wings : feathered, I. 60/222 ; II. 141/258.  
 Oaten, *adj.*, II. 145/32.  
 Obeysance, I. 159/279.  
 Object, *v.*, object, objected, I. 166/55 ; II. 21/63, 69/228, 229/209.  
 Obligement, I. 224/177.  
 Obtruding, *adj.*, I. 122/37.  
 Occasion, *sb.*, occasions, I. 27/243, 185/37. In the first reference = cause. Joseph's dreams made his brethren hate him and sell him. In the second reference = opportunity.  
 Occidental, II. 96/17.  
 Odrysian, I. 183/5.  
 Oeconomy, I. 205/330.  
 Oily, II. 152/132.  
 Oint, *v.*, ointed, I. 208/381 ; II. 62/128, 152/132.  
 Old-answer'd, II. 33/241.  
 Ominous, I. 230/267 ; II. 46/147.  
 One-different, I. 49/65.  
 Onslates, *sb.*, II. 123/195, 178, Argument.  
 Ope, *v.*, op'd, I. 123/55, 126/86, 96, 197/214.  
 Opened, *v.*, 'wide he (the dog) opened' = made an outcry, II. 190/179 :—  
     'Hark the dog opens ; take thy certain aim.'  
     (Gay's Rural Sports, ii. 348.)  
 Opinionastrete, II. 91/203.

Or, heraldic (a Lyon or), I. 85/95.  
 Oraculous, II. 224/142.  
 Oration, II. 77/349.  
 Oratory, II. 52/246, 172/120, 189/166.  
 Orient, *adj.*, I. 144/43, 206/342.  
 Oriental, II. 159/236, 174/157.  
 Oriflambe, II. 98/42.  
 Original, *sb.*, I. 13/75, 23/182 ; II. 73/284, etc.  
 Orison, I. 133/205.  
 Orthodoxal, I. 138/287.  
 Ottomanick, *adj.*, II. 98/61.  
 Ought, *v.* = owed, I. 126/93 ; II. 188/157.  
 Outbrave, *v.*, outbraves, I. 47/30, 192/242.  
 Out-compliment, *v.*, II. 212/181.  
 Out-dare, II. 69/223, 160/262.  
 Out-fac'd, II. 144/19.  
 Out-flew, I. 194/175 ; II. 101/94.  
 Out-give, *v.*, to surpass in giving, II. 166/38.  
 Out-glaring, *v.*, II. 48/178.  
 Out glittering, *v.*, outglitters, I. 43/218, 175/181.  
 Out grain'd, *v.*, out purpled and outgrain'd = out-blushed, I. 48/57 :—

'How the red roses flush up in her cheeks  
 And the pure snow with goodly vermeil stain  
 Like crimson dy'd in grain.'

(Spenser's Epithalamium.)

Out-look, *v.*, out-look'd, I. 76/225 ; II. 24/109, 213/197.  
 Out-pois'ning, I. 227/223.  
 Outpurpled, *v.*, and see Outgrain'd, I. 48/51.  
 Out-shin'd, *v.*, II. 130/100, 175/166.  
 Out-sparkled, *adj.*, I. 17/84.  
 Outspit, *v.*, II. 121/161.  
 Outstare, *v.*, I. 157/240.  
 Outstrein'd, *v.*, II. 63/144.  
 Outvy, *v.*, outvies, I. 137/262 ; II. 22/71, 57/49, 133/140, etc.  
 Oven, II. 58/69.  
 Overbears, II. 11/149.  
 Oversway, II. 183/75.

## P

PACK, *v.*, I. 88/153.  
 Pack, *v.*, *int.*, I. 128/129, 217/72.  
 Pack, *sb.*, I. 156/232.  
 Padling, *v.*, II. 130/96.  
 Pæans, II. 72/277, 83/72.  
 Painful, I. 53/125 ; II. 37/13, 161/272, 162/294, etc.  
 Pale, *sb.* = enclosure, II. 87/136.  
 Pale-fac'd, II. 129/84, 165/19, 217/35.  
 Paledness, I. 125/71.  
 Pallet, II. 226/163.  
 Panders, II. 19/30.  
 Panegyrick, *adj.*, I. 194/174.  
 Panick-gulf = in depths of despair = gulph of fear, II. 25/116. See Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable, s.v.  
 Panims, II. 97/33, 98/42.

- Pant, *v. tr.*, II. 159/242.  
 Pantry (heaven's pantry), II. 72/270.  
 Paraclete, II. 93/227.  
 Paradox, I. 169/94.  
 Paradoxick, II. 133/137, 161/279.  
 Parallel, II. 135/164.  
 Paranymp = bride-man, I. 226/219. Samson Agon.  
 1020: Du Bartas' Voc. 351. In Nares's Glossary as  
 edited by Halliwell-Phillips and Wright (the word  
 is not in the original edition) paranymp is said to  
 usually signify a bridesmaid—an assertion supported  
 by a single quotation from Watson's *Quodlibets of  
 Religion*, 'Our blessed ladie's paranymp Saint  
 Gabiville.' The editors were misled by the appar-  
 ently feminine termination. Is the allusion to the  
 communication of the archangel? Jeremy Taylor  
 uses it as = assistant, backer up. See Dycbe, *s.v.* In  
 Greek marriages he was the bridegroom's best man.  
 Paranympus, I. 88/143; II. 231/241.  
 Parcel = part, I. 105/118, 187/62.  
 Parian, *adj.*, II. 86/129.  
 Parl, *v.*, II. p. 237, st. 1. (Death).  
 Parle, *v.*, II. 119/140.  
 Parley, *v.*, I. 84/74.  
 Passant, *adj.*, I. 145/70.  
 Passive, *adj.* = capable of suffering, I. 225/193; II.  
 117/102.  
 Passivity = a passive or insensible state, II. 167/53.  
 226/175.  
 Passiveness = capability of suffering, II. 68/211.  
 Pastimes, *sb.*, II. 163/297.  
 Patch'd, *adj.*, I. 216/58.  
 Patching, *v.*, I. 215/43.  
 Patent, *sb.*, II. 177/192.  
 Patin, II. 10/137, 14/198, 201, 205.  
 Patternable, II. 160/257.  
 Pauciloquie, II. 156/202.  
 Pawn'd, II. 71/255.  
 Paxis = Paxi, two small islands between Corcyra and  
 Leucas, now Paxo and Antipaxo. See Milton's  
 Hymn on the Nativity xx. and the Commentators:  
 also Keats's Endymion. II. 50/219.  
 Peans, II. 225/158.  
 Peeping, *adj.* (peeping dawn), I. 206/355; II. 59/52.  
 Peevish, I. 31/27, 59/210, 68/105, 103/93, etc.  
 Peevishness, II. 32/226.  
 Pelf, I. 103/81.  
 Pend, *v.* = to pen, enclose? I. 16/73.  
 Pendle. See our Introduction (II. Critical), I. 178/228.  
 Pentecost, pentecosts, II. 84/98, 86/127, 87/138, 92/220.  
 Perdu, *adj.*, perdu = concealed, I. 97/6; II. 217/28.  
 Period, I. 68/100.  
 Perriwig, II. 176/177.  
 Persist, *v.*, II. 151/120.  
 Perspective, *sb.*, II. 13/179, 68/220, 129/78.  
 Persue, *v.*, II. 27/148.  
 Pert, *adj.*, II. 140/243.  
 Peruque, I. 40/166.  
 Perversely-blear, II. 155/187.  
 Pester, *v.* = to crowd, II. 166/36.  
 Petard, I. 40/175.  
 Petrify'd, *v.*, II. 69/229.  
 Pharos, II. 107/185.  
 Philauty = self-love, I. 13/38, 85/101, 114/269; II.  
 126/35. Tyndale (l. 154, 157, Parker Soc. Ed.)  
 uses *philautia* for philosophy, perhaps meaning a  
 gird at the conceit of some philosophers.  
 Phobe's, I. 53/119.  
 Phylax, I. 11/1. 3. (Argument).  
 Phrase, *v.*, inst. = to table, I. 50/81.  
 Phthisick, I. 159/272.  
 Pick, *v.*, I. 34/75.  
 Piece up, *v.*, II. 162/295.  
 Piety-becoming, II. 100/81.  
 Piety-pretending, II. 132/118.  
 Pikaxes, I. 167/63.  
 Pilfering, *sb.*, II. 67/203.  
 Pin, *v.*, II. 28/163.  
 Pinched, *adj.*, I. 166/47.  
 Pined, *adj.*, I. 45/3, 168/81, 176/195, 180/255, etc.  
 Pinfeathered, *adj.* = pen-feathered, I. 59/209. 'Your  
 intellect is pen-feathered, too weak to soar so high'  
 (Gentleman Instructed, p. 470): 'my children  
 then were just pen-feathered' (Prior's Turtle and  
 Sparrow).  
 Pinn'd, *v.*, I. 57/184.  
 Piously-sullied, I. 37/126.  
 Pismires, II. 36/10. Wedgwood says, 'so named from  
 the sharp urinous smell of an ant-hill' (*s.v.*). I've  
 examined many ant-hills, but I never detected such  
 a smell—a mere fancy probably. In the Breeches  
 Bible, Proverbs vi. 6-8, ant is 'pismire.'  
 Pitch, *sb.* = blackness, II. 174/154.  
 Pitch, *sb.* = reach, height, II. 5/65, 108/199.  
 Pittance, I. 196/201.  
 Pix, I. 183/1.  
 Plainlook'd, II. 137/196.  
 Plait, *sb.*, I. 124/62.  
 Planed over, *v.*, = smoothed, II. 174/152.  
 Planets, *sb.* = wanderers, II. 165/20.  
 Plantation = colony, II. 95/3, 155/183, 170/92.  
 Plated, *v.*, I. 153/190, 184/19, 188/91; II. 182/65.  
 Pleasure-promising, II. 181/43.  
 Plebian, *adj.*, II. 67/205.  
 Pleit, *sb.*, II. 112/37.  
 Plenal, II. 137/192, 203/54.  
 Plenitude, I. 184/21.  
 Plethora, I. 122/30.  
 Pliant, I. 134/217.  
 Plot, *sb.* = plan, design, I. 209/395; II. 153/149,  
 171/108, 210/148.  
 Plots, *v.*, plotted = to plan, I. 186/41; II. 12/163, 41/76,  
 154/170.  
 Plum'd, *v.* = plummed, II. 59/81.  
 Plummed, *v.*, I. 65/58, 148/109.  
 Plummy, *adj.* = soft, feathery, I. 142/15.  
 Plunder, *sb.*, I. 149/130; II. 146/41, 149/87.  
 Plundering, *v.*, plundered, II. 98/51, 174/156, 181/50.

- Pharus = riches, II. 126/38.  
 Ply'd, *v.*, I. 123/54.  
 Poetick feet, II. 127/48.  
 Poised, *v.*, pois'd = weighed, II. 8/114; 54/141, 176/156.  
 Pointed, *v.* = directed, II. 112/38.  
 Poison-hugging, II. 208/117.  
 Poison-pointed, I. 229/258.  
 Pois'd, *v.*, I. 172/142.  
 Politely, *adv.* = in a polished manner, I. 42/195.  
 Politickly, II. 162/292.  
 Politickly-bloody, II. 22/81.  
 Politickly-mad, II. 85/105.  
 Politickly-mild, I. 97/8.  
 Politure, I. 112/234, 219/113; II. 133/131, 169/81.  
     Latham quotes from Downe's History of Septuagint, p. 45 (1633), 'The table was a work of admirable *politure*,' and from Evelyn, 'The perfection of these hard materials consists in their receiving the most exquisite *politure*.' Latin *politura*, polishing, trimming.  
 Polled, *v.*, poll'd, I. 97/7, 216/66.  
 Polytheous, II. 168/58.  
 Pompos, II. 74/299.  
 Ponderation, II. 17/9.  
 Poor-looking, I. 129/134.  
 Poorly-glimmering, I. 44/221.  
 Poring, *adj.*, I. 216/69.  
 Port, *sb.* = bearing, I. 8/23, 129/135, 132/188, 148/101; II. 82/57, etc.  
 Port, *sb.* = a gate, I. 93/208.  
 Port, *sb.* = harbour, destination, II. 82/57.  
 Porter, *sb.*, porters, I. 135/235, 145/62.  
 Portentous, II. 21/64.  
 Portentuous, I. 157/250, 166/41, 172/134, etc.  
 Portly, I. 73/182.  
 Portyness, II. 134/152. See Spenser, Sonnet v.  
 Pose, *v.*, pos'd, posed, II. 11/147, 99/65, 108/200, 124/3, etc.  
 Poss'd, *v.*, I. 134/219. Chancer uses this word = to push, and so here = to teach, come up to—unless it is a misprint for 'pass.' See Rom. of Rose, 4479. Legend of Fair Women, 2409.  
 Posteth, *v.*, I. 213/18.  
 Poxy, II. 153/156.  
 Potency, II. 21/70, 91/195-6, 122/177, 169/82.  
 Pottles, II. 5/62.  
 Pouch, *sb.*, pouches = a bag, I. 144/53, 218/94.  
 Post, *v.*, II. 32/228.  
 Powder, *sb.* = hair powder, II. 125/12.  
 Powring = pouring, II. 68/220.  
 Powring, *adj.*, II. 3/38.  
 Poses, *v.*, II. 9/122.  
 Practic, *adj.*, practick, I. 32/43, 208/373; II. 4/47.  
 Præsential, II. 243, st. a. (Love's Eye.)  
 Pragmatic, I. 88/153.  
 Praise-hunting, II. 164/2.  
 Prance, *v.*, II. 86/126.  
 Prancing, *adj.*, II. 156/203.  
 Prate, *v.*, I. 156/227.  
 Prattle, *sb.*, II. 152/139, 156/195.  
 Prattle, *v.*, II. 156/205.  
 Pray, *sb.* = prey, I. 122/28.  
 Preached wind, II. 16/222.  
 Preachment, I. 184/57, 196/196; II. 175/174, 194/238.  
 Precentor, II. 174/150.  
 Precious-relishing, I. 71/149.  
 Preciously-aromatized, II. 153/150.  
 Precipitant, II. 182/58.  
 Preface, *sb.* = fore-part or preface to a greater bliss; an inlet, introduction or way, II. 141/253. Kents in Hyperion has: 'That inlet to severe magnificence, stood full blown for the god to enter in.'  
 Prefaced, *v.*, I. 99/27.  
 Prefer, *v.* = offer, I. 138/286.  
 Prefixed, *adj.*, II. 63/131.  
 Preludiums, I. 184/21; II. 46/159, 55/15.  
 Premises, II. 140/242.  
 Prenticehood, prentisehood, I. 32/43; II. 37/14, 161/269.  
 Preoccupating, *v.*, II. 181/42.  
 Prepossess, *v.*, II. 40/67.  
 Preposterous, II. 120/154.  
 Preposterousness, I. 91/190; II. 112/35.  
 Prescript, *sb.*, II. 17/5.  
 Presses, *sb.* = crowds, I. 53/125.  
 Prest, *adj.*, I. 64/43, 136/181; II. 82/59, 108/197, etc.  
 Prevent, *v.*, prevented, I. 20/139, 142/18, 149/125, etc.  
 Prevented, *adj.*, II. 5/58, 64/150.  
 Prevention, II. 151/130.  
 Price-transcending, II. 104/136.  
 Pricks, *sb.* = thorns, II. 152/144, 154/175.  
 Prides, *v. tr.* = adorns, glorifies, I. 131/171.  
 Prime, *v.*, I. 168/86.  
 Principality = highest place, I. 221/141.  
 Print, to look on, I. 34/79.  
 Print, I. 34/79. 'To look in print' = to look very fine, well-dressed, etc. 'To starch mustachios and to prank in print': (Du. Bartas' Voc. 352). So Chapman:—  
     'Not a haire  
     About his whole bulke but it *stands in print*;  
     Each pinne hath his due place.' (All Fools v. 1.)  
 So too Massinger:—  
     'Is he not, madam,  
     A monsieur *in print*? what a garb was there.'  
     (Guardian ii. 1.)  
 Finally—'You may with more ease harasse a peacock out of his brains than a Town-spark of his Gaudry. He will appear in print and convince the world that Finery and Folly are near allied.'  
 (Gentleman Instructed, 477.)  
 Print, *sb.* = foot-print, II. 75/321.  
 Prints, *v.* = inscribes, I. 214/32.  
 Pritty, II. 156/194.  
 Private, *adj.* = retired, secluded, I. 34/82.  
     'To *private* Night slip all the stars away.'  
 Probations, probation = proofs, I. 176/203, 206/341; II. 107/183, 176/180.

Procession = progress, II. 136/179.  
 Proconnesian, I. 66/70. Proconnesus is an island in the Propontis celebrated for its marble quarries, white with black streaks. Its modern name, hence derived, Marmore or Marmora, has given the same name to the sea of Marmora—that most charming-coloured of our seas. See Pliny, Nat. Hist. xxxvi. 6, and xxxvii. 10.  
 Prodigious = portentous, I. 59/212, 221/140; II. 3/99, 123/194, 194/238.  
 Profest, *v.*, I. 67/94.  
 Profuseness, II. 62/129.  
 Project, *sb.*, I. 123/42.  
 Projects, *v.* = to plan, II. 41/76.  
 Prolific, I. 126/91, 127/107.  
 Promulge, *v.*, II. 228/202.  
 Propriety, *sb.* = property, II. 204/63, 225/149.  
 Propounded, *adj.*, II. 149/98.  
 Prospective, I. 175/177.  
 Protean, *adj.*, II. 131/112.  
 Protoplast, I. 171/124, 185/31.  
 Protracts, *v.* = delays, II. 98/51.  
 Provident, *adj.*, I. 158/258.  
 Proud-hearted-burning, II. 85/107.  
 Prouddest-decked, II. 155/178.  
 Proudly-sumptuous, I. 120/3.  
 Prowess, I. 214/27; II. 60/96.  
 Proxy, I. 169/99.  
 Puddle, *sb.*, II. 92/217.  
 Puerperial, II. 44/124, 124/6.  
 Puff'd, *v.*, II. 146/52.  
 Puffed, *adj.*, II. 226/165.  
 Puffing, *adj.*, I. 52/112, 104/107; II. 129/71.  
 Punctually, *adv.* = exactly, I. p. 6, l. 27.  
 Puny, *adj.* = younger, I. 17/86, 19/114.  
 Purely-sprightful, I. 186/45.  
 Purling = flowing with a gentle noise, as in Shakespeare and others, I. 77/245. 'Dialect' is used metaphorically on account of the 'soft murmuring,' and 'story' of the context.  
 Putid, I. 44/220; II. 21/56, 23/90, 43/107, 52/245, etc.  
 Putidness, II. 121/163.

## Q

QUAKEMIRE, I. 147/93.  
 Queen-ship, I. 63/25.  
 Quick, I. 107/150, 109/176.  
 Quick-ey'd, I. 137/255.  
 Quick pac'd, I. 168/65.  
 Quinsey, I. 159/271.  
 Quintessence, II. 159/241.  
 Quintessential, I. 174/173.  
 Quirk, *sb.*, II. 116/105.  
 Quit, *v.* = to requite, II. 52/239, 175/164, 202/37.

## R

RACE, *sb.*, open race = expanse, II. 87/136.  
 Rack, *sb.*, I. 87/119.

Rain'd, *v.* = reined, I. 128/118.  
 Ram, *v.*, I. 149/119.  
 Rams, *sb.*, military, I. 222/151.  
 Rampant, I. 36/114, 78/256, 108/160, 228/242, etc.  
 Rampantly, II. 21/61.  
 Rankle, *v. tr.*, II. 55/24.  
 Rap'd, *v.* = ravished, I. 67/90; II. p. 1, Argument.  
 Rare, II. 53/266, 164/6.  
 Rarely = eminently, I. 157/240.  
 Rarities, II. 172/130.  
 Rasp, I. 70/140.  
 Ravishing, *adj.*, II. 174/130.  
 Ravishment, I. 23/176; II. 6/83, 68/209, 74/299, etc.  
 Ravishment, impersonated = rape, II. 185/105.  
 Recoil, *v.*, I. 141/3.  
 Recollect, I. 30/19.  
 Recreating, *adj.*, II. 129/77.  
 Recruit, *sb.*, recruits, II. 16/227, 67/191, 73/282, 91/193, etc.  
 Red-cross, II. 145/36.  
 Re-edify, II. 42/93.  
 Redound, II. 155/187.  
 Reform, *v. intransitive*, I. 39/152.  
 Refrain, *v. tr.*, II. 2/13.  
 Regardless, I. 155/208.  
 Regorg'd, *v.*, II. 206/90.  
 Regret, *v. tr.* = to cause regret, to vex, II. 208/126.  
 Reimblish, *v.*, I. 119/329.  
 Reinvested, *v.*, I. 209/398.  
 Relation = narrative, I. 150/145.  
 Releasment, I. 52/110.  
 Relent, *v.*, relented, I. 77/234; II. 217/40—

'Earth relenting feels the genial ray.'

(Pope's Temple of Fame, 4.)

Relict, *sb.*, relicts = relics, II. 52/236, 63/138, 145.  
 Reluctancy, II. 230/223.  
 Reluctant, *adj.*, I. 59/210; II. 107/178, 175/172.  
 Remarry'd, *v.*, II. 61/102.  
 Remember, *v.* = to remind, II. 125/19.  
 Remoras, I. 110/95.  
 Remorse = pity, I. 176/194.  
 Remorseless, I. 76/229, 147/99, 192/143, etc.  
 Remorselessness, I. 173/157.  
 Rend, *v.*, I. 144/47.  
 Rent, *v.*, II. 229/212.  
 Rent, *sb.* = division, schism, II. 145/38.  
 Re-ordain, I. 172/136, 7.  
 Repatch'd, I. 218/93.  
 Repeal, *v.*, II. 86/127.  
 Repercussed, *adj.* = reflected, I. 92/203—

'The sunne . . . . .

Doth parch all things that *repercuss* her beames.'

(Stirling's 'Aurora,' quoted in Richardson, *xv.*)

See Aeneid viii. 22-25.

Repenteth, *v.*, repented = to relent, II. 25/128, 170/91.  
 Repierce, *v.*, II. 69/231.  
 Replinish'd, II. 15/220.

Reposement, I. 215/45.  
 Reprieve, II. 123/200.  
 Reprise, *v.*, I. 8/19.  
 Resent, *v.*, II. p. 249, st. i. (Content.)  
 Resent, *v.*, resents, resenting—*re* and *sentio* = to feel again or in return, I. 71/156; II. 45/139, 58/58, 80/31, etc.  
 Restauration, I. 127/106; II. 21/68.  
 Resty = restive, II. 178/7.  
 Retardments, I. 210/413.  
 Retchless, I. 29/2, 91/191; II. 41/83.  
 Retort, *v.*, II. 92/218.  
 Retribution = repayment, II. 213/51.  
 Retriev'd, *v.*, II. 190/180.  
 Revel'd, *v.*, I. 74/192. Latin form of reveal (*revelare*)? Or = *revailer*, to waken, keep awake (a wake called a 'revel' in some counties), so, to make a noise, rest, row?  
 Revenue, I. 136/239.  
 Reverberated, *v.*, I. 48/43. See under 'Repercussed.' 'The sun-beams falling upon a rock of cristall . . . makes the *reverberation* stronger' (Howell's 'Forraïne Travell,' sect. ii.) Latinate form = struck back, reflected.  
 Reverence-commanding, II. 155/188.  
 Revest, I. 226/207; II. 60/96.  
 Rhinocerot, I. 170/114. Cf. Isaiah xxxiv. 7 (margin), authorised version of 1611, but altered in modern Bibles. See Du Bartas' 6th day, 1st week, 42, and Handicrafts, 295.  
 Right-boldly-shining, I. 183/2.  
 Right-down, I. 82/45; II. 99/69, 213/204.  
 Ringle, *sb.*, I. 110/198.  
 Roarers, II. 159/241.  
 Roaring Boys, II. 200/4.  
 Robustuous, II. 29/45.  
 Roitish, *adj.* = straggling, I. 107/160. Halliwell-Philips gives root = to walk about idly.  
 Roseal, *adj.*, I. 15/58, 65/58, 92/203, 130/154, etc., etc. Cf. Du Bartas' 2d day, 1st week, 432: Magnif. 354. So *frequenter*, e.g. Sir T. Elyot, Davenant, etc., etc. So 'lacteal,' etc.  
 Rough-cast, *v.*, I. 40/167.  
 Rough-cast, *sb.*, I. 88/141; II. 198/299.  
 Roul, *v.* = to roll, I. 20/132, 38/135, 204/320, etc.  
 Rout, *sb.* = mob, II. 35/272, 30/203, 67/205.  
 Royled, *adj.*—query our 'riled' = disturb, vex, II. 156/195. 'Roiled, soiled affections' (Ward's Sermons, p. 65): 'The lambe down stream *roiled* the wolf's water above' (North's Examen, p. 354): 'That his friends . . . should believe it was what *roiled* him extremely' (*Ibid.* Life of Lord Guilford, ii. 241).  
 Rub, *sb.*, I. 39/157, 98/24.  
 Rubrick, *adj.*, rubrick, I. 33/64; II. 33/236.  
 Ruby, *adj.*, I. 158/255; II. 73/292.  
 Rudely-blustering, II. 163/306.  
 Rue, *v.*, ru'd, I. 84/84, 120/7; II. 11/148.  
 Rueful, *adj.*, ruful, I. 158/251, 176/191; II. 57/41.  
 Ruff, I. 70/144. Du Bartas' Schism, 1010—a small river

fish, a species of perch. See Is. Walton i. c. xx. called also a pope, a Jack Ruff.  
 Ruffled, *v.*, II. 163/302.  
 Ruffling, *adj.*, I. 112/223.  
 Ruffling loose, II. 155/181.  
 Russled, *v.*, II. 50/210.  
 Russling, *adj.*, I. 183/1.

## S

SACK, *sb.*, I. 68/113.  
 Sad = heavy, II. p. 239/2, l. 7; II. 106/168.  
 Sagely-sprightful, II. 201/25.  
 Saint-seeming, II. 121/167.  
 Salacious, II. 148/81.  
 Salamanders, I. 169/100. See Browne's Vulgar Errors. Falstaff calls Bardolph's red nose a salamander. The old old story found in Pliny (N. H. x. 67) of its quenching fire but not as to its living in it. Cf. Batman upon Barth, xviii. 92. See Brewer, *s.v.*  
 Salt-royl'd = made turbid with salt, I. 64/52. See Royl'd.  
 Salutiferous, I. 122/31; II. 139/235.  
 Salvage, I. 57/183, 58/198, 79/4, *et frequenter*.  
 Salvagely, I. 155/217.  
 Salvageness, I. 134/220, 161/305, 171/125, etc.  
 Sand, *sb.*, fruitless sand = wasted time, alluding to the Hour-glass, II. 15/217.  
 Sanhedrim, II. 66/183.  
 Sapless, I. 150/131, 165/32, 166/48, 170/101, etc.  
 Sapers, I. 70/137.  
 Saracenic, II. 95/10.  
 Saucy, *adj.*, II. 86/117.  
 Savageness, I. 97/8.  
 Say, *sb.*, let them say their say, II. 174/148.  
 Scaley, II. 122/187, 184/74.  
 Scalt, *v.*, I. 220/126.  
 Scanter, *adj.*, I. 166/52.  
 Scape, *v.*, scaping, I. 126/88, 229/260.  
 Scare-crow, *adj.*, II. 106/172.  
 Schedule, I. 18/101.  
 Science, I. 116/285.  
 Score, *sb.*, scores, I. 34/74; II. 48/178, 218/52.  
 Score, *sb.*, to run upon the score, I. 34/80; II. 187/132.  
 Scrambling, *adj.*, I. 108/161, 152/168; II. 86/125, 145/28. *craping, sb.*, II. 218/92.  
 Scritchows, I. 156/221.  
 Scruded, *adj.*, I. 215/50.  
 Scruded, *v.*, II. 175/170, 206/92.  
 Scud, *v.*, I. 186/51.  
 Scum, *sb.* = foam, I. 147/92.  
 Scum, *sb.*, the populace, II. 145/30.  
 Seal'd, I. 48/42.  
 Sear, *adj.*, I. 51/93, 165/37.  
 Seasing, *v.* = seizing, I. 41/166.  
 Seav'n-horned, I. 165/34.  
 Seav'n-times-redoubted, I. 177/208.  
 Secular, I. 95/241.  
 Secure, *adj.* = confident, II. 66/178, 176/189.  
 Securely, *adv.* = carelessly, confidently, II. 118/120.



Seizure, *sb.*, II. 60/99.  
 Seized of, *v.* = possessed of, II. 173/133.  
 Seizings, *sb.* = seizure, as of violent pain, etc., II. 88/155.  
 Cf. *taken* in Ben Jonson's 'Sad Shepherd,'—  
     'Poor Tom, the cook, is *taken*,' etc.  
 Self-applauding, I. 203/305.  
 Self-destroying, I. 128/128.  
 Self-felony, II. 166/27.  
 Self-shattering, II. 21/69.  
 Self-thwarting, I. 156/225.  
 Self-treason, I. 164/16.  
 Sell, *sb.* = sill, threshold, I. 151/150.  
 Sent, *sb.* = scent, II. 9/117, 41/81, 79/24, etc.  
 Septennial, I. 165/36.  
 Sequester, *v.*, sequestred, I. 204/317; II. 160/265, 162/284, 201/11.  
 Sequestration, II. 212/176.  
 Seren'd, *v.*, II. 68/217.  
 Serpent-like, I. 22/166.  
 Set, *adj.*, II. 161/280.  
 Shaked, *v.*, shak'd = shook, I. 12/19, 215/47.  
 Shaked, *adj.*, II. 93/235, 142/272.  
 Shambles, I. 158/255; II. 38/39, 182/67.  
 Shapeless shapes, I. 152/168; II. 122/185.  
 Sharp-affrighted, I. 165/37.  
 Sharp-ey'd, I. 156/226.  
 She (that she), I. 124/56, 127/110, etc.  
 Shear, *v.* = to reap, II. 115/81.  
 Sheepish, II. 25/122, 27/155.  
 Shelf, *sb.*, shelves, shelves, I. 94/233; II. 4/53, 104/145.  
 Shift, *sb.*, a garment, II. 198/299.  
 Shiftless, II. 71/258, 124/5.  
 Shipwrack, *sb.*, II. 145/37, 146/54.  
 Shipwrack'd, *v.*, II. 2/22.  
 Shivers, *sb.*, to start or run into shivers, I. 185/33; II. 120/152.  
 Shivers, *sb.*, pieces, fragments, II. 21/69.  
 Shoar, *sb.*, shoars = shore, II. 74/298, 147/57.  
 Shop, *sb.* = storehouse, I. 112/225; II. 133/139.  
 Shore-girted, II. 157/217.  
 Short-winded, I. 67/92.  
 Short-writ, II. 169/79.  
 Shoulder'd, *v.* = pushed aside with the shoulder. Cf. Hall's Def. to Envy, st. 7, and Marston's ridicule of it. II. 128/68.  
 Shred, *v.*, II. 150/111.  
 Shrowd, *sb.* = shroud, II. 67/198.  
 Shuffled in, *v.*, I. 92/198.  
 Siege, *sb.*, I. 93/212.  
 Sigh-clogg'd, II. 99/63.  
 Sign'd, *v.* (here himself he signed), query with sign of cross? II. 103/127.  
 Silken, I. 129/135; II. 88/160, 133/131, 148/82.  
 Silly, *adj.* = simple, I. 73/188, 79/11, 86/107, 92/192, etc.  
 Silvers, *v.*, II. 192/215.  
 Silver-shaming, II. 241, whiteness, I. 13.  
 Silver-thrilling, I. 194/174.  
 Simple, II. 158/66.  
 Simpleness, II. 155/178, 184/87.

Simplicity, II. 167/52.  
 Sincerest honey = purest, *sine cera*, I. 53/124.  
 Sin-condemned, II. 31/215, 47/166.  
 Sin-fatning, II. 47/174.  
 Singler, II. 79/25.  
 Singular, II. 168/56.  
 Singularity, singularities, II. 12/169, 167/52.  
 Sinister, I. 220/116; II. 135/167.  
 Sink, *sb.*, I. 110/194.  
     'Where sorrows find their sink and cares their grave.'  
 Sink, *sb.* = cess-pool (conventicle's sink), II. 83/83.  
 Sirenian, *adj.*, I. 150/134.  
 Sirly, II. 124/1.  
 Sirname, II. 120/158.  
 Sirt, I. 126/95.  
 Skeptick, *adj.*, II. 131/112.  
 Skilled, *v.*, skills't, I. 73/180, 74/195; II. 35/270.  
 Skru'd, *v.*,  
 Slake, *v.*, I. 98/17; II. 87/135.  
 Slaver, *sb.*, II. 23/90.  
 Sleek, I. 112/228.  
 Sleep'd, *v.*, slep'd = slept, I. 134/207, 144/46, 216/65.  
 Sleep-inthralled, I. 113/242.  
 Sleight, *adj.* = slight, superficial, II. 15/217.  
 Sleighted, *adj.*, II. 125/25.  
 Sleight-handed, I. 170/170.  
 Sleiting, *v.*, II. 123/195.  
 Slender-mighty, I. 110/204.  
 Slovenish, II. 13/186.  
 Slovenry, I. 22/162; II. 13/188.  
 Slow-paced, I. 160/286; II. 39/41.  
 Smart, *adj.* = pungent (smart gall), I. 168/81.  
 Smoaky, II. 23/89.  
 Smooth-burnish'd, I. 174/170.  
 Smooth-fac'd, I. 38/139.  
 Smug, *adj.*, I. 80/23, 97/4, 175/176; II. 107/188, 148/81, 150/114.  
 Smutch, *v.*, II. 138/222.  
 Snaky-heads, I. 14/45.  
 Snarle, *v. intransitive*, to disagree, I. 49/62.  
     'Making the most divided things agree,  
     And most united snarle.'  
 Snarle, *v.* = to quarrel, to snarle as a dog snarled, snarleth, I. 217/76; II. 143/6, 145/26.  
 Snarled, *v. transitive*, ensnared, entangled, I. 181/275, 211/420.  
 Snarled, *adj.*, snarl'd = entangled, I. 12/9, 31/27, 152/168; 176/205; II. 119/124, 122/188, 165/22.  
 Snarled, *adj.*, ensnared, II. 40/67.  
 Snarles, *sb.* = snares, or rather entanglements, I. 174/169.  
 Snarling, *adj.* = disagreeing, as dogs snarl (snarling discords), etc., I. 32/47; II. 83/80.  
 Snatch'd, *v.*, I. 128/124.  
 Sneak'd, *v. transitive*, sneak'd their faint heads aside, I. 14/47.  
 Sneaking, *adj.*, I. 222/164; II. 18/23.  
 Sneesings, *sb.*, I. 106/139.  
 Snowy, snowy age = old age, II. 20/45.  
 Snowy-countenanc'd, I. 53/118.

- Snugging, *v.*, I. 29/6.  
 Soaking, *adj.*, II. 147/60.  
 Soar, *sb.*, soars = sore, II. 66/189, 77/359, 209/135, 8, etc.  
 Sober, *adj.* = self-restrained, II. 33/247. There is a curious parallel in Chapman's *Gentleman Usher*, where one of the speakers excuses a drunken woman by saying :—  
     'She's as discreet a dame  
     As any in these countries, and as *sober*  
     But for this only humour of the cup.'  
 Soder, *sb.*, I. 227/222.  
 Soder, *v.*, soder'd, I. 29/2; II. 36/8, 79/13.  
 Soder'd up, *v.* = closed, I. 29/2.  
 Soft-hearted, II. 110/9.  
 Soft-lay'd, II. 162/293.  
 Soft-murmuring, I. 77/245.  
 Softer sex, II. 39/50.  
 Softest-hardest, II. 227/185.  
 Solæcism, I. 91/191.  
 Solecism, II. 175/161.  
 Solid, *adj.* = serious, II. 152/140.  
 Sonnets, I. 34/80.  
 Sooty, I. 121/18, 155/219; II. 46/147, 174/153, 180/32.  
 Sophistick, *adj.*, II. 118/119.  
 Sore, *v.* = to soar, II. 226/166, 229/212.  
 Sorry, *adj.* = mean, contemptible. I. 132/180; II. 34/254, 43/101.  
 'Sortlyness'—our misprint in note for 'Portlyness,' which see.  
 Sot, *sb.*, I. 228/249.  
 Sottish, II. 115/74, 116/95, 123/195.  
 Sottishness, II. 5/60, 9/119, 27/156, 116/87, etc.  
 Soul-attracting, II. 13/190.  
 Soul-bigamy, II. 137/203.  
 Soul-blinding, II. 85/102.  
 Soul-charming, I. 67/92, 134/218; II. 79/42, etc.  
 Soul-cheering, II. 2/19; 225/159.  
 Soul-commanding, I. 99/30.  
 Soul-conquering, I. 32/48; II. 103/130.  
 Soul-deflowering, I. 120, the Argument.  
 Soul-embaving, II. 147/59.  
 Soul-enlivening, II. 153/152.  
 Soul-knawing, I. 217/74.  
 Soule-knawing, I. 148/113.  
 Soul-fatning, I. 117/301.  
 Soul-inamoring, II. 148/113.  
 Soul-piercing, I. 143/36.  
 Soul-plundering, II. 200/9.  
 Soul-plying, I. 100/55; II. 147/61, 159/239.  
 Soul-ravishing, II. 73/294.  
 Soul-subduing, II. 119/140. The two literary ladies in 'Martin Chuzzlewit' had often contemplated Elijah Pogram 'in the speaking marble of the soul-subduing Ciggle.'  
 Soul of sweetness, II. 196/279.  
 Sourer, *adj.*, II. 159/250.  
 Soused, *v.*, sous'd, I. 12/19; II. 46/159.  
 Sousing, *adj.*, II. 103/121.  
 Sovereign, I. 100/43.  
 Sovereignly-odious, I. 154/205.  
 Spangles, *sb.* = stars, I. 137/252. 'The twinkling *spangles*, the ornaments of the upper world' (Glanville, quoted by Latham, *s.v.*).  
 Spars, *sb.*, II. 76/326.  
 Speciousness, II. 161/271.  
 Spectacle, *sb.* = an object of sight, I. 149/124.  
 Spectacles, *sb.* = optic glasses, II. 166/30.  
 Speculation = contemplation, II. 168/68.  
 Speculation = object contemplated, II. 170/93, 171/102.  
 Spermatick, *adj.*, spermatick Nile, I. 165/34.  
 Spew, *v.*, spew'd, spu'd, I. 215/54, 228/241, 231/292.  
 Spewing, *adj.*, II. 121/161.  
 Spherick, *adj.*, II. 152/140.  
 Spice-breathing, I. 59/214.  
 Spight, *sb.* = spite, I. 37/119, 119/327, 155/209, etc.  
 Spightful = spiteful, I. 41/180, 97/9, 115/271; II. 39/51, etc.  
 Spinster, *sb.* = spinner, I. 64/51.  
 Splendidly-contagious, I. 215/53.  
 Splendidness, I. 145/63.  
 Sprightful, I. 46/20, 53/126, 58/198, etc.  
 Sprightfulness, II. 61/101.  
 Spruce, I. 14/29, 34/79, 57/182, 110/201, 219/109, etc.  
 Sprucer, I. 103/93.  
 Sprucely, I. 41/178; II. 163/302, 221/95.  
 Sprucest, I. 43/219, 109/180; II. 86/123.  
 Spurious, II. 180/31.  
 Spurring, *adj.*, II. 164/7.  
 Square, *v.*, squared, I. 208/376; II. 13/183, 162/287.  
 Squeazed, *adj.*, squeezed, I. 59/206, 225/194; II. 58/62-63.  
 Squeazing, *v.*, I. 220/128.  
 Squire, *sb.*, squires, II. 148/81, 181/46, 184/93.  
 Stable-born, I. 192/140.  
 Staff of life = Jacob's staff, the prelude to the quadrant, II. 9/130.  
 Stark-frozen, I. 211/417.  
 Stark-mad, I. 152/168.  
 Stark raving, II. 3/32.  
 Starved, *adj.*, I. 166/47.  
 State-blast, II. 34/257.  
 Stated, *v.*, I. 169/99.  
 Stately-beauteous, I. 103/89.  
 Stay, *sb.*, I. 187/62.  
 Stayers, *sb.* = stairs, I. 150/137, 173/150, 191/117, etc.  
 Steal, *v.* = to insinuate, II. 162/286.  
 Steals, *v.* = steals about, I. 100/46.  
 Steely, I. 151/252, 228/240; II. 56/34.  
 Steep-down, *adj.*, I. 46/14. Cf. Shakespeare's *Sonnets*. steep-up.  
 Steeping, I. 36/107.  
 Stern-fac'd, II. 98/46.  
 Stick, *v.*, II. 149/97. I stick not = hesitate not.  
 Sticklers, *sb.*, I. 91/187.  
 Stickling, *adj.*, II. 179/18.  
 Stifeled, *v.*, II. 65/16.  
 Stigmatize, *v.*, II. 82/68.  
 Still-florid, I. 117/301.  
 Stiptick, *adj.*, I. 51/98.

Stock, to spend on the stock, II. 156/201.

Stomach, *v.*, I. 61/9.

Stomach, *sb.*, I. 62/16, 76/225, 101/58, 157/236, etc.

Stomachful, I. 73/175, 180/256; II. 180/39, 161/280.

Stones, to roll all stones = to use all means, I. 187/70.

Stony, stony eye = uncompassionate, II. 45/142.

Stopping, *v.* = stopping, I. 153/176.

Stories, *sb.*, of a building, II. 227/180.

Stoutly-flashing, I. 134/210.

Stoutly-paradoxick, II. 78/1.

Stout-winged, II. 165/16.

Stowage, II. 166/37.

Stragling, *adj.*, II. 156/204.

Strait-besieged, I. 164/18.

Strait-embraced, I. 23/174.

Strait-lac'd, I. 166/52.

Strange-temper'd, I. 124/57.

Strangely-broach'd, I. 137/265.

Strangely-massacred, II. 93/232.

Strangely-potent, I. 40/175.

Strangely-precious, I. 167/64.

Strangury, I. 159/272.

Strappados, II. 182/69.

Straw = strawberry, I. 70/140.

Streak, *v. int.*, I. 111/225.

Strein, *v.*, strein'd, I. 230/273; II. 73/290, 79/15.

Strein, *sb.*, II. 2/11, 11/147, 96/18-19.

Strictly-straight, II. 167/52.

Stroaking, *v.* = caressing, II. 151/130.

Stroke, *v.* = struck, I. 174/162; II. 24/105, 188/153.

Stroking, *v.* = caressing, II. 142/273.

Strong-built, a strong-built lie, II. 26/140.

Strong-reaching, I. 78/250.

Strong-tallon'd, II. 182/62.

Strook, *v.* = struck, II. 98/42.

Strutting, *adj.*, I. 104/107.

Stub, *sb.*, I. 108/161.

Sturting, *v.* = starting, I. 132/179.

Suavity, I. 219/103; II. 36/1, 38/29, 74/300, etc.

Sublimate, *adj.*, I. 187/65.

Sublimated, *adj.*, I. 224/188; II. 102/112, 167/43.

Sublunary, II. 135/171, 165/17.

Substantiality, II. 168/66.

Suburb, *adj.*, wild suburb servants, II. 165/13.

Suburbs, *sb.*, II. 231/240.

Suburbs, *sb.*, suburbs of her soul, II. 114/58.

Suckers, *sb.*,—of a plant, II. 179/11.

Sucking, *adj.*, sucking knaves, II. 21/58.

Sucking, *adj.*, sucking schisms, II. 132/117.

Sucking = immature, but growing. 'My enemies are but sucking critics who would fain be nibbling ere their teeth are come' (Dryden's Preface to *All for Love*). The word is still used, *e.g.*, a Middy is called 'a sucking Nelson.'

Sue, *v. int.* = to follow, to ensue, I. 40/167.

Sued, *v.* = intreated, II. 175/173.

Sugar'd, *adj.*, I. 226/217; II. 107/188, 118/119.

Suit, *sb.*, of clothes, II. 112/34.

Sulfury, II. 19/38.

Sulphury, II. 3/37, 57/47.

Sultan, I. 155/212.

Sumpture, *sb.*, sumptures, I. 137/258, 144/54, 175/187.

Sun-affronting, I. 110/202.

Sun-bred, I. 209/395.

Sun-outshining, I. 171/126.

Superglorious, II. 116/99.

Supernal, I. 195/190.

Supposal, I. 74/200.

Sure-set, II. 146/52.

Surplusage, I. 197/212, 204/324; II. 74/309, etc.

Suspensive, I. 35/97.

Sustentation, II. 36/10.

Sute, *sb.*, in every danger's sute = suit at law, met., I. 177/219.

Suters, *sb.* = suitors, II. 148/72.

Swaddling, swadling, I. 132/178, 134/216.

Swarthiness, II. 20/47.

Swarthy, I. 110/196, 193/146, 228/240; II. 46/147, etc.

Sweaty, I. 141/4.

Sweet-bitter, II. 3/32, 100/78.

Sweet-complexion'd, II. 137/193.

Sweet-invenom'd, I. 117/299.

Sweet-thrilling, II. 132/126.

Sweet-tormenting, I. 80/24.

Sweet-tuned, I. 200/257; II. 162/286.

Sweeter-throated, I. 135/221.

Sweetly-cheated, I. 60/227.

Sweetly-flaming, I. 106/132.

Sweetly-loyal, II. 72/273.

Sweetly-spightful, I. 116/289.

Sweetly-swelling, I. 146/73, 181/267.

Sweetly-temper'd, I. 213/17.

Sweetly-thrilling, I. 97/6.

Sweetly-wounded, II. 38/37.

Sweetest-tuned, I. 172/134.

Swept, *v.*, I. 175/179.

Swift-footed, I. 170/114.

Swindle, *sb.*, I. 91/185, 202/289.

Swoning, *adj.* = swooning, I. 122/29.

Sybarit, II. 10/132.

Sydereal, II. 164/5.

Syllable = syllabus, or table of contents, I. p. 5.

Symmetrical, I. 67/94; II. 224/144.

Symmetriously, II. 12/170.

Syneidesis, I. 29/11, 30/20.

Synod, I. 138/266.

## T

TABLE, *sb.* = picture, Fr. *tableau*, I. 9/25, 48/45, 173/147; II. 132/123.

Tactile, I. 35/95, 71/158.

Tale—full tale, II. 35/276.

Taliation = retaliation, II. 97/26.

Tallon'd, *v.*, I. 166/50.

Tallons, *sb.*, I. 173/157, 202/289.

Tantalizes, *v.*, II. 188/72.

Tapers, I. 173/153; II. 11/158, 73/282.

Tarantula, I. 101/57.

Tart, *adj.*, II. 158/230.

- Taster, I. 117/302.  
Tawny, *adj.*, I. 12/17.  
Tax'd, *v.*, taxes, II. 160/259, 174/146.  
Teen, *sb.*, II. 26/142.  
Tekel, II. 17/9.  
Tell-tale, *adj.*, I. 26/226.  
Tell-truth, *sb.*, I. 82/42. 'He'll dismiss you with a pill to rectify your judgment that shall send you to a place where a great many bold *tell-truths* are gone before you' (Thomas Brown's Works, iii. 20—not Sir Thomas Browne).  
Temper, *sb.* = quality, disposition, I. 76/230, 154/200; II. 134/151, 181/44.  
Temper'd, *v.*, II. 178/7.  
Tempest-broken, II. 44/130.  
Tempestuous, I. 149/121.  
Temple-steps, I. 68/107. See our Introduction (II. Critical).  
Tender-hearted, I. 158/257.  
Tender-temper'd, II. 65/166.  
Tenders, *v.* = esteems, I. 220/123, 231/284.  
Tenders, *v.* = offers, I. 225/191; II. 7/87, 12/162, 64/151.  
Ten-horned, I. 179/246.  
Tenter = a stretcher or frame used by clothiers and dyers, on which were tenter-hooks for stretching serges, etc. In Devonshire the fields in which these frames are set up are called rack-fields, rack being = tenter: from Latin *tendere*. II. 89/163.  
Tenter'd, *v.* = stretched as by tenter-hooks, I. 146/76; II. 8/109, 12/166, 89/163.  
Tenuity, II. 129/75.  
Tepidness, II. 164/5.  
Terrene, II. 181/41.  
Tew, *sb.* = rope? tow? II. 31/210. So Halliwell-Phillipps—the rope by which a boat is towed. But query = some forms of taws, the pedagogic instrument?  
Thawn, *v.*, I. 141/2.  
Theanthropick, I. 123/42; II. 38/34.  
Them, *sb.*, with entheous them, II. 170/96.  
Theorb, I. 67/93.  
Thickset, II. 79/24.  
Thievish, I. 169/86.  
Thorough, II. 21/59, 42/90.  
Thoughtful, I. 152/196, 207/361; II. 158/232.  
Thoughtfulness, I. 155/208.  
Threadbare, II. 183/77.  
Threap, *v.*, threap'd, I. 94/227; II. 148/83, 191/198.  
Three inches—within three inches of death. II. 37/15, 126/38, = in a ship. So Doune, etc.  
Three-forked, II. 120/156.  
Thriambeutick = Triumphal, II. 88/151. The Greek verb is *θριαμβέω* but the *adj.* *θριαμβικός*.  
Thrill, *v.*, thrill'd, I. 116/290, 219/11; II. 168/68.  
Thrilling, *adj.*, II. 175/171.  
Throws, *sb.* = throes, I. 59/208, 202/292.  
Tickle, *v.*, tickled, I. 158/262; II. 67/202, 135/161.  
Tickling, *adj.*, I. 164/17; II. 114/61, 155/190, 166/36.  
Ticklings, *sb.*, II. 23/99.  
Timber'd, *adj.*, goodly timber'd limbs, I. 15/61. 'A goodly *timber'd* fellow, valiant no doubt' (Beaumont and Fletcher's *Mad Lover*, i. 1): 'Lisander was a *fine timber'd* gentleman and actor' (*sb.* *Lover's Progress* v.): 'May I not be a page? I am old enough, *well-timber'd* too' (Massinger's *Bashful Lover*, v. 1).  
Tincture, I. 124/64, 215/41; II. 2/11, 96/14, 145/36.  
Tip'd, *v.* = typified, I. 136/237. Cf. Du Bartas' *Urania*, st. 62.  
'He [the lark] cuts the yielding air, and flies  
To heav'n to type your future joys.'  
Richardson's *Pamela*, ii. 385.  
Tire, *sb.* = tress, I. 43/218, 103/94; II. 112/34, 180/27.  
Tir'd, *v.* = attired, II. 28/164.  
Titan = the Sun, II. 62/129, 84/91, 86/129.  
To = compared to, I. 165/38.  
Tohn, I. 105/117.  
Toll'd, *v.*, I. 158/259.  
Too too, I. 17/93, 51/93, 53/125, 100/43, 133/198, etc.  
Too-too-posting, II. 163/298.  
Top, *sb.*, I. 75/215; II. 9/130, 76/333, 154/173, 157/214, 164/6-9.  
Topicks, *sb.*, II. 92/208.  
Topstone, I. 112/221.  
Total, *sb.*, I. 187/62.  
Touch, *sb.* = trial, I. 68/113, 103/89.  
Touch-stone, I. 103/92; II. 180/51.  
Tower, *v. tr.* † 'to tower and double that Sublimity.'  
II. 171/107.  
Tower, *v. inl.* = to rise, to ascend, I. 17/97; II. 157/214.  
Towry, *adj.* = lofty, I. 137/260.  
Toys, I. 19/127.  
Towr'd, I. 17/97.  
Trace, *v.*, I. 47/40, 90/169, 120/5, 184/19, 213/21. Cf. Hall's *Satires* v. iii. 8. *et frequenter*.  
Tract, *sb.*, I. 213/21; II. 17/1, 38/32, 180/29.  
Trade, *v.*, I. 95/243, 172/144, 188/88; II. 56/28, etc.  
Trade, *sb.*, I. 77/252, 203/296; II. 124/10, 161/269.  
Trading, *sb.*, II. 16/224.  
Traduction, I. 167/70.  
Tragick-Comedy, II. 192/206.  
Trained, *v.*, I. 65/68.  
Trains, *sb.*, I. 37/120.  
Transanimates, *v.*, II. 242, l. 12.  
Traluced, I. 193/146.  
Tralucid, I. 18/100 108/165; II. 224/132.  
Travel, *sb.* = travail, I. 118/322, 129/133, 202/293.  
Travelling, *v.*, *id.*, I. 130/152, 141/7.  
Travelling, *adj.* = travelling, II. 143/7.  
Tricked up, *v.*, II. 156/194.  
Trickt, *v.* = adorned, II. 176/182.  
Triduan, II. 60/97, 217/37.  
Trim, *adj.*, II. 163/302.  
Trim, *v.*, trims, I. 32/54, 37/126, 48/43, 78/252, etc.  
Trim'd, I. 17/95.  
Trimbling, II. 62/120.

Trip, *v.*, trip'd, II. 60/97, 74/296.  
 Triple One, II. 70/250.  
 Triplicity, I. 152/172; II. 168/56.  
 Triply-plated, I. 12/16.  
 Trow, *v.*, II. 183/76.  
 Trump, I. 52/112.  
 Trumpeting, *adj.*, II. 27/152.  
 Tugged, *v.*, I. 36/116.  
 Tumble, *v.*, tumbled, *v. tr.*, I. 151/148; II. 176/178.  
 Tumid, I. 120/5; II. 129/73.  
 Tumor, I. 124/69, 175/182; II. 182/60.  
 Tutor'd, *v.*, II. 173/137.  
 Tutoring, *adj.*, II. 18/11.  
 Twelve, I. 74/189.  
 Twinckling, *adj.*, II. 168/70.  
 Twinckling books = stars, I. 138/277.  
 Twinkling eyes = stars, II. 82/72.  
 Twines, *v.* = twists, I. 37/125.  
 Twins of heav'n, I. 29/9.  
 Twist, *sb.*, twists, I. 47/28.  
 Twit, *v.*, I. 56/174; II. 107/187.  
 Twitch, *v.*, II. 40/70.  
 Twitches, *sb.*, II. 31/210.  
 Two leav'd door = lips, II. 156/198.  
 Tympanizeth, *v.*, II. 16/222.  
 Tympany, *sb.*, tympanies, I. 159/272; II. 129/173.  
 Typick, *adj.*, II. 128/63; I. 149/124; II. 9/121, 128/63.  
 Tyranny, II. 173/133.

## U

UGLY-TUMID, I. 98/14.  
 Umpiers, II. 8/188, 106/163.  
 Unable, II. 169/75.  
 Unbarbarize, I. 157/249.  
 Unbloody, II. 84/94.  
 Unbridles, *v.*, I. 160/284.  
 Unbuckled, *v.*, II. 29/184.  
 Uncase, *v.*, to de-vest? I. 101/56.  
 Uncase, *v.* = to uncover, to reveal, II. 33/246, 118/117.  
 Unclasp, *v.*, II. 79/17.  
 Uncloud, *v.*, unclouds, II. 84/92, 90/179.  
 Unconceived, *adj.* = inconceivable, II. 58/69.  
 Uncooth, II. 175/169.  
 Underwoods, II. 145/28.  
 Unfathomable, I. 153/189.  
 Unfained, *adj.* = unfeigned, II. 126/35.  
 Unfeasible, II. 194/242.  
 Unhamper'd, *adj.*, I. 169/89.  
 Unhamper'd, *v.*, II. 217/40.  
 Unhandsom, II. 138/20.  
 Unicorn, I. 170/111. See Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors* :-

'I once did see . . .  
 An angrie Unicorn in his full career  
 Charge with too swift a foot, a Jeweller  
 That watcht him for the treasure of his horne.'

(Chapman's *Bussy D'Ambois*, ii. 1). See Spenser's *F. Q.*, II. v. 10. Julius Cæsar (II. 1.) speaks of

'His precious horne sought by his enemyes.' Cf. *Brewer, s.v.*

Unkindly-courteous, II. 1/6.  
 Unkingly Tree = the Cross, II. 42/99.  
 Unlace *v.* = to unstring, II. 79/17.  
 Unpin, *v.*, II. 79/17.  
 Unsatiableness, II. 93/230.  
 Unsnarle, *v.*, = to loosen, untie, 'unsnarle my promise.' I. 57/190.  
 Untuned, *adj.*, II. 143/6.  
 Unwashen, *adj.*, II. 130/94.  
 Unweildly, I. 122/37, 209/386; II. 122/185.  
 Unworthy = undeserved, I. 129/132.  
 Upstart, *adj.*, II. 125/13.  
 Urcheon—applied to a girl by Goldsmith, I. 174/163, 178/221, 185/36; II. 181/48. Croaker calls Olivia an urchin (Good Natured Man, ii.) So Smollet, 'The little deformed *urchin* joined her mother with much virulence' (Rod. Random, c. 53). Archbishop Williams, having some frivolous articles of accusation brought against him, said it was easy to 'stride over such *urchin* articles' (Life of Hacket, ii. 91). But qu.—= a little orc? The orc is a sea-monster that devours men and women. The orc-kin or little ork is the hedge-hog (see Tim Bobbin), supposed to be a sprite or mischievous imp. See *Brewer, s.v.*

Use, *sb.* = interest, I. 114/256; II. 222/104.

## V

VACUITIES, vacuity, I. 216/68; II. 168/65.  
 Vail, *sb.* = veil, I. 204/320, 205/333, etc.  
 Vail'd, *v.* = veiled, I. 125/79, 204/315.  
 Vainly-panting, II. 80/28.  
 Van, *sb.*, II. 83/72, 170/87.  
 Varlet, *sb.*, varlets, II. 23/98, 26/142, 33/243.  
 Veal, *sb.* = a calf, I. 70/143.—

'Is this a fast to keep  
 The larder leane?  
 And cleane  
 From fat of *veales* and sheep?'

(Herrick's *Noble Numbers*: to keepe true lent :  
 Grosart's edition of Works, 3 vols.) Latin *vitulus*.

Venerial, II. 19/40.  
 Vengeance-daring, II. 153/189.  
 Vent, *v.*, I. 114/25; II. 21/61.  
 Venter, *v.*, ventring, I. 36/108, 193/146; II. 62/130.  
 Ventricle, I. 142/12.  
 Venture, at a venture, II. 69/226.  
 Verdent, I. 29/7.  
 Verity, verities, I. 51/96; II. 10/140, 140/247.  
 Vermin, vermins, I. 13/21; II. 122/187.  
 Vernice, *sb.* = varnish, II. 156/193.  
 Vestiment, I. 52/115.  
 Vestment, vestments, II. 138/219, 163/302, 179/13.  
 Viaticum, II. 9/123, 140/249.  
 Victual, *v.*, II. 15/218.  
 Vie, *v.*, vy, vy'd, then much used, as it was a card term, I. 23/188, 210/407; II. 35/272, 38/32, 113/41, etc.

child with one hand and swimming  
The other colloquist exclaims in  
) virago!' The original is 'O  
1 is explained in a note *fæminam*

ter, II. 34/259.  
II. 60/96.

20/122; II. 176/177, 180/30.  
ger volumes of his chain, II. 66/182.  
chsafed, I. 213/17.  
es = journeys by land, or air, I.  
II. 36/9.  
mon people used contemptuously,  
122, 221/133; II. 19/28, 32, 28/162.  
ar subjects = those of the lower  
mon people, II. 165/11.  
23. A misprint for venerable = to

## W

87.  
icy, I. 104/109, 141/1.  
l.  
antoniz'd, wantonizing, I. 16/72,  
03/99, etc.  
156/229, 204/325.  
30.  
II. 8/103.  
e of wax, I. 112/233; II. 148/85,  
/46.  
129/133, 198/223.  
nents, I. 53/117, 104/105, 113,

105, 96/11.  
uin, II. 162/42.  
/165.

Wide-threshing, I. 149/122.  
Wieth, *sb* = withe, II. 208/117.  
Wight, *sb.*, wights, I. 129/138, 200/254, 265, 207.  
Winch, *v.*, winch'd, II. 149/98, 162/281.  
Wist, *v.*, I. 145/70.  
Wistly, *adv.*, I. 204/324; II. 45/143.  
Wit, *sb.* = wisdom, I. 213/225; II. 37/23, 79/21.  
Witch-male, the witch your master, II. 24/112.  
Witchery, II. 46/155.  
Withe, *sb.*, withs, I. 40/163, 41/184, 97/7, 220/125.  
Witty, *adj.* = wise, II. 2/21, 31/214, 164/1.  
Wittiest, II. 20/52.  
Wizzard, I. 151/160, 163/6, 191/120, 216/7;  
46/152.  
Wolfbane, I. 230/268.  
Wolkin = welkin, I. 116/293.  
World-alariming, II. 84/91.  
Wormship, I. 90/172.  
Worried, *adj.*, worried, II. 40/70, 126/38, 1  
216/14.  
Worrisomly, *adv. fn. adj.*, worrisome—a word  
used colloquially, though not in the Dictionary  
124/7.  
Worried, *v. tr.*, if not duly worried, II. 178/10.  
Worries, *v. int.*, he worries forward, II. 17/4.  
Worrying, *v. int.*, worrying among the waves, I. 6.  
Worship, *sb.*, I. 136/239.  
Wrack, *v.*, wracked, I. 25/217, 55/157; II. 24/11.  
Wrack, *sb.*, I. 27/234, 38/137, 198/230, 199/248, 1.  
Wracked, *adj.*, wrack'd, I. 67/97, 198/234; II. 8.  
Wrath, *sb.*, I. 30/23.  
Wrest, *v.*, wrests, II. 4/41, 19/30, 32/228.  
Wrestle, *v.*, wrestle out, II. 156/198.  
Wroth, *adj.*, II. 3/37.  
Wry-mouth'd, II. 32/228.

## Y

YCLEPED, *v.*, II. 132/121.



## II.—ERRATA ET CORRIGENDA.

- VOL. I. 20/135, l. 1, for 'fold' read 'sold': l. 3, 'there' = their.  
 .. 84/85, l. 6, 'wear'—query read 'bear'? (but perhaps he wrote 'wear' as = a garment on his back.)  
 .. 95/249, l. 3, 'bear' = bier.  
 .. 101/60, l. 3, 'broke'—the rhyme requires 'brake.'  
 .. 118/317, l. 1, imperfect—query for 'strait' read 'straitway'?  
 .. *ib.* l. 6, 'try'd,' pronounce 'tryèd.'  
 .. 121/19, l. 5, imperfect—query, insert 'then' after 'what'?  
 .. 133/192, l. 1, for 'though' read 'thou.'  
 .. 134/219, l. 5, 'poss'd'—query pos'd = puzzled? or rather 'pass'd' *i.e.* surpassed. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*  
 .. 148/105, l. 5, for 'falacious' read 'salacious.'  
 .. 179/242, l. 3, imperfect—query, insert 'from' after 'and'?  
 .. 183/10, l. 4, imperfect—query read 'awake' for 'wake'? or 'waken'? or for loud read 'loudly'?  
 .. 198/226, l. 2, and in various other places, I have printed 'fragor' as 'fra[n]gor.' But Beaumont really meant 'fragor.' So Samuel Daniel, 'Those thundring fragors that affright the earth' (Philotas, Chorus at end of Act ii.). It seems to have been thus an ineffectual candidate for admission into our English language.  
 .. 207/362, l. 3, 'damned' = dammed, *i.e.* closed up.  
 .. 213/17, l. 3, 'vouchaf'd'—query peculiarity of spelling or misprint?  
 .. 217/81, l. 6, for 'of' read 'oft.'

- VOL. II. 14/193, l. 5, 'vulnerable'—query 'venerable'?  
 .. 18/12, l. 4, 'achievements'?  
 .. 18/23, l. 2, for 'sought' read 'fought.'  
 .. 30/203, l. 4, and relative note—omit comma after 'smart,' 'alarms' being *sb.* 'buzzing their right smart alarms.'  
 .. 39/47, l. 4, 'Contagion' = contagion.  
 .. 78/10, l. 1, for 'spightful' read 'sprightful.'  
 .. 84/91, l. 2, for 'where' read 'were.'  
 .. 85/107, l. 5, redundant—query read 'proud-heart-burning'? (*not* 'hearted').  
 .. 85/110, l. 3, Disolation = desolation.  
 .. 97/34, l. 6, for 'Monferrat' read 'Montserrat.'  
 .. 121/175, l. 1, 'bread' = bred.  
 .. 123/203, l. 1, for 'here' read 'her.'  
 .. 155/183, l. 2, imperfect—query insert 'to' after 'than'?  
 .. 175/175, l. 3, for 'that' read 'than'?  
 .. 179/12, l. 3, 'String'—query 'Spring'?  
 .. 212/180, l. 4, for 'amased'—query, read 'amused'?  
 .. 217/26, l. 3, for 'me' read 'thee'?  
 .. 218/41, l. 3, imperfect. In 1648 'holy' comes before 'sprightfulness.'

I have not encumbered the Glossarial Index with the many (somewhat) uncouth Greek-derived names for the personifications or 'characters' and weary catalogues of heretics introduced so lavishly into 'Psyche.' *As a rule* the context fills in the meaning, so that the merest tyro can understand. Any other names incidentally occurring have nothing said of them to warrant a separate index of Names. Only exceptionally therefore and in noticeable cases have any been recorded in the Glossarial Index.

A. B. G.

END OF VOL. II.

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